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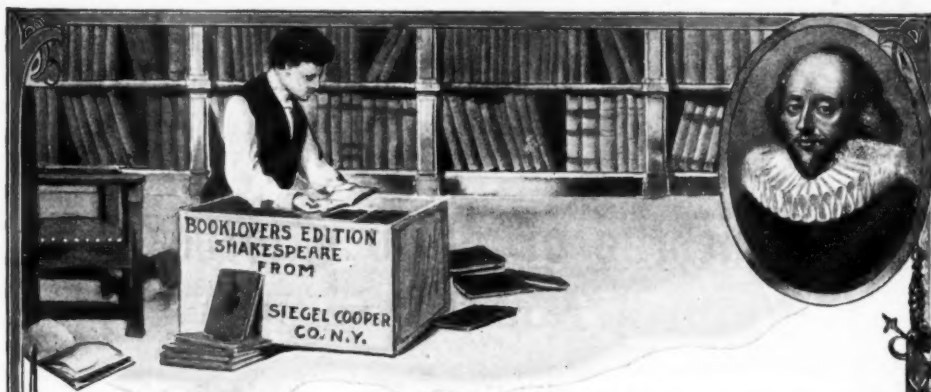
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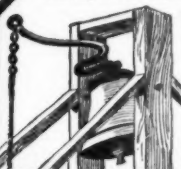
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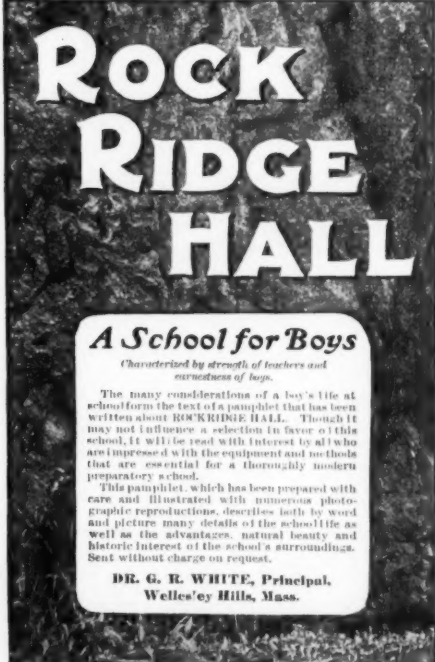
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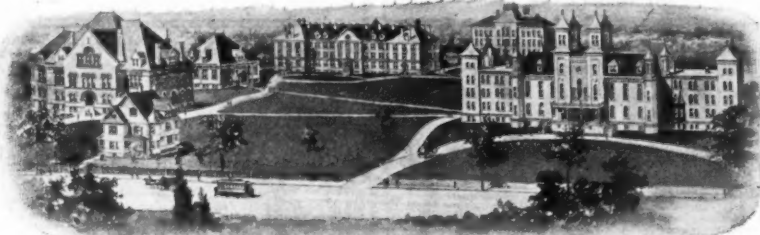
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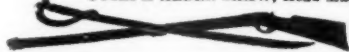
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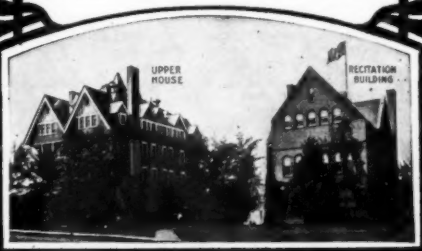
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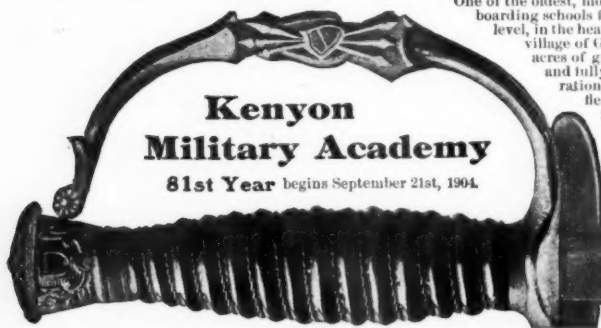
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**1611. Hawthorne and His Circle**

Julian Hawthorne

Informal as a book about a father by his son would naturally be, these reminiscences permit one to join the inner circle of Hawthorne's friends. They cover the period of the younger Hawthorne's boyhood, ending with the return from Europe.

(Illustrated. Harper & Brothers)

✦ **1568. Jefferson, Thomas, The Life and Times of**

Thomas E. Watson

Mr. Watson has succeeded not wholly, perhaps, in being impartial in this life of Jefferson, but he has written a readable book. He has emphasized the picturesque and made, in good relief, the portrait of Jefferson the man.

(Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co.)

✦ **1582. Keystone of Empire, A**

By the author of "The Martyrdom of an Empress"

With many hitherto unpublished details and undivulged court secrets, *A Keystone of Empire* tells of that royal yet very human personality, Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary.

(Illustrated. Harper & Brothers)

**1650. Lebrun, Madame Vigée, Memoirs of**

Translated and Edited by Lionel Strachey

The memoirs of this famous painter of women and children are equally interesting for the glimpses they give of her distinguished friends and employers, and for the revelation of her own sprightly personality.

(Illustrated. Doubleday, Page & Co.)

✦ **1576. Leschelizky, Theodore**

Comtesse Angele Potocka

The life of the renowned pianist and still more renowned teacher has been attractively sketched by his sister-in-law, Countess Potocka.

(Illustrated. The Century Co.)

**1770. Letters from England**

Mrs. George Bancroft

Letters written by the wife of the historian during Mr. Bancroft's ministry to the Court of St. James from '46 to '50. Mrs. Bancroft thoroughly enjoyed the picturesque side of court life, while in addition her husband's talents and her own charm brought them into intimacy with intellectual circles. The pages of her letters fairly bristle with noted names.

(Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons)

**1609. Little Pilgrimages among the Men who Have Written Famous Books  
(Second Series)**

E. F. Harkins

Thumb-nail sketches of men of up-to-date, whose "famous books" are actually before the public. John Fox, Jr., George Horace Lorimer, Booth Tarkington, Thomas Dixon, Jr., and Jack London are some of them. Every one who has a literary idol among those whose names flaunt big on every hand may catch him on his throne in these pages.

(Portraits. L. C. Page & Co.)

**1654. Mother of Washington, The, and Her Times**

Mrs. Roger A. Pryor

Mrs. Pryor has succeeded in outlining with some definiteness the hitherto hazy and illusive figure of the great commander's mother. She very effectively reproduces the lavish colonial days of old Virginia and the subsequent perilous ones of the Revolution.

(Illustrated. The Macmillan Co.)

★ **1845. Newman, Cardinal**

William Barry

An excellent short biography of the great English prelate. Mr. Barry has both enthusiasm and good judgment.

(Charles Scribner's Sons)

**1613. Portraits from the Sixties**

Justin McCarthy

A book that makes one sigh to think how big were other days and other men. Thackeray, Dickens, Carlyle, Tennyson, Cardinal Newman, Richard Cobden, and John Bright are only a few of the giants whom it was one man's privilege to know personally.

(Harper & Brothers)

**1661. Preston, Margaret Junkin**

Elizabeth Preston Allan

This biography of a true poetic nature is far from superfluous even with the "knee deep, knee deep" pile of biographies of the year. In her intensity, her love of color and of harmony, Mrs. Preston was essentially a Southern singer.

(Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

**1634. Recollections**

Richard Henry Stoddard

A comparatively small volume, but containing interesting glimpses of Bayard Taylor, Lowell, Poe, Thackeray, and Hawthorne, and a few other noted men with whom the poet came in contact, and a more substantial impress of his own ardent personality.

(Illustrated. A. S. Barnes & Co.)

✠ 1572. **Reminiscences of an Astronomer**

Simon Newcomb

Professor Newcomb's reminiscences of scientific and prominent men at home and abroad are extremely interesting. But the glimpse he gives of the development of the science of astronomy and the progress made in astronomical instruments is even more so. (*Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*)

1625. **Reminiscences of the Civil War**

General John B. Gordon

Of intense and moving interest, General Gordon's book has besides inestimable value as a fair-minded Southern commentary on the stupendous struggle of the men in blue and gray. General Gordon took part in almost every large fight from Bull Run to Appomattox.

(*Portraits. Charles Scribner's Sons*)

1754. **Roosevelt, Theodore, the Citizen**

Jacob A. Riis

As was to be expected, Mr. Riis has thrown himself heart and soul, impetuously, enthusiastically, into his work. He outlines the life of Theodore Roosevelt from his knickerbocker days to his presidential ones. It is not a deep study, but has a quality of brilliant sincerity that makes it impossible to lay down the book without a warmer feeling for the Chief Executive of the nation.

(*Illustrated. The Outlook Co.*)

1727. **Roosevelt, The Man**

Francis E. Leupp

Mr. Riis leaves Mr. Roosevelt at the threshold of the White House. Mr. Leupp—with the knowledge of long intimacy and the candor of the newspaper man—throws into relief the President as a man. *The Man Roosevelt* is as lively and alive as anything dealing with its strenuous subject should be.

(*Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co.*)

1665. **Sacharissa**

Julia Carlwright (Mrs. Henry Ady)

The life of Dorothy Sidney, Countess of Sunderland, in whose veins flowed the blood of both Percys and Sidneys, who as "Sacharissa" was sighed for in much futile and some perfect verse, and who was as capable as she was beautiful, has been pieced together in this interesting volume.

(*Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co.*)

1809. [Spencer] **Autobiography, An**

Herbert Spencer

Begun in 1874 and practically completed in 1894 this unique book is the result of Spencer's unabated powers. It is frank and unreserved in its self-revelation, and in its comments on contemporaries. Huxley, who read parts of it before his death, said that it reminded him of the *Confessions* of Rousseau, without any of the objectionable features of that work. It is in two volumes, and contains nearly one thousand pages.

(*Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co.*)

✠ 1587. **Thirty Years of Musical Life in London**

Hermann Klein

Extending from Jenny Lind to the opera favorites of the present hour, Mr. Klein's memories cover a thousand anecdotes and afford glimpses (often at a tempestuous moment) of nearly every prominent singer and master musician who was heard in London. (*Illustrated. The Century Co.*)

1773. **Tolstoy the Man**

Edward A. Steiner

Is it the fundamental contradiction in the man that makes Tolstoy so incomprehensible and fascinating a study? He is viewed in all aspects in Dr. Steiner's pages, and from the advantage of personal friendship, and yet does one reach the heart of the man? (*Illustrated. The Outlook Co.*)

1662. **Whittier, John Greenleaf**

George Rice Carpenter

Whittier as reformer and patriot, the fervent spirit, the spiritual fervor of him, Professor Carpenter emphasizes. The man using—nobly—his poetic endowment. An excellent brief biography of the "American Men of Letters" series. (*Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*)

**NEW BOOKS OF TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION**

1688. **Around the Caribbean and Across Panama**

Francis C. Nicholas

An account of business and scientific experience in Central America and Colombia. It gives a very graphic idea of the pitfalls of tropical travel. Mr. Nicholas' adventures in Central America are so many and variegated one is tempted to conceive that he has just a *souçon* of Baron Münchhausen in his make-up. The result is entertaining.

(*Illustrated. H. M. Caldwell Co.*)

1777. **Around the World with a King**

William N. Armstrong

The royal traveler was King Kalakaua of the Hawaiian Islands, who in 1881 made the tour of the world, accompanied by Colonel C. H. Judd, his Chamberlain, and the author, his Minister of State. Happily, Mr. Armstrong takes his official position with unbecoming levity, and the record of the royal trip is as good as *opéra bouffe*.

(*Illustrated. F. A. Stokes Co.*)

1696. **Austro-Hungarian Life in Town and Country**

Francis H. E. Palmer

One of the very best of the "Town and Country" series. Austria-Hungary is so varied in its geographical and racial make-up, its country life is so picturesque and primitive, and its city life so progressive and luxurious, that it lends itself readily to description.

(*Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons*)

## THE BOOKLOVERS MAGAZINE ADVERTISER

### 1624. Backgrounds of Literature

Hamilton Wright Mabie

Mr. Mabie touches lingeringly on the homes of Wordsworth, Emerson, Irving, Goethe, Blackmore, Whitman, and Scott, in his characteristic, pleasant style. (*Illustrated. The Outlook Co.*)

### 1656. Budapest

F. Berkeley Smith

Mr. Smith has written an entertaining book on the Magyars in their modern municipal home. (*Illustrated. James Pott & Co.*)

### 1742. Dollars and Democracy

Sir Philip Burne-Jones

The inevitable book of observation that returns to us from each distinguished guest speeded from our shores. In this instance it consists of crisp but kindly comment and is illustrated by the author's own sketches. (*Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co.*)

### 1664. Indians of the Painted Desert Region

George Wharton James

There can be no question as to the value of this work nor as to its interest. Mr. James knows intimately that extraordinary country; he knows his Indians—Hopis, Navahoes, Wallapais, and Havasupais—and has their confidence. (*Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co.*)

### 1601. Old Quebec

Sir Gilbert Parker and Claude G. Bryan

Romance and history cluster round picturesque Quebec, and Sir Gilbert Parker is their ideal interpreter. He has heartily entered into his congenial task, and the life of Quebec from its founding becomes to the reader a dramatic reality. (*Illustrated. The Macmillan Co.*)

### 1735. Turkish Life in Town and Country

Lucy M. J. Garnett

The subjects of "the unspeakable Turk" being again emphatically before the public eye, this volume of the excellent "neighbor" series is especially timely and valuable. (*Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons*)

## NEW BOOKS ON POLITICS AND HISTORY

### 1648. Borgia, Lucretia

Ferdinand Gregorovius

It is more than passing strange that the standard work on one of the most enigmatical women of any age of the world has never before been translated. The German historian's picture is a scathing one of a vengeful and lustful period, but he holds that Lucretia's faults were largely the result of her environment. (*Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co.*)

### 1691. Century of Expansion, A

Willis Fletcher Johnson

A concise, readable, and on the whole impartial, account of our country's growth from a little struggling line of settlements along the coast to its present wide-spread territory. Mr. Johnson has been for a decade one of the editorial writers on the New York *Tribune*. (*The Macmillan Co.*)

### 1677. Freedom and Responsibility

Arthur Twining Hadley

A study of the moral obligations which go with the privileges of democratic government. President Hadley's lectures are sane and hopeful. (*Charles Scribner's Sons*)

### 1715. Historical Studies

John Richard Green

The public is to be congratulated that these learned and charming essays have been rescued from the oblivion that overtakes all magazine articles. They deal with various phases of early English history—"The Conversion of England," "Dunstan at Glastonbury," "Freeman's 'History of the Norman Conquest,'" etc. (*The Macmillan Co.*)

### 1617. Love Affairs of Mary Queen of Scots, The

Martin Hume

Mr. Hume's aim to show the political bearing of the various proposals made for the hand of the Queen of Scots, and "how, in certain cases where Mary's imagination was stirred, her political judgment deserted her and her temporary weakness led her and her cause to ruin" is admirably carried out. (*Portraits. Metcure, Phillips & Co.*)

### 1708. Oligarchy of Venice, The

George B. McClellan

A study by the elect of Tammany of dogal political machinery five hundred years ago. It would be novel and interesting coming from any source, but from the machine-made mayor of Greater New York it has a present-day significance that is quite exceptional. (*Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*)

### 1815. Opening of the Mississippi, The

Frederic Austin Ogg

Timely, but in no sense a made-to-order anniversary book is Dr. Ogg's scholarly and thoroughly interesting story of the discovery of the Father of Waters and the struggle of France and Spain, England and the United States, for the control of its fertile valley. (*Maps. The Macmillan Co.*)

## THE BOOKLOVERS MAGAZINE ADVERTISER

### 1800. Problems of the Present South

The keynote of this extremely valuable book is its frank acknowledgment of the hopefulness of that growing democracy which is slowly but surely replacing the aristocracy of ante bellum days. Mr. Murphy discusses Southern education, the industrial revival, child-labor, the negro, and describes the splendid work being quietly but successfully done by the Southern Educational Board  
(The Macmillan Co.)

Edgar Gardner Murphy

### 1745. Shame of the Cities, The

This scathing series of articles on the political bondage of American citizens, when published monthly in *McClure's*, was eagerly watched for, eagerly read throughout the country. Into the municipal darkness of Minneapolis, St. Louis, Pittsburg, Chicago, Philadelphia, and New York, Mr. Steffens turns an uncompromising searchlight.  
(McClure, Phillips & Co.)

Lincoln Steffens

### 1638. Talks of Napoleon at St. Helena with General Baron Gourgaud

The journal of Gourgaud, first published in 1898 and now translated (and condensed) by Mrs. Latimer, is an invaluable record of the fallen Emperor's days of captivity.

(Portraits. A. C. McClurg & Co.)

## NEW BOOKS ON ECONOMICS AND SOCIOLOGY

### 1726. After Prison—What?

The noble work that Mrs. Booth has been doing in the United States prisons for years, bringing hope and awakening aspiration in thousands of despondent hearts, gives her the right to speak with authority on prison matters. But *After Prison—What?* is not a treatise on penology. It is a plea by their "Little Mother" for better, juster treatment of discharged convicts, who are too often thrust back into crime by man's inhumanity to man.

(Fleming H. Revell Co.)

Maud Ballington Booth

### 1752. Fat of the Land, The

A successful physician in the fifties of his life, forced by ill-health into retirement, buys a farm, practices intensive farming, plants orchards, starts a dairy—and makes it pay. The ups and downs, expenditures and returns, narrated in detail, make up a novel "story of an American farm." It must be admitted that the experimenter had the wherewithal to try out the fat.

(The Macmillan Co.)

John Williams Streeter

### 5119. Getting a Living

A serious and valuable study of "The Problems of Wealth and Poverty—of Profits and Wages, and Trade Unionism." If Mr. Bolen is a strong, he is also a thoughtful advocate of Trade Unionism, finding in it much to condemn, and regarding it as a "necessary evil" which in due course of progress will sink to insignificance or vanish entirely.

(The Macmillan Co.)

George L. Bolen

### 5117. Home, The

A readable and radical attack on many of the sacred traditions of the home, and especially on woman's position there as what Mrs. Gilman considers domestic servant to her husband.

(McClure, Phillips & Co.)

Charlotte Perkins Gilman

### ★ 1831. Mankind in the Making

There are no half measures about Mr. Wells' remaking of mankind. The program of his New Republic provides for reform in all stages of life, from improving the raw material of the birth supply to the scientific training of the man in his political and social and sex relations. Mr. Wells' radical proposals are full of meat and suggestion.

(Charles Scribner's Sons)

H. G. Wells

### ★ 1844. Working With the Hands

An interesting account of the work and the method of work at Tuskegee. It is in more ways than one the logical sequence of *Up From Slavery*.

(Doubleday, Page & Co.)

Booker T. Washington

### 1720. Neighbor, The

A scientist's study of race relations, especially anti-Semitism abroad and the negro problem at home. In short, it is the eternal readjustment of the races, the question of the hour as well as of the ages, discussed with acumen, practicality, and brilliancy.

(Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

N. S. Shaler

### 5120. Organized Labor

The coal strike of 1902 is not forgotten, and what its leader has to say of Trade Unionism will hardly be neglected. *Organized Labor* follows the history of Unionism, defines what it actually stands for as well as its internal organization, and outlines its aims. It presents fully—with some repetition—"the case for Unionism."

(Illustrated. American Book & Bible House)

John Mitchell

## DOMESTIC ECONOMY AND RECREATION

### 1682. Old Furniture Book, The

A book full of such information as is most pleasurable to those who love the old, but so diversified by anecdote, gossip, and glimpses of colonial life as to make very entertaining reading.

(Illustrated. Frederick A. Stokes Co.)

N. Hudson Moore

**1678. Oriental Rug, The**

W. D. Ellwanger

This book of the rug touches most delightfully a field hitherto covered only by weighty and expensive works—lucid practical information for every buyer and possessor of rugs and romance for all who love these harmonies in color. (Colored plates. Dodd, Mead & Co.)

**NEW BOOKS OF RELIGIOUS THOUGHT**

**4208. Beginnings of Christianity, The**

Thomas J. Shahan

The discourses in this volume deal with various phases of secular and religious life in the early ages of Christianity. They are both lucid and informing and perhaps especially interesting to Protestants for being written from within the Catholic Church. (Benziger Brothers)

**1797. Christ**

Samuel D. McConnell

A stimulating study of the real Christ as Dr. McConnell sees him. It is likely to arouse dissent, but its rational attitude will help many to higher spirituality. (The Macmillan Co.)

**1719. Crises of the Christ, The**

G. Campbell Morgan

As Dr. Morgan will continue his addresses in the United States for some time to come, we list his series of sermons on turning points in Christ's life. Many who hear him speak will want to get the further inspiration of his written words. (Fleming H. Revell Co.)

**1798. Great Companion, The**

Lyman Abbott

Short, beautiful chapters on seeking and feeling the companionship of God. (The Outlook Co.)

✠ **4206. Life of Saint Mary Magdalen, The** Translated from the Italian by Valentina Hawtrey  
A chronicle of the life of the Magdalen by a fourteenth century writer of quaint and pious imagination, told with delicious simplicity and reverent familiarity, yet with no pretense that it is other than the writer's conjecture. (Illustrated. John Lane)

**1734. New Light on the Life of Jesus**

Charles Augustus Briggs

Dr. Briggs has worked out a very original harmony of the gospels, which he offers for the consideration of the Christian ministry with the remark:—"The book must go into the fires of criticism, the hotter the better. If the light is a true light it will abide." (Charles Scribner's Sons)

**1607. Preacher's Story of his Work, A**

W. S. Rainsford

Without affectation, Dr. Rainsford tells the story of his life from his boyhood days in Ireland, through his religious evolution in Canada, to his great upbuilding of St. George's, and it is not hard to see that it is his straight-forward, manly, sincere personality which has brought him the success of "the workman who needeth not to be ashamed." (Illustrated. The Outlook Co.)

**1718. Religions of Authority**

Auguste Sabatier

An historical and psychological investigation into the basis of our accepted religions by the most distinguished of French Protestant theologians. M. Sabatier left the work completed at his death, and it has been efficiently translated by Louise Seymour Houghton. (McClure, Phillips & Co.)

**1756. Representative Modern Preachers**

Lewis O. Brastow

Dr. Brastow seems to go straight to the root of the theology, the personality, and the characteristic method of each of his modern preachers—Schleiermacher, Robertson, Beecher, Bushnell, Brooks, Newman, Mozley, Guthrie, and Spurgeon. He gives one the impression of long and loving intimacy with the spirit of their thought. (The Macmillan Co.)

**1799. Ritschlianism**

James Orr

The more conservative view as to Ritschlian theology in its past and present form is cogently and fair-mindedly stated by Professor Orr. We have been repeatedly asked to list a book that would be in some sense a reply to Harnack. *Ritschlianism* also criticises the new French school of theology as expounded by Sabatier. (A. C. Armstrong & Son)

**4207. Ultimate Conceptions of Faith**

George A. Gordon

The lectures Dr. Gordon delivered at Yale in 1902 on the Lyman Beecher foundation he has amplified and issued in book form. The task of the present theology, Dr. Gordon contends, is the reorganization of the Christian intellect in fundamental thought. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

**CRITICISM, ANECDOTE, AND ESSAYS**

**1674. Art of Cross-Examination, The**

Francis L. Wellman

It sounds like a purely legal book and does actually contain advice for the young lawyer, but the layman will find it little short of fascinating. (The Macmillan Co.)

**1675. Art of James McNeill Whistler, The**

I. R. Way and G. R. Dennis

There has not yet been time since his death for a formal biography of the great and versatile artist. But in regard to his work this discriminating appreciation is entirely adequate and equally enjoyable. (Illustrated. The Macmillan Co.)

**1790. By the Fireside**

Treats of the relations of man to fellow-man and to those more intimate who gather by his own hearthstone. The author of *The Simple Life* dreads in the hurrying whirl of modernity the extinction of the sacred fire of home.  
(McClure, Phillips & Co.)

**1600. Compromises of Life, The**

As a current magazine points out, one hardly connects Colonel Watterson with compromises! But his collected lectures and addresses, which range in point of time from 1903 back to 1870 and in point of subject almost as far, will be found sufficiently trenchant and eloquent to explain his reputation as a combatant and orator.  
(Fox, Duffield & Co.)

**1630. Diversions of a Book-lover, The**

The diversions of a book-lover are many and varied, although in the main they start out from and return to a book as they should. Mr. Joline's light touch and flitting humor make talking trifles interesting and imparting information about rare editions gay.  
(Harper & Brothers)

★ **1822. Double Garden, The**

These new and exquisite essays by the silent Belgian deal with more tangible subjects than purely spiritual and intellectual ones—"Our Friend the Dog," "Modern Drama," "Old-Fashioned Flowers," "Chrysanthemums," and the "Portrait of a Lady," etched with a rare comprehension of the metamorphosis of the modern woman. They seem so complete, delicate, and enduring that they suggest thoughts carved in ivory.  
(Dodd, Mead & Co.)

**1709. Gentle Reader, The**

There is unco' levity about this lament for the "gentle reader"—long since passed to his reward! Mr. Crothers has written a series of sprightly essays with an old-time aroma clinging to them. "The Honorable Points of Ignorance" is quite refreshing.  
(Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

**1643. Life Radiant, The**

In the recent marvels of science Lilian Whiting finds the portends of unseen realities, and she has enriched her argument by gleanings from every field of spiritual and ethical meditation. The trend of thought is the same as in *The World Beautiful*.  
(Little, Brown & Co.)

**1685. Literary Guillotine, The**

Mark Twain, Oliver Herford, and the anonymous author of this legal-literary satire preside over the court whose object all sublime is to make the punishment fit the crime of lese-literature—with due solemnity and undue predilection for riddles. There are some capital hits in the endeavor to snuff out leading literary lights—Winston Churchill, Mrs. Ward, et al. (John Lane)

★ **1830. Overtones**

Mr. Huneker's advanced views and brilliant style make this a notable and stimulative contribution to musical literature. Among the subjects treated are "Richard Strauss," "Anarchs of Art," "The Eternal Feminine," and "After Wagner—What?" (Charles Scribner's Sons)

**1652. Making of a Journalist, The**

Not a treatise for the reportorial aspirant, but a record of some of the emergencies and adventures met in a journalistic career of uncommon activity and responsibility.  
(Harper & Brothers)

**1703. Personalia**

Whoever "Sigma" is he understands how to make the best of a good story. And he has accumulated a fine collection touching a host of distinguished Englishmen—lawyers, churchmen, artists, writers, and statesmen.  
(Doubleday, Page & Co.)

**1641. Plays, Acting, and Music**

It requires an artistic and finely responsive mind to catch the full significance of a gifted actor's interpretation and to crystallize it in words. These studies and contrasts of Duse, Bernhardt, Rejane, Guilbert, Mrs. Campbell, Sir Henry Irving, and others, by the English critic and poet, are really exquisite in appreciation and discrimination.  
(Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co.)

✠ **1571. Ponkapog Papers**

From Ponkapog—Mr. Aldrich's country home outside Boston—come these papers of criticism, of description, and of autobiography. A bit of a miscellany; but all Mr. Aldrich writes has a charm of its own.  
(Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

**1732. Studies in Shakespeare**

That the great English playwright was a classical scholar familiar with the Greek classics, at least through the Latin, Mr. Collins seems to prove conclusively in the first of these admirable, scholarly essays.  
(E. P. Dutton & Co.)

**1647. Varied Types**

When a man has something original to say and an original way of saying it he can rely on the combination. Brief essays these, on Brontë, Byron, Stevenson, Tolstoi, the German Emperor, and others, and in their originality abundantly infused with humor.  
(Dodd, Mead & Co.)

**1690. Work**

Hugh Black

Much gentle yet pointed moralizing in the style which has made Hugh Black so welcome a companion of quiet hours. Over the habit, the moral need, the duty of work, its fruits, its ideal, and its rest, the essays linger with spiritual insight and broad comprehension. (*Fleming H. Revell*)

**SCIENCE AND NATURE STUDY**

**1739. Evidence for a Future Life**

Gabriel Delanne

A study, or not so much a study as a presentation, of well authenticated data concerning psychic phenomena—materialization, the double, spirit photography, etc. There is for many people an almost magnetic fascination in the books that let us peer into the shady realm that lies outside the senses. (*G. P. Putnam's Sons*)

**1757. Evolution of the Soul, The**

Thomson J. Hudson

Whether by his interesting theories Dr. Hudson to a certain extent created his audience, or whether he merely responded to an already existing general public interest, certain it is that no books on psychical subjects have received the degree of popular support accorded to his. The essays of the posthumous *Evolution of the Soul* are along his favorite line of thought. (*A. C. McClurg & Co.*)

**1651. Hermit's Wild Friends, A**

Mason A. Wallon

Eighteen years of woodsy solitude and intimate observation of his feathered and four-legged associates justify the "Hermit of Gloucester" in putting forth his delightful account of their pranks, impudence, and adventures. (*Illustrated. Dana Estes & Co.*)

**5116. Man's Place in the Universe**

Alfred Russel Wallace

Does the universe exist for man? Is he the centre, the only reasonable being? Mr. Wallace believes so. Needless to say, the theory is elaborated with the brilliancy, skill, logic, and sound learning the distinguished scientist has at his command. (*McClure, Phillips & Co.*)

**1743. My Air-ships**

A. Santos-Dumont

A vivacious narrative of the perils and humors and the continual fascination of aerial navigation. Nor does the wiry little Brazilian regard his air-ships as so much mechanism. Each has its individuality, and some are decidedly "onprincipled." (*Illustrated. The Century Co.*)

**5118. Nature of Man, The**

Elie Metchnikoff

M. Metchnikoff, one of the foremost biologists of to-day, does not believe that man, the ape's misanthrope, is in harmony with his environment. Chief among the discrepancies which he discusses with fascinating reasoning, if also with Slavic bluntness of speech, is our unwillingness to die even at threescore and ten. He considers it possible to double the length of life. (*Diagrams. G. P. Putnam's Sons*)

**POETRY AND THE DRAMA**

**✠ 1570. Five Nations, The**

Rudyard Kipling

This book contains the best of Kipling's poems since "The Seven Seas," and over a score of new ones. No poet has ever appealed to such a colossal audience as Kipling. Even those who condemn read—which is more than can be said for most poets. (*Doubleday, Page & Co.*)

**JUVENILE BOOKS**

**1796. Admirable Tinker, The**

Edgar Jepson

A cheerful and extravagant yarn—of the doings and capabilities of a small boy aged eleven. Undoubtedly Tinker's greatest achievement was "borrowing" the flying-machine and rescuing a Hebrew financier to the tune of £5,000. *The Admirable Tinker* is one of those happy results of a dilated imagination quite as likely to please the old as the young. (*McClure, Phillips & Co.*)

**1721. Awakening of the Duchess, The**

Frances Charles

Tells of how a young and much admired mother half unconsciously neglected her little daughter, and of the huge hunger there was in the heart of the child. But the duchess—who was not a real duchess, only lovely enough to be one—awoke, and all's well that ends well! (*Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co.*)

**1723. Captain's Daughter, The**

Gwendolen Overton

At an army post in the far west there occurs a mysterious theft of funds to which the captain's daughter holds the key. An exciting story follows. It ran serially in *The Youth's Companion*. (*Illustrated. The Macmillan Co.*)

**1761. Day Before Yesterday, The**

Sara Andrew Shafer

The village (as it was the day before yesterday) was in itself the quietest place in the world. The children, with their mischievous leader Rachel, who were growing up in it were not quiet at all. Their pleasures and troubles, frolics and naughtinesses, made perpetual commotion. (*The Macmillan Co.*)

**1722. Golden Windows, The**

Laura E. Richards

A book of charming fables, teaching unobtrusive lessons, for old people to read to young people—or to read any way at all. Everything that Mrs. Richards writes has both strength and grace.

(Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co.)

**1762. Heart of Lynn**

Mary Stewart Cutting

A wholesome and natural story of the efforts of Lynn of the quick tongue and heart of gold to work a way out of sudden and dismal poverty. It runs along the border line (as *Little Women* does) that divides adult from juvenile fiction.

(J. B. Lippincott Co.)

✠ **1593. Two Little Savages**

Ernest Thompson Seton

How two boys camped out in the woods—Indian fashion—and what they learned of wood-craft and forest-lore and the manifold adventures they had Mr. Seton tells out of the wealth of his experience.

(Illustrated. Doubleday, Page & Co.)

**1724. Young Ice Whalers, The**

Winthrop Packard

A boy's book filled with such excellent and spirited description of stormy seas and adventuresome occupations that it has won much commendation. The two lads who go on the expedition are plucky and lucky, and make a rich find in Alaska.

(Illustrated. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

**THE NEWEST FICTION**

**1725. Adventures of Elizabeth in Rügen, The**

By the Author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden"

An account of an eleven days' driving trip around the delightful, quaint little isle of Rügen. Elizabeth was alone save for her escort of coachman and maid, and her descriptions and comments—to say nothing of her adventures—are all that might be expected of the Elizabeth of the Garden.

(The Macmillan Co.)

**1737. All's Fair in Love**

Josephine Caroline Sawyer

A tale of the Scottish Border in the intriguing days of the Duke of Albany's regency, and of two friends who love the same girlish widow. Amateurish but with good points. There is no reason why it should not be quite as successful as the young writer's *Every Inch a King*.

(Dodd, Mead & Co.)

✠ **1577. Ambassadors, The**

Henry James

"Americans Abroad" might be the title of Mr. James' new novel as well as *The Ambassadors*, for it is a study of the charm of foreign life. Of course it is much more besides;—Mr. James' subtlety is no less, and he traces the intricacies of motive in love and action. (Harper & Brothers)

**1673. American Prisoner, The**

Eden Phillpotts

One expects a Dartmoor story from Phillpotts. *The American Prisoner* is full of the atmosphere of the weatherworn, untrammelled moor. A quick-tempered gentleman farmer attempts to subdue the moor and also his daughter, who is over-supplied—by two—with lovers.

(The Macmillan Co.)

**1784. Anna the Adventuress**

E. Phillips Oppenheim

A clever story of London life and feminine lack of scruples. It suits Annabel, who has made herself somewhat notorious, to pass for her sister Anna. The situation is good, and the working out almost brilliant.

(Little, Brown & Co.)

✠ **1597. Apache Princess, An**

General Charles King

A very fair story of frontier life in a military post where mysterious complications within the camp added to the Indian rebellion without make things lively.

(The Hobart Company)

✠ **1563. Barlasch of the Guard**

Henry Seton Merriman

A grey and faithful veteran of Napoleon's guard devotes himself heart and soul to the service of a young girl-wife of Dantzig. He witnesses the disaster and horror, the snowy agony, of the Russian retreat.

(McClure, Phillips & Co.)

**1705. Between the Acts**

Henry W. Nevinson

It is a genuine pleasure to call the attention of those who care more for artistic conception and literary finish than for exciting adventure to this volume of short stories. The first two are very charming, and evidently autobiographical, memories of childhood, and the others character studies and dramatic psychological situations.

(E. P. Dutton & Co.)

**1635. Bondage of Ballinger, The**

Roswell Field

A dainty, graceful idyl of the harm this ever continuous making of books brought to a delightful old man—who was a bibliomaniac but otherwise perfectly harmless.

(Fleming H. Revell Co.)

## THE BOOKLOVERS MAGAZINE ADVERTISER

### ✠ 1592. *Book of Girls, A*

Four stories of four girls and their wooing—two American, one Indian, and one Polish. They are short, trivial, and characteristically Lillian Bell.  
(L. C. Page & Co.)

### 1636. *Boss, The*

How an Irish lad worked his way up from wharf rat to boss of the city of New York is the story. Mr. Lewis unfolds "from the inside" the workings of the Machine. The boss is having a boom in literature—as his picturesque qualities deserve.  
(A. S. Barnes & Co.)

### ★ 1821. *Bred in the Bone*

After ten years of novel writing, Mr. Page here returns to his first love, the short story. The seven stories in this collection are of the recent South, with war or reconstruction times as a background, and all have the finished charm of Mr. Page's best work.  
(Charles Scribner's Sons)

### 1806. *Bright Face of Danger, The*

Hand on sword, one more French hero wanders through the pages of one more romantic novel. This one has the advantage of being the son of his father, De Launey de la Tournoire, who made his way in similar fashion in *An Enemy to the King*. The imprisoned lady is fair, the fighting furious. We are glad the two staircase fights happen in a novel, for they surely could not have happened anywhere else.  
(L. C. Page & Co.)

### 1679. *Butternut Jones*

A jolly yarn of the western Texas prairies pervaded by the personality of a cowboy of innocent eyes and gentle voice whose sobriquet "Lambkin" is happily expressive of his general sickness, not his courage.  
(D. Appleton & Co.)

### ★ 1836. *By Snare of Love*

A book of thrills rather than frills. Its chief attraction is not in its literary merit, but in its sensational situations. A story of modern Constantinople. A wealthy young American, planning large business ventures, becomes the victim of Oriental intrigue.  
(F. A. Stokes & Co.)

### 1803. *By the Good Sainte Anne*

A light and attractive story of a girl with two beaux to her string—and more. The "more" in the end are happily disposed of, but they by rights belong to her. It might also be termed an international race for an American beauty, with the Englishman as the tortoise of the fable. The scene is largely in Quebec.  
(Little, Brown & Co.)

### ★ 1829. *By-Ways of Brailthe, The*

Has the same qualities which made *The House on the Hudson* popular, with less melodramatic exaggeration. The author stage-manages so cleverly that one really comes to believe in the superlative beauty of Theo Brailthe, descendant of an evil race, who sacrifices herself to a loveless marriage. Naturally it does not stay loveless.  
(Charles Scribner's Sons)

### 1750. *Cadets of Gascony*

Two stories written each around a young Gascon gallant—quick of sword and by no means slow of heart. However, if a Gascon is irascible and susceptible, he is, if he is a true Gascon, also tenacious. Mr. Stevenson has lively material and has served up a couple of acceptable stories *a la* Stanley Weyman.  
(J. B. Lippincott Co.)

### 1626. *Calderon's Prisoner*

A rather headstrong Miss Femininity goes to visit a friend in Central America. There, after having promptly taken a dislike to the Commander-in-Chief of the Army, she ignominiously becomes his political prisoner. How hostilities between the two suspend, then cease, is charmingly and amusingly related. The shorter story in the book is of matrimonial incompatibility with an unexpected solution.  
(Charles Scribner's Sons)

### ✠ 1581. *Candle of Understanding, A*

A story of the far South with something of its warmth and fragrance in it—and pathos, too, from the devastation after the war. It gives a charming picture of an odd, imaginative little Louisiana girl's happy tom-boy childhood and of plantation life.  
(Harper & Brothers)

### 1746. *Cap'n Eri*

Cap'n Eri is one of a trio of old Cape Cod sea-dogs who keep house together—and such house! At last the disorder generally and the dishwashing specially become more than even they can bear, and they decide that one of them must marry. On this and other complications an unpretentious, jolly story turns.  
(A. S. Barnes & Co.)

★ 1839. *Castaway, The*

Miss Rives has written a romance about the picturesque figure of Byron, so highly colored it is positively lurid! The events of the poet's life, his pitiable deformity, his venomous detractors, his cynical recklessness, his many loves, lend themselves readily to riotous emotionalism.

(*Bobbs-Merrill Co.*)

1659. *Chasm, The*

Reginald Wright Kauffman and Edward Childs Carpenter

We have had the boss in politics; here is a case of the boss in love—with the politics merely as an effective background. This is well. One can hardly account for the success of the gentlemanly O'Brien as boss, while as a lover he is most convincing.

(*D. Appleton & Co.*)

✧ 1574. *Cherry*

Booth Tarkington

A gay little comedy—with the errors all on Mr. Sudgeberry. He persists in believing himself beloved. Even when the bewitching cherry-colored ribbons go fluttering off in a chaise with the other fellow he is hardly convinced.

(*Harper & Brothers*)

1633. *Children of the Tenements*

Jacob A. Riis

Short, sketchy stories of East Side mites and midgets which bring a lump to the throat or a smile to the lips at the humanness of them, and the wonderful part of them is—they are true.

(*The Macmillan Co.*)

1655. *Christian Thal*

M. E. Francis (Mrs. Francis Blundell)

A musical novel invigoratingly fresh in plot, human in character development, and natural in its foreign setting.

(*Longmans, Green & Co.*)

1694. *Close of the Day, The*

Frank H. Spearman

A strong bit of story writing. A Chicago man of relentless and restless activity in business and pleasure suddenly finds himself face to face with "the close of the day." The theatre as well as the stock market is a part of the effective background of this modern drama, for the business man is in love with an actress.

(*D. Appleton & Co.*)

✧ 1585. *Colonel Carter's Christmas*

F. Hopkinson Smith

Tells of a lively disagreement between the doughty Colonel and old Klutchem. Then of a Christmas celebration, the guests of honor being old Klutchem—the late unpleasantness quite forgotten—and his little daughter Katy. The others are of the inner circle. It is a charming, dainty story.

(*Charles Scribner's Sons*)

1713. *Corner in Coffee, The*

Cyrus Townsend Brady

There is no attempt at psychology in Mr. Brady's latest. His characters are frankly puppets, well dressed and furnished with the best brand of sawdust souls. His heroine, Miss Constance Van Benthuyzen Livingstone, finds herself in the mysterious situation of being attracted to an ardent wooer who says aint for isn't. This sturdy wooer, accused of fortune hunting determines to make in sixty days the equivalent of her fortune. He fails—and yet he gets Miss Constance Van Benthuyzen Livingstone as he really deserves to.

(*Dillingham*)

1819. *Cost, The*

David Graham Phillips

The triangle is the world-old one of two men and a woman, but the setting is essentially today's. In the co-educational college prelude, and the later scenes in Indiana politics and Wall Street battles, the note is insistently that of struggle,—a vital, intensely American struggle for love, power, and millions.

(*The Bobbs-Merrill Co.*)

1740. *Country Interlude, A*

Hildegard Hawthorne

A novelette by the granddaughter of the great romancer. The "interlude" is a society girl's quiet summer in the country, during which she sits at the feet of nature—and also shifts her lovers.

(*Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*)

1811. *Crossing, The*

Winston Churchill

It is three years since Mr. Churchill gave an eager public *The Crisis*, and the excellent workmanship of his new novel is reward enough for the interval. *The Crossing* tells of the gradual peaceful upbuilding and Americanization of the vast Louisiana Purchase until West as well as East prevail American ideals and the American spirit. Thus in point of period *The Crossing* antedates *The Crisis*. Judging from the sale of his books, it is claimed, Mr. Churchill is the most popular author in the United States today.

(*The Macmillan Co.*)

1645. *Daphne*

Margaret Sherwood

*An Autumn Pastoral*. In the mellow sunshine of a vintage-laden Italy Daphne Willis, American, is wooed by Phœbus Apollo, god. It is very dainty, real and yet unreal, and delightfully written.

(*Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*)

1744. *Darrow Enigma, The*

Melvin L. Severy

A detective story with a really novel plot and the crime inexplicable—of course until the end of the book! What kind of a detective story would that be which left the mystery unsolved?

(*Dodd, Mead & Co.*)

## ✠ 1562. Daughter of a Magnate, The

No one has seen like Mr. Spearman the romance of railroading, the personality of the engines, the bravery of the engineers. The railroad runs broad-gauge through his new novel and lends it dignity and impressiveness.

(Charles Scribner's Sons)

## 1768. Daughter of the States, A

A lively story with a somewhat laboredly American heroine who is on her way across the ocean to marry an English lord. A wreck, a raft, a "rogue," a rescue, and other complications follow.

(Dodd, Mead & Co.)

## 1785. Daughters of Nijo

Another of those quaint foreign love-stories—such as "A Japanese Nightingale" and "The Heart of Hyacinth"—that have proved so fascinating to American readers. It is daintily illustrated by a Japanese artist.

(The Macmillan Co.)

## 1795. Day of the Dog, The

"Swallow" as a name for a dog seems to indicate a harmless temperament—if you look at it in one way. It was the other meaning, however, that fitted the dog villain of this tale of woe, who precipitated the situations and assured the propinquity necessary to love-making. Short and amusing.

(Dodd, Mead & Co.)

## 1670. Deliverance, The

*The Deliverance* is a novel of the Virginia tobacco belt, of the reversed conditions due to the war and of hate—implacable hate. In character drawing, in philosophy, in its nearness to the soil, and in its strong local yet universal truth, *The Deliverance* is uncommonly strong.

(Doubleday, Page & Co.)

## 1700. Denis Dent

An ingenious and exciting romance of the sea, the Ballarat gold fields, and the Crimean war. It is not a hastily turned out piece of work. Mr. Hornung has been planning and working on it for years.

(Frederick A. Stokes Co.)

## 1808. Descent of Man, The

The title story is that of a scientist who succumbed to a series of insidious temptations and fell into the degeneracy of writing highly-colored pseudo-scientific clap-trap for the applause and dollars of the general public. The other stories are as clever in situation and execution as one expects from Mrs. Wharton.

(Charles Scribner's Sons)

## ✠ 1575. Dr. Lavendar's People

Everybody knows Dr. Lavendar of Old Chester, of course. And everybody feels towards him much as the Old Chester people do. Admirable short stories.

(Harper & Brothers)

## 1818. Dorothea

Elemental innocent purity in contact with modern emancipated cosmopolitanism is the *motif* of this story. It is a long and leisurely tale which will be a delight to lovers of Maartens. He calls it "a story of the pure in heart," and even if Dorothea be a little austere she certainly is not uninteresting or unimportant, nor is she the loser in the game of life. The narrative is spirited and the dialogue is sparkling.

(D. Appleton & Co.)

## 1660. Dr. Xavier

The beauty scientist again turns out the most beautiful of women! The last part of *Dr. Xavier*, which deals with the conspiracy in the kingdom of Cadi, is the better. This is not saying very much, but *Cave* criticism when the writer always finds readers!

(D. Appleton & Co.)

## 1658. Duke Decides, The

A few hours after the impoverished English hero of this yarn has consented to act as catspaw in a conspiracy to foist some bogus bonds on the Bank of England, he finds himself lawfully seventh Duke of Beaumanoir! Death is the penalty for defection from the enterprise.

(A. Wessels Co.)

## 1712. Evans of Suffolk, An

The experiences of the daughter of an anarchist who enters by marriage into one of the bluest and most conservative of Boston family circles.

(L. C. Page & Co.)

## ★ 1843. Evelyn Byrd

A typical Eggleston story and a sequel to *Dorothy South*. The innocent but spirited young girl of mysterious antecedents, who is frequently met—in novels—on either side of the Mason and Dixon line, is here rescued by a gallant Confederate officer. That is the beginning—and the continuation is according to precedent.

(The Lothrop Company)

★ 1826. **Faith of Men, The**

A volume of London's short stories of burning elemental passions in the frozen North Country—dramatic, as all his stories are, and at times intense to painfulness. (The Macmillan Co.)

Jack London

✦ 1564. **Falk**

Three stories,—“Falk,” “Amy Foster,” and “To-morrow.” Of the short love story as well as the short sea story Conrad has proved a true master. (McClure, Phillips & Co.)

Joseph Conrad

★ 1825. **Flame-Gatherers, The**

The strangely-mingled passion and mysticism of the East are made very real in this story of India seven centuries ago, when the Moslem invaders were sweeping all before them. It is a sympathetic presentment of the life and love of an alien time. (The Macmillan Co.)

Margaret Horton Potter

✦ 1599. **Forest Hearth, A**

Forest and hearth are found in Indiana in the thirties, when the heterogeneous elements that had drifted there were conquering the wilderness, developing the state, and themselves being welded in a united sturdy citizenship. It is a cheery story of love and action. (The Macmillan Co.)

Charles Major

1788. **Four Roads to Paradise**

Fame, money, influence, and love—in the beginning of the story four men stood at the parting of the ways. Three of them at least fell under the thrall of a charming young American widow. The scene shifts, as the widow flits from New York to Florence. (The Century Co.)

Maud Wilder Goodwin

1789. **Frontiersmen, The**

A half dozen short stories, told with admirable art, of white men and of Indians who in the days gone by lived and roamed in the neighborhood of the Great Smoky Mountains. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

Charles Egbert Craddock

1701. **Fugitive, The**

A novel? Well, maybe, but written out of truth. It is the story of a Lithuanian Jew—a little orphaned chap—and the vicissitudes and hardships of his orthodox upbringing. After he is grown, and to win the girl he loves, he is on the point of abjuring Judaism when a massacre of his people stirs to its depth his dormant race feeling. Emigration to the “land of the free” only results, at first, in casting him into a New York Ghetto sweat-shop. A book quite out of the ordinary in its vision. (Doubleday, Page & Co.)

Ezra S. Brudno

1716. **Fugitive Anne**

Escaping from a detestable husband, Anne plunges daringly into the wilds of Australia with only a faithful “black” as escort. She is looked upon as a goddess by the tribe of cannibals into whose hands she falls and from whom she is rescued by a Danish explorer and scientist. Then, together they discover an ancient semi-civilized tribe of red men who, with ritual and ceremonial, worship a gigantic tortoise. Anne is made high priestess. An entertaining yarn. (R. F. Fenno & Co.)

Mrs. Campbell Praed

1627. **Gallops 2**

Lively stories of a frankly horsey set—young married suburbanites—and kindred hunting spirits, and full of gayety, irresponsibility, and out-of-door wholesomeness. (The Century Co.)

David Gray

1804. **Gingham Rose, A**

A charming love story all through, beginning with a masked ball of art students, when the Boy dubs her the “Gingham Rose.” They spat over that—forerunner of spats to come; and before the coming of final fame and peace for both original and high-strung youngsters, they have some bitter experiences. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

Alice Woods Ullman

★ 1842. **Givers, The**

Short stories of power and pathos filled with that striking comprehension of the half-starved souls and repressed feelings of New England women which has gained Mrs. Freeman so much admiration. (Harper & Brothers)

Mary E. Wilkins Freeman

✦ 1566. **Golden Fetish, The**

From the realism of the problem novel Mr. Phillpotts has taken a flying leap into the realm of unqualified romance. A fetish seems to point the way to treasure unbounded in the heart of Africa, and the young man who starts out to seek it moves from adventure to adventure. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

Eden Phillpotts

1805. **Grafters, The**

*The Grafters*, which deals with the machinations of a group of unscrupulous politicians, and especially their maneuvers to get control of a certain railroad, is that rather rare specimen—a man's book. And the men who read it will probably proclaim it about right! It has vigor, virility, and the swiftness of the rail. (The Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

Francis Lynde

1729. **Great Adventurer, The**

A rather skilful limning of the ambitious maker of a monster bubble trust and the corresponding deterioration of his character. Disaster follows in the track of the gigantic organization. (Doubleday, Page & Co.)

Robert Shackleton

## THE BOOKLOVERS MAGAZINE ADVERTISER

### ✠ 1598. Heart of Rome, The

The very heart of the Eternal City Mr. Crawford has essayed to put into his new novel. He has written a most absorbing story.

F. Marion Crawford  
(The Macmillan Co.)

### 1707. Henderson

There is good work in *Henderson*, a fine understanding of a big, tenacious, courageous man. He is a loyal Missourian and a doctor, is Henderson, and these are adventures and episodes in which he plays a part and which in turn develop his own character. He must needs place his love hopelessly and yet must needs love on. That, too, is part of the story.

Rose E. Young  
(Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

### ✠ 1578. Hesper

Given the rough life of a mountainous mining camp as a background with plentiful and exciting incident supplied by a strike of desperate miners and a delicately reared Eastern girl as the heroine, you have the material with which Mr. Garland is most successful.

Hamlin Garland  
(Harper & Brothers)

### 1763. He That Eateth Bread With Me

Although from the nature of its plot *He That Eateth Bread With Me* cannot touch the heart of the divorce problem, it takes up certain phases of it effectively and sensationally.

H. A. Mitchell Keays  
(McClure, Phillips & Co.)

### 1603. Hetty Wesley

The story of the sister of John and Charles Wesley is a sad and pathetic one. In this history-true novel it is told with earnestness, dignity, and brilliancy of style.

Arthur I. Quiller-Couch  
(The Macmillan Co.)

### 1663. Holladay Case, The

A New York multi-millionaire is found dead in his office. His daughter, who—the confidential clerk testifies—was the last person in the room, is held by the police as the murderess. That is only the beginning of a mystery and a good story.

Burton E. Stevenson  
(Henry Holt & Co.)

### 1764. Horse-Leech's Daughters, The

A picture without half-tones, without shading—all glare, and proportionately unreal. Yet it had the makings of a first-rate story in its outline of a selfish and beautiful woman whose insatiate extravagance ruins her husband and hardens her soul.

Margaret Doyle Jackson  
(Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

### ★ 1837. House in the Woods, The

Tells of how they came to want it and of its slow but sure upbuilding—the house in a nook by a brook in the Catskills. A nature book with a hint of a story to hang things to.

Arthur Henry  
(Illustrated. A. S. Barnes)

### 1794. How Tyson Came Home

Tyson, poor, came to America; Tyson, rich, went back to England, but did not find it home. A satisfying, readable book—the Western atmosphere of the first part is admirable, and there is a real Bret Harte girl.

William H. Rideling  
(John Lane)

### 1774. I: In Which a Woman Tells the Truth About Herself

Alas, not yet! Not yet! It seems all too evident that the writer thus zealously veracious is a man! *I*, however, holds the interest in the development of a sensuous nature into something higher. If artificial, it is at least well-written.

(D. Appleton & Co.)

### 1733. Imperialist, The

This study in Canadian policy and politics lacks in a large measure the sparkle and vivacity we have come to demand from Mrs. Cotes. More's the pity! The best and most characteristic thing about it is its carefully defined setting—the small but hustling town of Elgin.

Mrs. Everard Cotes (Sara Jeannette Duncan)  
(D. Appleton & Co.)

### ✠ 1584. In Babel

Three or four page sketches—not in slang—of various types and characteristic incidents in the breezy Babel of the West. Humorous, of course and something more.

George Ade  
(McClure, Phillips & Co.)

### 1807. In Search of the Unknown

Not dry science, however misleading the title, but a fascinating story of the strange adventures of a young student of science, accompanying a learned professor in his search for the hidden things of nature. And not merely incidental are the equally novel love affairs, scattered here and there with Mr. Chambers' usual felicity and dry humor.

Robert W. Chambers  
(Harper & Brothers)

### ✠ 1569. Incomparable Bellairs

Here is the bewitching Kitty of *The Bath Comedy* as dainty and capricious a flirt as ever, and her admirers as ardent! They are practically separate stories, these adventures and doings; but the personality of the incomparable one pervades them all.

Agnes and Egerlon Castle  
(Frederick A. Stokes Co.)

**1776. In the Bishop's Carriage**

The adventures of a girl thief who becomes a vaudeville actress, told by herself. Just a trifle vulgar, and of dubious ethics, but clever, really clever, and amusing. (*The Bobbs-Merrill Co.*)

Miriam Michelson

**1604. Irish Cousin, An**

In this quiet, humorous novel the amenities of country life in Ireland are unfolded to an intensely interested spectator who has come from Canada to visit her uncle and cousin.

E. OE. Somerville and Martin Ross

(*Longmans, Green & Co.*)

**1749. Issue, The**

A Civil War story of broad sweep, which begins with the negro uprising in Virginia in 1831. The intrigue is intricate and well worked in and out of public events, the characters are numerous and consistently sustained, and the minor touches are of unusual excellence. It is not for skim and skip reading. It must be read leisurely or one will lay it down confused. (*J. B. Lippincott Co.*)

George Morgan

**1736. Issues of Life, The**

There is something distinctly unpleasant (to us) in Mrs. Van Vorst's novel. It is not so much the story itself, but that it seems an unnecessary and ostentatious exploitation of the "race suicide" controversy which President Roosevelt's introductory letter to *The Woman Who Toils* aroused. A young woman, married to a model of every virtue, under the misleading influence of her advanced clubwomen friends, nearly makes a wreck of her home happiness.

Mrs. John Van Vorst

(*Doubleday, Page & Co.*)

**1766. Jessica Letters, The**

Love-making by letter always has a distinct fascination. In this instance the man correspondent is a young New York editor, the other a country girl, a Southerner; they often differ vigorously in their discussion of literary and other questions. Personally, we think Jessica is too good for any pink-of-perfection editor.

(*G. P. Putnam's Sons*)

**1717. Jewel of the Seven Stars, The**

A weird yarn dealing with the attempt of a famous Egyptologist to call back to life the mummy of an Egyptian Queen. There are no end of mysteries, one of them being the strange psychological connection which seems to exist between the mummied Queen and the Egyptologist's daughter.

Bram Stoker

(*Harper & Brothers*)

**1606. John Burl**

The author of *The Kidnapped Millionaires* still lingers in Wall Street and his characters are entangled in the tape from the ticker. But first there is a youthful courtship, a fight, a flight, and a successful mining venture in the West. Written to meet the popular taste. (*Drexel Biddle*)

Frederick Upham Adams

✠ **1580. Judgment**

A novelette picturing the devotion and final triumph of a gentle and patient wife over an inflexible and despotic husband. *Judgment* has been most enthusiastically received by the critics. But Miss Brown seems to us to have undertaken a subject beyond the reach of her pen. She gives little shrieks all around it and loses her usual common sense in rhapsody. (*Harper & Brothers*)

Alice Brown

✠ **1579. Judith of the Plains**

Miss Manning's entertaining new novel is a story of sheep-ranch life, of a wild, spirited Western girl who loves an Eastern man who loves an Eastern girl. At least he thinks he does, but propinquity is powerful. (*Harper & Brothers*)

Marie Manning

✠ **1565. Katherine Frensham**

The theme is of a mistaken marriage in which the baneful influence of the wife continues even after her death. It takes all Katherine Frensham's sweet nature to counteract the poison. The Scandinavian scenes depicted lend the charm of fresh surroundings. (*Dodd, Mead & Co.*)

Beatrice Harraden

**1623. Key of Paradise, The**

She started to seek the key at fifteen, when she wedded a Roman prince, yet perhaps she might never have found it but for the Englishman who came into her life. The fortunes of war in the tempest-tossed Italy of the close of the eighteenth century bring them all—husband, wife, and Charnley—together under one roof, in danger.

Sidney Pickering

(*The Macmillan Co.*)

✠ **1583. Kidnapped Colony, A**

The colony is England's pride, Bermuda. The kidnapper, who is a kidnapper half by accident, half for fun, is a young American, who resembles and impersonates the newly appointed Governor. An amusing situation cleverly exploited. (*Harper & Brothers*)

Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

**1758. Knight of Columbia, A**

General King has deserted Western army posts and Indian skirmishes for a tale of manifold venture and adventure in New York and at the front during Civil War days. A little of everything happens. Talk about incident!

General Charles King

(*The Hobart Co.*)

## THE BOOKLOVERS MAGAZINE ADVERTISER

### 1714. Left in Charge

Not a hint or a whisper of stage life in this story, but it is quite melodramatic enough. The scene is in a God-forsaken little spot in Illinois.  
(G. W. Dillingham & Co.)

Clara Morris

### 1786. Light of the Star, The

The proverbial deceitfulness of appearances plays quite a villain's part in Mr. Garland's wholesome story of the stage. The actress heroine leads a double life, but it is the reality that is good and the figment that is evil.  
(Harper & Brothers)

Hamlin Garland

### 1687. Little Chevalier, The

A slight and romantic story of old New Orleans. Here the Vicomte de Valdeterre lands on the 5th of January, 1734, to avenge his father, who had fallen years before in duel with the Chevalier de la Roche, and to take possession of the de la Roche estates. He meets the "Little Chevalier."  
(Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

M. E. M. Davis

### 1699. Little Garrison, A

That the evils whereof *A Little Garrison* tells exist in the German army is the more potently proven by the tremendous sensation and scandal a—in itself—rather weak book has created. It touched the raw and—from the Kaiser down—Germany winced. Lieutenant Bilse has been sentenced by court martial to six months imprisonment and dismissal from the service for libeling his superior officers and for breach of service regulations.  
(Frederick A. Stokes Co.)

Lieutenant Bilse

### ✠ 1589. Little Stories

Tiny stories in a tiny book. They are concentrated—the gist of the matter being left, the superfluities discarded—in a way that is Dr. Mitchell's own.  
(The Century Company)

S. Weir Mitchell

### 1706. Little Tragedy at Tien-tsin, A

The author of *My Lady Peggy Goes to Town* is scheduled for two books this spring. The first to appear is a polyglot collection of short stories—Chinese, French, Italian, and American. They are all good, but the Chinese are more than that in their rendering of the implacable, inscrutable Mongolian character.  
(Robert Grier Cooke)

Frances Aymar Mathews

### 1751. Little Traitor to the South, A

A Southern war story—the scene of which is Charleston and Charleston harbor. The girl and her two lovers are ardent Confederates and she only becomes a traitor inconsequentially. Slight and light and not even as good as Mr. Brady can do, but the publishers have put it out in most attractive dress.  
(The Macmillan Co.)

Cyrus Townsend Brady

### 1812. Little Union Scout, A

In Tennessee during the Civil War, where Confederate and Union sympathizers lived side by side, one of Forrest's officers was detailed to capture a daring Union scout. It was a handicap race, for naturally he did not dream he should look for a girl; but he won, lost, and won again.  
(McClure, Phillips & Co.)

Joel Chandler Harris

### 1697. Lux Crucis

A novel of imperial Rome at the moment when the Apostle Paul brings the light of the cross to its darkness. Mr. Gardenhire has crowded in with fair success all those things which everybody knows—from *Quo Vadis* and a hundred other books—are indispensable to a novel of the period—lovely Christian maidens, their persecutors, gladiatorial combats, faithful slaves, the martyrdom of the unfortunate believers in the arena, the burning of Rome, and, of course, Nero as the heavy villain.  
(Harper & Brothers)

Samuel M. Gardenhire

### ★ 1835. Magnetic North, The

A man's book—written by a woman. The wild rush of the Klondike gold-seekers; the appalling monotony, icy stillness, and semi-starvation of the Alaskan winter; the dwindling expectations, the frauds, the gambling, all this seems to be the virile description of one who has been through it.  
(Frederick A. Stokes Co.)

Elizabeth Robins

### ✠ 1594. Mark, The

*The Mark* is a fantastic and fascinating narrative of adventure that could not have happened save in India and by the power of Hindu magic.  
(Doubleday, Page & Co.)

Aquila Kempster

### 1631. Masterfolk, The

A novel, on large and Meredithian lines, of the tribe of Bohemians in London and Paris, with its art and poverty, aspiration and vice. Philosophy there is, too, Nietzschean and otherwise. The plot is too large to be outlined, but it converges in a love which, tried and purified, can bear the children of the Masterfolk.  
(Harper & Brothers)

Haldane McFall

### 1779. Memoirs of a Baby

Mr. Martin Brinkerhoff Wilbour (familiarily known as Binks) could hardly have found a better interpreter to set him and the difficulties of his upbringing by the mother-father-aunt combination before an unprejudiced audience. A most diverting narrative, and Miss Cory's many illustrations are just as delectable.  
(Harper & Brothers)

Josephine Daskam

**1814. Merry Anne, The**

Samuel Merwin

A good fresh yarn of an exciting hunt for a gang of whiskey smugglers on the great lakes. Whiskey Jim and the United States special agent who is after him are more than a little human, while Captain Dick, who is innocently involved, the *Merry Anne*, and the young woman for whom she is named, have very engaging personalities of their own. (The Macmillan Co.)

**1622. Mills of Man, The**

Philip Payne

A city's boss, a state's governor and the candidate for that office, a railroad and political financier, and a yellow newspaper reporter figure in this broad, impressive story of corruption in American politics. The scene is Chicago. In spite of a certain crudeness, *The Mills of Man* is a strong piece of work and a remarkable picture that gets in one's mind and stays there. (Rand, McNally & Co.)

**1653. Mr. Salt**

Will Payne

She was his faithful, modest stenographer. He was an energetic Chicago stockbroker and promoter. *Mr. Salt* is a fair second-class story and one feels that Mr. Payne should have done better. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

**1692. Mrs. M'Lerie**

J. J. Bell

Quietly humorous gossips between two Glasgow neighbors, Mrs. M'Lerie and her friend, Mistress Monro', or equally humorous happenings that break the even tenor of their days—Mrs. M'Lerie's questionable visit ("mind, I'm no' sayin' I didna enjye masel'") to her guid-sister, Mrs. M'Corkindale, the party, the Zoo, and the "rattle"—"Raffle," corrected Mrs. Monro' mildly. "Aweel, it's a' yin," said Mrs. M'Lerie. (The Century Co.)

**1668. My Friend Prospero**

Henry Harland

Background, the ancient Castel Sant' Allesina with terraced gardens, cypresses and fountains, and distant views. *Dramatis personæ*, an incognito princess of lustrous beauty; an English hero, laughing, blue-eyed, "poor but honest"; an aristocratic "fairy god-mother," and a grave, quaint child of the Southland. An Italian idyl. (McClure, Phillips & Co.)

**1793. Nami-Ko**

Kenjiro Tokutomi

A real Japanese novel, full of their—to us—curious customs, embodying as well much of their modern spirit and patriotism. The happiness of the hero, a naval officer, and his wife is broken up by an interfering mother-in-law. The best kind of revelation of Japanese thought. (H. B. Turner & Co.)

★ **1833. Nancy Stair**

Elinor McCartney Lane

Anything less like a bluestocking than the adorable Nancy it would be hard to devise. Yet the friend of Burns was poetess, philanthropist, and, if necessary, lawyer. Her lovers were more determined to win her than was for their good—and no wonder. (D. Appleton & Co.)

★ **1834. Nature's Comedian**

W. E. Norris

A clever presentation of one of those graceful, indolent, fascinating individuals who mean well but, owing to essential selfishness—do the other thing. The person in question, Harold Dunville, is London's actor idol, who comes to grief in the country by trying to drive tandem in his love affairs. (D. Appleton & Co.)

**1621. Odd Craft**

W. W. Jacobs

Mr. Jacobs has proved himself that *rara avis*, a genuine humorist. This new volume of his characteristic sketches of the sailor on shore will meet with the welcome his former ones have assured. (Charles Scribner's Sons)

★ **1824. Olive Latham**

E. L. Voynich

An austere story of Russian Nihilists and of an English girl who comes to understand their fanaticism through the official cruelty inflicted on her lover. So strong is *Olive Latham* in its conciseness and repression it seems as if it must be a part of Mr. and Mrs. Voynich's own experience. The author of *The Gadfly* could not write anything commonplace. (J. B. Lippincott Co.)

**1710. On the Road to Arcady**

Mabel Nelson Thurston

A deliciously redolent record of a spring and summer from February to September, when one sedate person has her nature plans all upset by the arrival of a dimpling whirlwind of a cousin and an immediate swarm of lovers. It is slight, but very gay and pretty. (Fleming H. Revell Co.)

**1787. Order No. 11**

Caroline Abbot Stanley

A bit of exciting border history during the sixties, excellently transcribed and threaded through with romance. Mrs. Stanley does not attempt to crowd the whole of the Civil War on the canvas and the result is a clear and effective picture of the Kansas vs. Missouri savagery. (The Century Co.)

## THE BOOKLOVERS MAGAZINE ADVERTISER

### ✠ 1596. O'Ruddy, The

Stephen Crane left uncompleted his Irish romance, desiring that Mr. Barr should finish it. The O'Ruddy is a delightful and surprising native of the Shamrock Isle, and the amusing story runs at a rattling rate.

Stephen Crane and Robert Barr  
(Frederick A. Stokes Co.)

### 1666. Pa Gladden

"Pa Gladden" has been a familiar figure in the pages of *The Century*. His genuineness and unpretentious piety and the love which he pours out over all "God unspeakable's" creatures transfigure these humble episodes of a Kentucky village.

Elizabeth Cherry Waltz  
(The Century Co.)

### ★ 1820. Pamela Congreve

Again My Lady Peggy goes to town, but this time she is a witch of a country lass who becomes the star of all London, and she goes in petticoats.

Frances Aymar Mathews  
(Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co.)

### 1683. Passage Perilous, A

There are people who like Rosa Nouchette Carey and people who do not. To those who do and only to those we commend *A Passage Perilous*. It is a typical Carey story, of the married-in-haste-and-fell-in-love-with-each-other-at-leisure variety.

Rosa Nouchette Carey  
(J. B. Lippincott Co.)

### 1605. Pensionnaires, The

In Dresden, in Lucerne, and in Paris the "pensions" and in each a lover—three in all—to one American girl and a voice. Mr. Carman has written a bright and readable book, its foreign pension background cleverly done to a turn, just crisped a little, by gentle satire.

Albert R. Carman  
(Herbert B. Turner & Co.)

### 1644. Petronilla Heroven

A story that charms in the reading by its sincerity and craftsmanship. Petronilla grew up on the English farm under her grandfather's severe surveillance like the wild rose on the heath—with thorns quite sufficient for defense. She had one friend, a mysterious hermit, and made one enemy.

Una L. Silberrad  
(Doubleday, Page & Co.)

### 1610. Pigs in Clover

*Pigs in Clover* was published last Spring. The Library did not list it then, designedly. It seemed too morbid and too painful to meet with favor. But subscribers want it, and we submit to their desire. London is the main scene, the time just prior to the Boer war, and the three principal characters are English-born South Africans.

Frank Danby  
(J. B. Lippincott Co.)

### ✠ 1590. Pool in the Desert, The

Four extremely clever short stories of Anglo-Indian life, in problems and treatment distinctly and even amusingly suggestive of Henry James.

Mrs. Everard Coles (Sara Jeannette Duncan)  
(D. Appleton & Co.)

### 1619. Promotion of the Admiral, The

Rollicking, rioting, sulphurous yarns of the sea and seamen. The title story relates how Admiral Sir Dicky Dunn, K.C.B., started on an impromptu voyage before the mast, through the malice of Shanghai Smith, and came out captain. All are humorous and rough and tumble.

Morley Roberts  
(L. C. Page & Co.)

### 1813. Queen's Quair, The

Mary Queen of Scots is Mr. Hewlett's magnetic and fascinating heroine. The story opens while she is still at the court of Catherine de Medici, but the greater part deals with her stormy career after she left the fair land of France.

Maurice Hewlett  
(The Macmillan Co.)

### 1748. Rainbow Chasers, The

A sturdy, elemental story of western prairies, forests, storms, of land speculation and border fights.

John H. Whitson  
(Little, Brown & Co.)

### ✠ 1567. Red Head

The pathetic and dramatic story of Red Head has been taken out of *Stringtown on the Pike* and made into a complete story by itself. A memorable and realistic picture of that grimmest of all conflicts—a Kentucky feud.

John Uri Lloyd  
(Dodd, Mead & Co.)

### ✠ 1591. Red Triangle, The

A new detective story dealing with a series of crimes committed in London, inexplicably connected by a red triangle stamped on the body of each victim.

Arthur Morrison  
(L. C. Page & Co.)

### 1669. Reign of Queen Isyl, The

A kaleidoscopic story built on the good old Arabian Nights continuous performance plan. It was Queen Norine who should have reigned over the Californian *fiesta*, whereas it was Queen Isyl who did. All who are connected with the preposterous adventures of the royal ladies keep the ball of stories rolling. The language is the choicest of up-to-date vernacular.

Gelett Burgess and Will Irwin  
(McClure, Phillips & Co.)

**1612. Relentless City, The**

The "relentless city" of this novel of fashionable Anglo-American society is the city *par excellence* of the strenuous, New York, where an English heir to a marquise seeks an American heiress to millions. There is a parallel love interest and complications to both. Mr. Benson has some curious notions about Americans.

E. F. Benson

(Harper & Brothers)

**1778. Robert Cavalier**

The romantic story of the discovery and exploration of the Mississippi. De La Salle's own brother, a Jesuit priest, was his most treacherous enemy, and the story places the order in a rather unpleasant light.

William Dana Orcutt

(A. C. McClurg & Co.)

**1810. Romance**

*Romance* lives up to its title; it is a story of a young Englishman's adventures in a nest of Cuban pirates, thrilling in episode, instinct with all of Mr. Conrad's magic glamor. To Mr. F. M. Hueffer's collaboration is probably due the more than usual prominence of the love interest.

Joseph Conrad and F. M. Hueffer

(McClure, Phillips & Co.)

**1780. Rulers of Kings**

A contrast and, in the course of the story, a conflict between money power and royal power. The hero is an American millionaire, the heroine a Hapsburg princess. An "historical" novel of the history that may be made to-morrow.

Gertrude Atherton

(Harper & Brothers)

**1693. Said, the Fisherman**

A most bombastic and consistent liar was Said the Syrian! Also he was thievish, faithless, cowardly, and various other reprehensible things, none of which interfered with his being an exemplary Musselman. Here between these covers is veritable oriental atmosphere and languorous men and women antagonistic to western ways in every fibre of their oriental beings. The scene is Damascus and the time that of the great massacre.

Marmaduke Pickthall

(McClure, Phillips & Co.)

**1667. Sally of Missouri**

A young Easterner comes, sees, and is conquered by the Western Sally. Then he gets involved with Sally's father. A racy story of a broad, beautiful, and breezy land.

R. E. Young

(McClure, Phillips & Co.)

**✠ 1561. Sanctuary**

Mrs. Wharton has given us a psychological novel of decided and subtle interest, depicting the struggle in a young man of inherited lack of principle against carefully inculcated morality.

Edith Wharton

(Charles Scribner's Sons)

**1637. Scarlet Banner, The**

There is always vigor and color about Dahn's work. The scarlet banner was the royal emblem of the descendants of the Vandals in Africa, and it is of the destruction of their kingdom and the capitulation of Carthage that Dahn writes.

Felix Dahn

(A. C. McClurg & Co.)

**1646. Sea Scamps**

"Sea scamps" is a happy definition of the trio here concerned. Their ways lead not along straight courses nor are they troubled by conventional tackings. Their natural acuteness is heightened by intercourse with the heathen Chinese and the Filipino. Their adventures and escapades make capital lively stories.

Henry C. Rowland

(McClure, Phillips & Co.)

**1628. She That Hesitates**

"She" was a Brunswick princess who hesitated to accept the Tsarevitch, her suitor—and with good cause. A sensational ending rights her wrong decision. There are the usual flashes of gleaming swords and proper accessories of the historico-adventuro novel.

Harris Dickson

(Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

**1684. Shutters of Silence, The**

Crude and sensational. A socially ambitious mother sends her illegitimate child, in the charge of a scoundrel, to Canada, where he escapes and finds refuge in a Trappist monastery. Subsequently he is plunged, unsophisticated as he is, into fashionable London society.

G. B. Burgin

(The Smart Set Co.)

**1765. Sign of Triumph, The**

A romance of that unhappy delusion, the children's crusade. A more or less graceless adventurer is the hero whose love and guardianship of one of the young fanatics works his own regeneration and makes him worthy of his great reward.

Sheppard Stevens

(L. C. Page & Co.)

**1791. Silent Places, The**

A strenuous story of a thieving trapper's flight into the icy forest fastness and the indomitable courage of the two traders who pursued him. A wood-lore detective story.

Stewart Edward White

(McClure, Phillips & Co.)

## THE BOOKLOVERS MAGAZINE ADVERTISER

### 1618. *Silver Poppy, The*

*The Silver Poppy* is a book about a book, the ostensible production of a young Kentucky authoress who is achieving in New York the triumphs due to a beautiful and exquisitely gowned celebrity. A note of yellow always accompanies Cordelia Vaughan. With her yellow hair, the yellow in her eyes, and gowned in yellow, she glides through life a half-pathetic human vampire. (D. Appleton & Co.)

Arthur Stringer

### ★ 1827. *Singular Miss Smith, The*

The members of the Ontological Club thought her singular because she failed to comprehend that the primal relation of the American laboring woman to the Cosmos is of paramount importance in the domestic servant problem. Finally this extraordinary young person studied the problem at first hand by going into service as a general housework girl. A light and sufficiently amusing skit. (The Macmillan Co.)

Florence Morse Kingsley

### 1730. *Sir Mortimer*

Better than *To Have and To Hold* is *Sir Mortimer*. It is a romance of gallant Elizabethan days with a deal of fighting by sea and land. The heroine, a fair lady-in-waiting to royal Elizabeth, never doubts her lover when he himself and others do. (Harper & Brothers)

Mary Johnston

### ✠ 1588. *Sixty Jane*

"Sixty Jane" and eight other stories, grave tinged with gay, and full of human feeling. Stories of the poor and the humble for the most part. (The Century Co.)

John Luther Long

### 1632. *Stella Fregelius*

A curious story of a man engaged to be wedded in the ordinary way who contracts a spiritual marriage with a beautiful descendant of the Valkyries, and after her tragic death succeeds in establishing communication with her. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

H. Rider Haggard

### 1767. *Stolen Emperor, The*

Whether or not such events as Mrs. Fraser narrates actually did take place in mediæval Japan, the theft of the infant "Son of Heaven" and his lovely regal mother is the quintessence of romance, and the setting is historic. The atmosphere is very different, very foreign, and it is a swift and pretty tale. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

Mrs. Hugh Fraser

### 1747. *Stone of Destiny, The*

In this queer little half-allegorical highfalutin tale Mrs. Mackay has struck a note—oh, away, away up—which she is not able to hold. The result—we only whisper it—we do not like at all. (Harper & Brothers)

Katherine Mackay

### 1615. *Story of Kennett, The*

To turn from the noisy fiction of the day to this quiet, dignified, old-time story is like changing from rag-time to symphony. Taylor wrote *con amore* of the country life and charming scenes of his Pennsylvania birthplace. (Cedarcroft Edition. G. P. Putnam's Sons)

Bayard Taylor

### 1620. *Strife of the Sea, The*

When a writer shows such originality and such power of visualization as Mr. Hains it is an odious thing to compare him with a better known author. Yet nothing gives a clearer idea of these short stories than to say they do for the animals of the sea what the Seton stories do for the animals of the land if not more. The sea in the book is magnificent. (The Baker-Taylor Co.)

T. Jenkins Hains

### 1792. *Susannah and One Other*

A novel of modern English fashionables and their vices. In particular, of the tribulations of the candid and sweet-natured Susannah, with a gambling mother and a flirtatious, selfish sister. (McClure, Phillips & Co.)

E. Maria Albanesi

### 1695. *Sylvia's Husband*

A little imbroglia transparently arranged for dramatization, and a very pretty little play it would make. As a novelette it shows the joints. There is a misunderstanding before Sylvia gets her husband in the first "act," and another misunderstanding in explaining the first misunderstanding in the second "act." (D. Appleton & Co.)

Mrs. Burton Harrison

### 1771. *Test, The*

There is ability, decided ability in *The Test*. It is well written, well developed, well sustained, a frank but delicate handling of a difficult situation. A young woman bravely faces the disgrace and scandal, the estrangement and devastating bitterness that the coming of her baby brings, and by the force of a constantly developing nobility wins a belated happiness. (Charles Scribner's Sons)

Mary Tappan Wright

### ★ 1832. *Texas Matchmaker, A*

Ranch life in Texas when ranching was the only life there was. As in *The Log of a Cowboy*, it is the real thing without exaggeration, and the bluff, matchmaking, patriarchal head of the Las Palomas ranch has merely stood for his portrait. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

Andy Adams

**1728. Tillie**

The little "Mennonite Maid" who wanders through these pages is something quite new in fiction. Ambitious for self-development amid the most deadening surroundings, she "feels to be plain" until her sudden feminine perversity in going to meeting with her curls outside her cap drives her from the fold. Refreshingly new, too, are the Pennsylvania "Dutch" characters and odd dialect.

Helen Reimensnyder Martin

(The Century Co.)

✠ **1586. Tomorrow's Tangle**

A story of early California in which a beautiful woman with the making and aspirations of a great singer is involved in a tangle to escape hateful patronage and the fortune of which she is the rightful heir.

Geraldine Bonner

(The Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

**1629. Torch, The**

A university novel in which the atmosphere of a small western university is remarkably rendered and the characters all have a reason for their being.

Herbert M. Hopkins

(The Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

✠ **1595. Touch of Sun, A, and Other Stories**

"A Touch of Sun" is as pretty a sketch as one could wish to read. A mother, devoted to her son, fears there is a serious blemish in the character of the girl he has chosen. They meet—and that is the story. The other tales are hardly less pleasant.

Mary Hallock Foote

(Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

★ **1838. Transgression of Andrew Yane, The**

A book of divided merit but decided interest. One has read of *demi-mondaines* and guileless youngness before. But here is a siren Paris and a fascinated American colony well done. It is not a book for indiscriminate reading, although intended to be moral. Mr. Carryl's untimely death has drawn increased attention to his most serious work.

Guy Wetmore Carryl

(Henry Holt & Co.)

**1657. Two Sides of the Face**

Whether the title has reference or not to the alternately grim and gay character of these "midwinter tales" is irrelevant. They are good tales, written with Quiller-Couch's clear-cut incisiveness.

A. T. Quiller-Couch

(Charles Scribner's Sons)

**1640. Uther and Igraine**

A passionate and curious tale, aglow with color, alive with movement, concerning the troubled love adventures of Uther of Britain, the chivalrous father of Arthur of the Table Round.

Warwick Deeping

(The Outlook Co.)

**1711. Viking's Skull, The**

An unusual plot and sensational adventures from start to finish. The story hinges on a murder and a treasure contained in a Viking's tomb.

John R. Carling

(Little, Brown & Co.)

**1817. Villa Claudia, The**

The author of *Amos Judd* and the editor of *Life* has written an ingenious tale of an Italian villa inhabited by two American ladies, where mysterious things have happened—and do happen. The mellow atmosphere of Southern Italy and memories of Horace pervade its pages.

John Ames Mitchell

(Life Publishing Co.)

**1741. Vineyard, The**

A story of modern society—more rather than less satirical—and one of Mrs. Craigie's best.

John Oliver Hobbes

(D. Appleton & Co.)

**1704. Violet**

The sin of the father visited most cruelly upon his sensitive child, darkening and sullyng his boyish career—that is the story of Violet Maule. There is much that is beautiful, much that is sad, in this pathetic tale. The character of the murderer's son is naturally transparent and warm as sunshine, but it is shadowed by the crime.

Baroness Von Hutten

(Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

✠ **1840. Watchers of the Trail**

The combination of Mr. Roberts' animal stories and Mr. Bull's illustrations is one that the public cannot get too much of. This volume is full of charm.

Charles G. D. Roberts

(L. C. Page & Co.)

**1649. Web, The**

A novel of the law and its meshes, with a divorce, an important mining lawsuit, and a murder all intimately connected. Dave Maddox, a clever lawyer and a manly fellow, has his hands full. He has his own true love course to smooth also. The interest is admirably sustained.

Frederick Trevor Hill

(Doubleday, Page & Co.)

**1639. When I Was Czar**

Arthur W. Marchmont

A capital yarn of adventure and complication arising out of the impersonation, by Mr. Harper C. Denver, American, of the Czar of all the Russias, and also from Mr. Harper C. Denver's falling in love. Something happens from beginning to end.  
(Frederick A. Stokes Co.)

**1698. When It Was Dark**

Guy Thorne

Whatever qualities this "Tale of a Great Conspiracy" may lack, ingenuity is not among them. A millionaire Jewish "philanthropist" plans and carries out a gigantic fraud which is nothing less than to destroy belief in the divinity of Christ. There ensues a riot of crime and lawlessness, world-wide insecurity and ruin. Only a few of every sect (and particularly the little group of English Ritualists in the story) keep the faith until the dawn breaks. The ingenuity and dash of the tale carry its faults before them.  
(G. P. Putnam's Sons)

**1755. When Wilderness Was King**

Randall Parrish

A swift dramatic story of bravery and treachery at the time of the Fort Dearborn Massacre.  
(A. C. McClurg & Co.)

**1608. Where Love Is**

W. J. Locke

Mr. Locke's novels are beginning to attract in this country the readers they deserve. In *Where Love Is* a beautiful woman has acquired the common social ideal of getting in marriage the largest marketable value for herself. She meets a Quixotic artist whose adoration inspires her with the hope that she could give up all for him. But when she actually comes face to face with the sordidness of poverty she fears.  
(John Lane)

★ **1828. Woman Errant, The**

By the Author of "The Garden of a Commuter's Wife"

Is there nothing akin in this strenuous age called present to the age of chivalry called past? What would—or rather what would not—the knights errant of old have said if they could have foreseen the woman of action of to-day? And yet does not the woman errant show some of this spirit to those weaker than herself? A delightful story.  
(The Macmillan Co.)

**1801. Woman with the Fan, The**

Robert Hichens

What do most men look for in women—the inner spirit or the outer beauty? The "man's woman" of Mr. Hichens' very clever novel of London society, the lovely Lady Holme, maintains they care only for her beauty and coquetry, and events prove her justified. There is seriousness, sincerity, and artistry in Mr. Hichens' work, and *The Woman with the Fan* deserves to rank among the best novels.  
(Frederick A. Stokes Co.)

**1783. Woman's Will, A**

Anne Warner

Sets forth the love-making between a German violinist and composer with the peculiarities of genius and a young and capricious American widow whose unhappy experience has made her firmly resolved never again to take up the bonds of matrimony. Refreshingly new in its characters and piquant in its conversation.  
(Little, Brown & Co.)

**1832. Wood-carver of 'Lympos, The**

M. E. Waller

A story of unusual delicacy, feeling, and optimism—an inspiring word for the discouraged. To a Vermont mountain boy—crippled by an accident, stopped in his studies, and despairing—a passing friend offers the mysteries of wood-carving, and so puts him in touch with a wide world of thought and influence, of friendship and love.  
(Little, Brown & Co.)

**1738. Woodhouse Correspondence, The**

George W. E. Russell and Edith Sichel

An entertaining sketch of some well developed specimens of splenetic selfishness and aesthetic conceit—the unconscious correspondents being their own satirists. The letters are between Algernon Wentworth-Woodhouse, widower, aged fifty, who has money, and his relatives and god-children who have none.  
(Dodd, Mead & Co.)

✦ **1560. Yellow Van, The**


Richard Whiteing

The English land-tenure system is the *raison d'être* of Mr. Whiteing's new book. In vivid contrast it presents the great and superbly appointed estates of the aristocracy and the landless, ambitionless existences of their tenants. An American duchess finds herself helplessly a part of the feudal machine.  
(The Century Co.)

**1775. Yoke, The**

Elizabeth Miller

A tale of the Children of Israel in the land of the Pharaohs, of the plagues that preceded the going forth of the tribes, and the pursuit by the Egyptian host. A sort of antique haze skillfully evoked answers the purpose of Egyptology in providing a picturesque background for the lovers.  
(The Bobbs-Merrill Co.)



# RAVEL

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# THE BOOKLOVERS MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY

THE LIBRARY PUBLISHING COMPANY

25 Cents a Number

1323 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA

\$3.00 a Year

*Vol. IV*

JULY, 1904

*No. I*

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SILVER-POINT DRAWING FROM LIFE BY CARL J. BECKER

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# THE BOOKLOVERS MAGAZINE

VOL. IV

JULY, 1904

NO. 1

## THE PHILIPPINES AT ST. LOUIS

BY WILLIAM POWELL WILSON

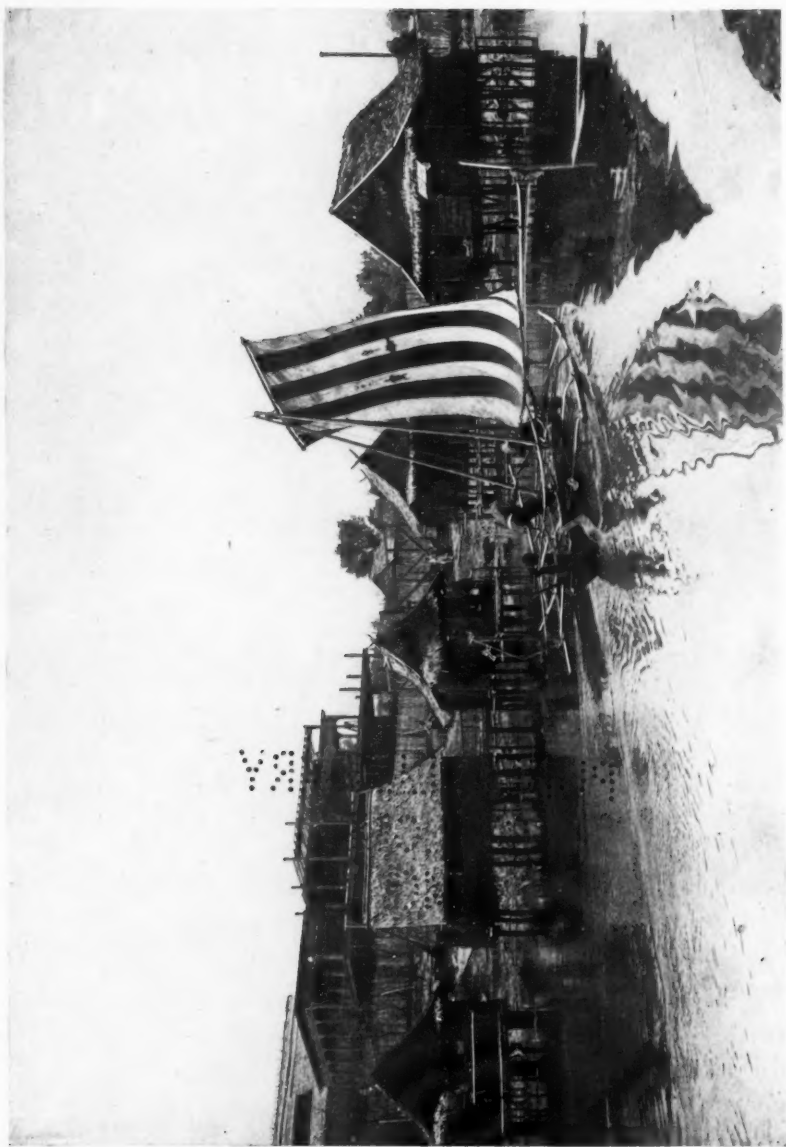
[Dr. Wilson is the chairman of the Philippine Exposition Board, and the impressive exhibit which he describes in the following article owes much to his enthusiasm and his administrative genius. As director of the Philadelphia Commercial Museums from their foundation in 1893, he has developed broad knowledge of commercial problems and rare organizing ability, which have been of inestimable service in the great Philippine Exposition project.—EDITOR]

By a happy coincidence the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, celebrating the first great territorial addition to the United States, comes just as our latest national acquisition, the Philippines, is experiencing a great commercial awakening. Quick to appreciate the timeliness of showing at St. Louis the vast wealth of the Islands, Secretary Taft, then civil governor, conceived the great display which, in novelty, thoroughness, and scope exceeds any other exhibit at the World's Fair. This remarkable exhibit is not the sole result of appropriations made by the Insular government or the Exposition company, although this sum approximates a million dollars. It is the outgrowth of the increasing patriotism of the Filipinos and their appreciation of the efforts of the government in their behalf.

In the summer of 1902 I was called into conference by Governor Taft, and

a careful plan was formulated. In the fall the Philippine Commission organized a board of three members, known as the Philippine Exposition Board, to have entire charge of the exhibit at St. Louis. In Manila, the Philippine government placed at the disposal of the Board its different bureaus, such as forestry, agriculture, ethnology, education, and scientific laboratories, the complete telegraph system throughout the Islands, and the use of the numerous government steamers which were constantly plying between Manila and all the other Island ports.

The Philippine government had already, in its masterful and progressive work of putting the Islands under the civil régime, divided them up into about forty provinces with governors, mostly native, over those territorial divisions. These governors were stimulated to form committees in their respective



ON THE LAKE IS SEEN ONE OF THE SMALL OUTRIGGER BOATS, WITH GAUDY SAILS, USED BY THE DARING PIRATES WHO INFEST THE SOUTHERN ISLANDS

THE VILLAGE OF THE WATER MOROS

provinces, with a view of securing, each for his own locality, full collections of everything which would illustrate the habits, customs, and life of the people. The directive control of all these governors and their committees rested in the hands of the Board. More than six hundred persons, enlisted in the work of making these collections throughout the Islands, were thus directed from the head office of the Board in Manila. Money was provided to pay for labor and materials and to scour the country for complete collections.

As a result, about twelve thousand tons of exhibition and building materials have been assembled during the last eight months from all parts of the Islands and sent to the Exposition at St. Louis, where construction by native carpenters was begun in October and carried on during the most severe winter experienced in many years.

At the same time, under the direction of the government in Manila, persons were selected who had the qualifications of being intimately connected with various interesting tribes, more or less remote, to assemble these people and make preparations to bring them to St. Louis. This has been successfully carried out, and today more than forty representative tribes and races of people, native to the Islands—making a total number of over eleven hundred—are assembled on the Reservation. Proper buildings, some of which represent existing structures in Manila and elsewhere, have been constructed on the forty-seven acres comprising the choicest location on the Exposition grounds.



MORO DATTOS FROM LANAOK LAKE

These are typical lesser chiefs of the fierce Mahamedan tribe of Moros, who have recently been giving General Wood much trouble.

The central idea has been to give a true picture of the life and industries of these interesting peoples. Visitors who have inspected the grounds have been impressed with the apparent naturalness of the whole display. There has been no attempt at artificiality, no reaching out for effect, but instead an effort to show conditions as they really exist in the Islands themselves.

You enter the grounds over a fine bridge built in imitation of the Bridge of Spain on the Pasig river. This leads you to the Walled City, an imitation of a similar structure in Manila. The Walled City contains war exhibits. There are shown every sort of weapon used by invaders and defenders since

the time of Magellan. Side by side with the blow-guns of the Negrito are to be found the axes used by the Igorrote head-hunters. The wavy Moro kris throws back a reflection on the vis-a-vis Krag bayonet—mounted lance-like on a bamboo pole—memento of the death of some American soldier. Regulation canteens of the American troops are displayed alongside of the bamboo

dangerous to the one who fired them than to the enemy in front.

The first natives to attract your attention on entering the Reservation are the Visayans. The weird melody which you hear while strolling among the nipa huts of the Visayans is only one of their ordinary accomplishments. They are all natural musicians. They are also weavers of beautiful turbans and



BOUTOC IGORROTES BUILDING A HOUSE

The thatched upper part of these peculiar houses is used as a store-room; in the rear, low on the ground, is the sleeping room, built of heavy timbers and strongly barricaded against prowling head-hunting visitors. The bamboo "hats," worn by several of the group in this picture, are really used as pockets.

tubes used as vehicles for water throughout the Islands. Powder made for the insurgent army from charcoal, saltpetre, and heads of safety matches is shown, together with the crude machinery used in its preparation. Wooden guns carried by the insurgents, to indicate the greater strength of the enemy, are ranged alongside of bamboo cannon wrapped with wire and used during the recent insurrection, more

blankets; they make furniture from rattan such as you have never seen before; their peculiar bamboo water-bottles are carved with their own native scenery while you watch them.

As you walk on you see the Negritos, the original inhabitants of the Islands. They live on the hillside in little lean-to huts, so simple that they may be made in half an hour wherever the natives stop on their journeys. They wander from



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE PHILIPPINE RESERVATION

In the foreground are the Bridge of Spain and the Walled City ; at the left a model camp of Filipino soldiers, and in the centre the chief buildings of the exhibit ; while through the forest are scattered the various native villages.

pillar to post throughout the Reservation, often settling for the night wherever they may happen to be when the sun goes down. These black dwarfs are nomadic by nature and they cannot resist their peripatetic impulses. The greatest experts of the Islands with bow and arrow are these very kinky-haired natives. They can run a squirrel down in a tree climbing contest, too.

Passing on, you come to the picturesque settlement of the Igorrotes, with its more than forty houses, its rice paddies, its gardens, and its old stone tribunal, built by themselves. This is a real Igorrote village—some of the houses brought intact from middle Luzon, and all of them built entirely by the natives, made of native material and for their own living purposes. These houses contain



THE AGRICULTURAL BUILDING

In this building are exhibited in rich variety the agricultural products of the Islands, chiefly manila hemp, copra, tobacco, sugar, coffee, and rice, together with the primitive agricultural implements used by the natives.



A MORO BELLE

all their own primitive material for housekeeping and all their native implements, showing their habits of living and methods of protecting themselves from their head-hunting neighbors. In fact, every form of their wild tribal life in the far-off mountains of Luzon is exemplified. The village and the people in it are exceedingly interesting both to the ethnologist and the casual visitor. Their weird, rhythmical ceremonial dances have no counterpart in other parts of the world. And if they insist on savage war dances and dog-feasting, at least they make one great concession—they will not take any more heads until they return to their own native mountains.

Even at St. Louis the Negrito and the Igorrote ignore custom and permit

comfort to dictate their costume. It is not excessive, and differs more in tattooing than in texture. Their well-developed muscles, their rounded forms, and their beautiful brown skins are a delight to look upon.

But, if you admire handsome garments and costumes, next visit the savage Moros in their silks and satins, with their gaudy scarlet turbans. They are the dandies of the Reservation. The two villages—one on land and the other, after their custom, built entirely over the lake—are strikingly accurate representations of the wild, unrestrained life of these people. No effort of the Commission or the guards could suppress the excitement of those Mindinao Moros when they heard the other day of the killing of some of the American soldiers by their people in the Islands. Their Mohammedan nature cannot be changed, and the hatred of

the "Christian dog" is inherited. Surrounding their dwellings on the lake are the strange outrigger boats, with gaudy sails, floating lazily in the breeze, in which live the water pirates of the Southern Islands.

The most peculiar people on the whole Reservation, however, are the Tree Dwellers. They are a timid, inoffensive people, and have taken to the trees for protection from their enemies. They build their houses of bamboo and palm leaf, by stretching poles horizontally from limb to limb, forty to sixty feet above the ground, in the tallest trees they can find. Some of these tree dwellers ascend to their aerial huts by means of ladders which they pull up after them. As their enemies have only

spears and bows, they are entirely out of their reach. Crowds go to see them ascending and descending from these fantastic abodes, and wonder why the frail structures, swaying in the wind, are not blown away.

Continuing to walk around the outskirts of the grounds, you come to a beautiful forest grove in which are situated about seventy-five tents, which accommodate between four and five hundred people—the battalion of native scouts. There are four companies of these—one from each of four differ-

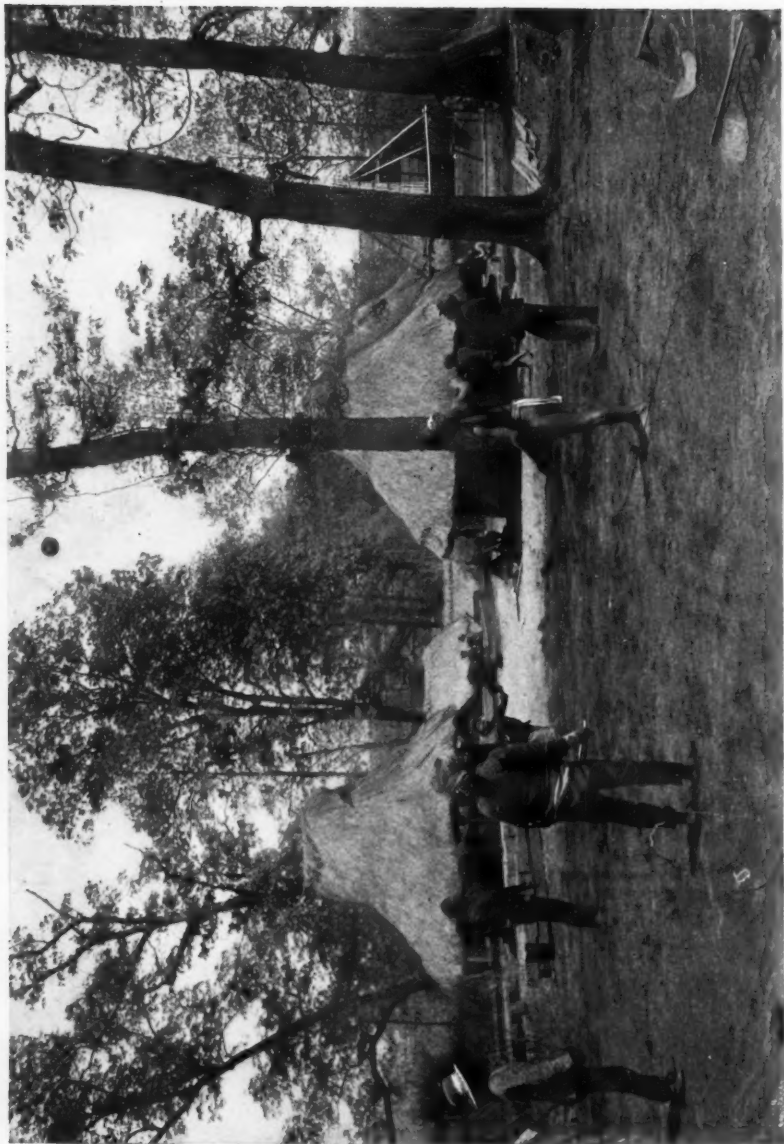
ent tribes, Tagalog, Visayan, Macabebe, and Ilocano. They have their native band of forty-one pieces. They all seem of one height, and in drilling they move as one man. In their daily drills and dress-parades they have already made a reputation as ranking among the best trained soldiers in this country. Thousands of people assemble every day at six o'clock to see their maneuvers. This battalion of scouts are all Filipinos enlisted in the regular United States army.

Near the model camp is a large build-



BAGABO CHIEFS

The Bagabos are the most handsome tribe in the Philippines. About thirty of these remarkably interesting people are to be found in a village on the Reservation.



FOOTBALL IN THE IGORROTE VILLAGE

THE NATIVES WHO ARE HERE SEEN WHILING AWAY A SPARE HOUR AT THEIR FAVORITE PASTIME, ARE WEARING AMERICAN DRESS ON ACCOUNT OF THE UNUSUAL COLD. ONLY ONE IN THE GROUP IS IN BOUTOC FULL DRESS

ing, with overhanging second story and large central court. This quarters the battalion of native constabulary. This organization does not belong to the United States army but to the army of the Philippines. Companies are made up of a smattering of from more than twenty tribes, scattered from Luzon in the north to the Malay region of Mindanao in the south. Like the scouts they give stated drills and maneuvers on their parade ground. They are the peers of the scouts in their precision in drill. The fine constabulary band of eighty pieces—native, thoroughly trained musicians—are capable in the midst of a concert of putting aside their brass instruments, taking up orchestral instruments, and playing on the spur of the moment



ONE OF EVE'S TAGALOG DAUGHTERS



THE SULTAN OF SULU

symphony music. The leader, like Sousa, is a writer of music, and is a long-standing graduate of the Boston Conservatory.

The visitor scarcely realizes, perhaps, having entered the five native villages and having witnessed the drills of the scouts and constabulary, that he has seen more than eleven hundred natives from the Islands. Such an array gives an admirable opportunity for the living study of the ethnology of the Philippines. But having completed this inspection the visitor has only just begun to take advantage of the magnificent

opportunities offered him. There are ten large buildings which contain the immense collections of art and science, of education and commerce, of agriculture and forestry, of fisheries and mining, and of the immense still-life exhibit devoted to ethnology. All these buildings are filled to overflowing with rich material which illustrates every phase of active life in the Islands.

Are you interested in the over forty million acres of virgin forests in the Philippine region? Do you desire to see what fine timbers these native forests produce? Would you like to see the gums and resins, the tan-barks and dye-

stuffs, the rattans, great tree climbers, often extending eight hundred feet over the tops of tall trees? Then go to the Forestry building, and you will find what is daily proclaimed to be the finest exhibit in these lines that has ever been brought to any exposition in this country or abroad.

Are you interested in the trade of the Islands? Then go to the Commerce building, where you will find samples of all the leading imports from all foreign countries into the Islands. You will find also in the same building all the leading export articles, manufactured and otherwise. You will become con-



A LAKE-DWELLER'S HUT

With bamboo poles for framework and nipa palm leaves for thatching, the Lanao Moros build their huts full in the lake—which in this case has been temporarily drained off for the convenience of the native builders.



A MORO SULTAN'S HOUSEHOLD

On the right, between two of his wives, is a sultan of the Water Moros. On the left are two lesser chiefs, and in front two Visayan midgets.

vinced that an industry which exports in one year over twenty-three million dollars' worth of the so-called Manila hemp is worthy of study and improvement.

If you desire to see what the Philippine government is doing in the way of education, walk into the near-by building devoted to this work, look over the tables and charts, and learn that over two hundred and twenty-five thousand natives in the Islands are attending schools, taught by nearly three thousand native teachers and more than one thousand sent from the United States.

If you further desire to see how these native peoples, belonging to more than

one hundred different tribes, have been taught more English in the past three years than they have ever learned Spanish during the three centuries of Spanish occupation, visit the native school house on the Philippine grounds. This school is conducted by a thoroughly trained and educated Tagalog woman taken from the Manila Normal School. The pupils under her care have been assembled from the different tribes, brought together from the remotest parts of the Islands, having no language nor interests in common. They are here instructed under much more difficult conditions than would obtain were the children



AN IGORROTE WAR DANCE AT ST. LOUIS

FROM MIDDLE LUZON COME THE HEAD-HUNTING IGORROTES,  
WHOSE RHYTHMICAL DANCES ATTRACT INTENSE INTEREST

members of one tribe, having a common language. It is worthy of note that so eager have been the grown people in many localities in the Islands to learn English that it became necessary to establish night schools to accommodate them. They have learned that the English language has the greatest value for them, as it puts them in close touch with the Americans who are their friends.

The general exhibition and the villages, with their living representatives of a great number of tribes, are supplemented by the collections in the building for Ethnology, where have been brought together in fine exhibits the articles representing the costumes, the arms, the cooking utensils, and everything which might illustrate the habits and customs of each individual tribe.

The hunting and fishing of any tribe or race of people will show in many ways their acuteness and degree of development. The fisheries building has been constructed of native materials on the lake, at the extreme end of the Moro villages. In and about it have been placed the fishing weirs and all the different apparatus employed from one end of the Islands to another in securing the food which these people take from the sea. The building contains also a large collection of fishes, showing an immense variety inhabiting the waters of this part of the world.

The mineral exhibit is notably complete and significant. Over five hundred assays have been made in the Government laboratories, and have been tabulated for the information of interested parties. It has been fully

established that our possessions across the Pacific are rich in deposits of gold and copper; that great beds of coal, equal to those found in Japan, may be counted upon as rich resources in the Philippines.

An interesting feature of the exhibit is a large relief map of the Islands, built on the grounds in the open air. It covers an area of one hundred and ten by seventy-five feet. More than two thousand islands are shown in their own shape and proportional size, including the two groups of Cagayan de Folo and the Sibutu group, overlooked by the commissioners in the treaty of Paris, December 10, 1898. The horizontal scale is one and a quarter minutes to a mile. The vertical scale has been



SHOOTING FOR BREAKFAST

The totally-uncivilized Negritos have the reputation of being the best bowmen in the world.

enlarged eight times, to show plainly the heights and mountain plateaus. There are twenty active volcanos shown.

If you visit the Philippine exhibit this summer, and see its extent and richness, you should stop to consider the conditions under which the Filipinos have lived for four hundred years. You can then appreciate the meaning and the value of the picture set before you.

Those who are chiefly responsible for this impressive Philippine Exposition

energy. In this way the permanent peace and prosperity of the Islands will be assured.

Under Spanish rule the people were handled simply for the pecuniary profit of their masters. The Filipino people reflected the teachings of their masters in that they appeared to appreciate nothing but force. During the past six years, however, the Filipinos have been going to a different school, and what is more important, to a different class of teachers, and with most



A TYPICAL MANILA HOUSE

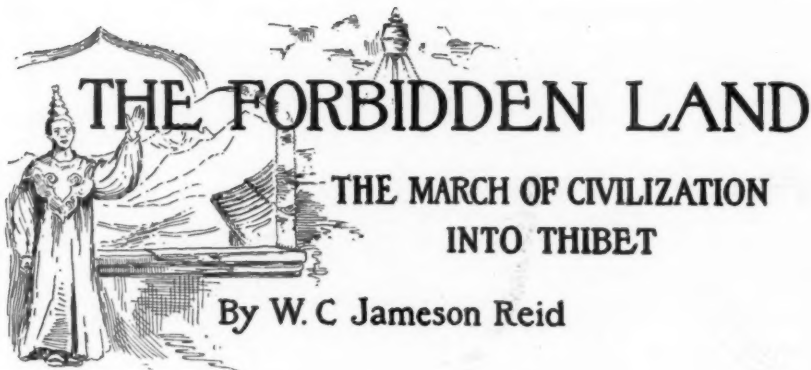
This building, which is fitted with furniture and textiles of the finest native makes, is used for official receptions.

have been inspired by the hope that it will do much to make clear to the American people the real conditions in their new territory in the far Eastern seas. The Exposition will fail of its purpose if it does not impress its visitors with a vivid sense of the enormous commercial and industrial possibilities of the Islands, and also with a realization of their many pressing needs. Better mutual understanding should lead direct to favorable legislation and to a judicious investment of American capital and

beneficent results. The way has not always been easy, the going has been a bit rough at times, but there has been marvelous advancement; and the time is coming when the purchase and retention of the Philippine Islands will seem as wise to our descendants as the Louisiana Purchase seems to us who live today.

*W. O. Wilson*

Chairman Philippine Exposition Board.



Recent news dispatches telling of the advance of the British diplomatic expedition into Thibet have been overshadowed by the larger contest in the Far East. Only the close student of Asiatic affairs has given this one of England's innumerable little wars more than scant attention. To the ordinary reader China, Manchuria, Japan, and Russia mean something concrete, something that even the most casual geographical student can understand. But Thibet, the isolated, the mysterious, is a country which the world at large looks upon with whimsical disinterestedness. Yet, while popular interest is engrossed in the death-struggle of the Slav and Jap, in this other part of the vast Eurasian continent there are events progressing in which the civilized world must become deeply interested. Thibet, "the forbidden land" of the Asiatic continent, will not long appear on current maps as the last of the unknown regions. The restless world can no longer suffer its curiosity thwarted and the advance of modern civilization arrested by a mythical demi-god and his barbarous satellites in the forbidden city of Lhasa.

The fruition of British plans in regard to Thibet will produce far-reaching political and economic results. It will strike a telling blow at Slavonic prestige in Asia; and, in the event of the final

success of Japanese arms on the Pacific littoral, will place a barrier in the path of Russian expansion which even Slavonic might and craft will have difficulty in surmounting. In all this there is a bit of poetic justice. Russia has been proclaimed as the peace-keeper; but Russia seized arbitrary advantages in China, and elsewhere in Asia, while England's hands were securely tied in the late South African war.

If we are to believe British statesmen, the purpose in Thibet is simply an armed demonstration to impress Thibetan officials, and oblige them to maintain safety and freedom of trade on the roads extending from northern India to the western borders of China. Thibetan officials have countenanced brigandage against trading caravans using these highways between India and China; and now, according to India's administrative circles, it is time that these barbarous neighbors on the north be taught a salutary lesson. This is the official explanation for the ears of the mildly inquiring world.

But for anyone acquainted with the innerness of Asiatic political conditions it is not difficult to fathom the real considerations. Russia, in her vast campaign of Asiatic expansion, has been actively paving the way in Thibet, by subtle diplomatic maneuvers, for eventual armed aggression. "India must



IN NORTH-EASTERN THIBET

AN ENCAMPMENT OF NOMADS, WITH THEIR BLACK  
TENTS, AT THE BAIAN-KARA-ULA MOUNTAINS

some day be Russian" has been more than the phantasy of Slavonic ultrajingoos; far-sighted and calculating Russian statesmen have dreamed of the entire Eurasian continent as an appanage of St. Petersburg. Unfortunately for this gorgeous Slavonic dream two factors must be taken into calculation, to the disarrangement of Russian plans. Japan has been registering her dissatisfaction with any such scheme; and the effort which England now is making to assure the sphere of British influence over central Asia is but a part of the pre-arranged agreement existing between the two great island kingdoms of the East and West. And as Japan is determined that Korea and Manchuria shall one day be Japanese, England also is determined to strengthen her grasp and influence in Thibet and Central Asia, so as to render futile any future Russian efforts to dislodge her. Her reasons for thus profiting by Russia's present embarrassment are such as any astute rival would adopt against a wily and powerful adversary. There can be no doubt that had the sphere of influence in Thibet passed into Russian hands, as has seemed almost certain for years past, India would have proved a veritable heel of Achilles to British existence in Asia. On the other hand, with this great natural barrier-country of Thibet under British influence and control, Russia would be obliged to abandon all attempts of expansion Indiadward. England's sole purpose in her present invasion of Thibet is to thwart Russian designs on her Indian empire. Henceforth Thibet may for all practical purposes be painted red to mark English control, for no one can imagine that England will give up the tremendous advantage which she has gained, save by compulsion of a stronger force.

But England has undertaken a tremendous task in weaning Thibet from its present state of unutterable barbarism and savagery, and in making it play a useful part in the development of

nations. Not only will British forces be obliged to battle almost incessantly with a recklessly fanatic and obstinate people, but in addition they will have to wage with the forces of nature a conflict which might well appal the most sanguine invader. At least this is the unalterable opinion of one who for many months lived among these strange people, ate the dirty messes provided by Mongols and Thibetans, slept in tents reeking with vermin engendered by their filthy habits, and on more than one occasion was obliged to flee for his life to escape the vengeance of truculent and bloodthirsty lamas.

Thibet is the least known region on the habitable globe, though teeming with features of interest for the scientist, the ethnologist, and the student of aboriginal mankind in general. For many years this great "closed land" has possessed extraordinary fascination for travelers and explorers, but the well-nigh insurmountable physical barriers and the barbarous hostility of the Thibetans have often frustrated the most indomitable and persevering explorers.

Forming a high tableland almost in the very centre of the Asiatic continent, thousands of feet above the sea level, surrounded on all sides by mountain ranges among the highest in the world, and covered throughout its whole extent with appalling deserts, vast salt-swamps, and immense ice-covered plains, Thibet is not a land which would attract the traveler in search of beauties of landscape. When one has traveled through its arid wilds the impression left on memory is that of a combined Saharan desert and Antarctic ice-plain. Never a tree is seen, and scarcely a flower, except for a few months in the year. Mountains covered with soil which by thrift and industry might be made productive, are left in their wild state for the growth of coarse grasses, furnishing scanty pasturage for the small herds of scrawny cattle. More favored regions are inhabited by small herds of wild

asses, antelopes, and yak, affording subsistence to a sinister and uncouth population.

The sterility of the landscape is reflected in the natives. It would be impossible to imagine a people more unenlightened and barbarous. No spark of civilization has yet made itself felt.

The Thibetans, or Sifans, owing to their antipathy to alien aggression and the meagre opportunity which has been presented to study them at close range, are one of the most interesting aboriginal races extant. Sifan really is not the name of a distinct race, but rather the name applied by ethnologists to a large number of cognate but widely separated tribes which are scattered throughout eastern and northeastern Thibet, among the headwaters of the Yang-tse-Kiang and Hoang-Ho. In feature they are not unlike the Mongols, with the same flat and expressionless facial traits, and somewhat darker in color; though it is not uncommon to find many as light as the eastern Chinese, and with somewhat aquiline features. For purposes of comparison these various tribes are classed as a single race, but the wide variance in their appearance and orthography shows mixed descent—their different origin as well as different degrees of civilization.

In stature the Sifan Thibetan is above most other semi-barbarous races in Asia, but comparatively shorter than the European. As a race the Sifans are bold warriors, but cunning and treacherous, and degraded in all the degrees of savagery. Though classed as a single race, there is no homogeneity between the different tribes; and these in turn are divided into septs and clans, each deriving its name from some feature of the landscape or from some mythical legend or ancestor. The bewildered traveler is convinced that there are almost as many distinctive races as there are individuals. Not alone is this manifest in their physical make-up, but in the many differences of their customs and

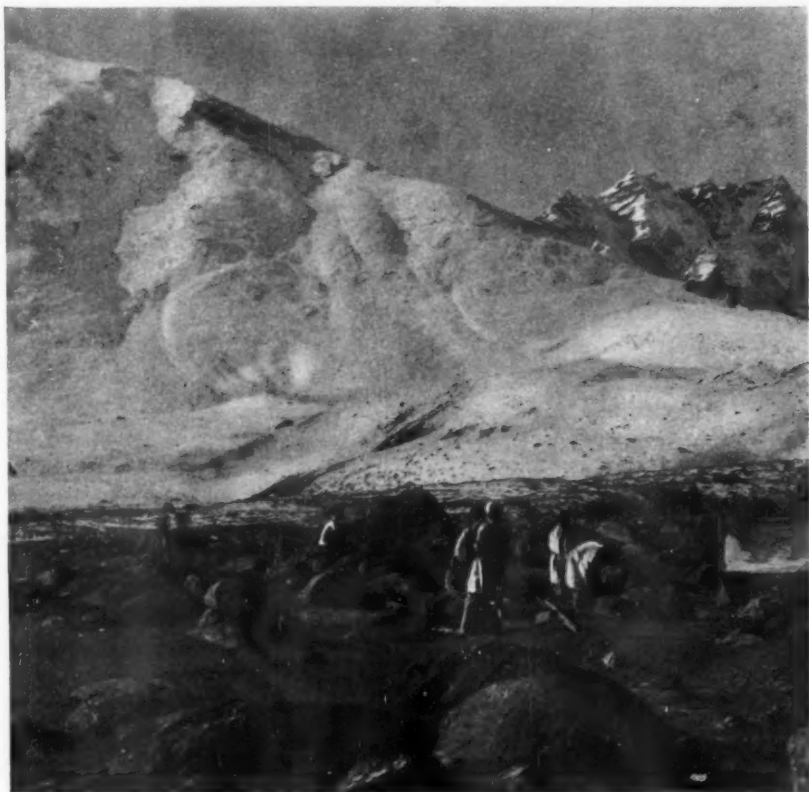
orthography. Frequently I have seen two families, living not more than ten miles apart, having entirely different words for such common nouns as a stone, tree, horse, or other familiar object. In all matters of internal economy the tribes are independent of each other, even if confederate for joint security against alien aggression. The head men and lamas compose the aristocracy of the country, holding this titular dignity by hereditary descent in the male line, and in the order of primogeniture. These chiefs, however, are little more than leaders in war; for the right of personal revenge, which is fully admitted, limits their authority in matters of merely judicial import.

The worst trait of the Thibetans is their ungovernable hostility and their love of warfare. Each tribe is generally at war with its neighbor, and in many cases on the most trivial pretext. Two men may quarrel over the possession of a knife or equally valueless article. The aggrieved party returns to his village or encampment and reports the facts in the case to his chief. His right to the article in dispute is never considered; it is enough that he should have quarreled over it. War is immediately declared on the tribe of his rival by sending messengers with arrows dipped in blood, and the head of any unfortunate prisoner of war who may have been captured prior to the outbreak of hostilities. From that moment the quarrel becomes deadly. No concerted action is taken, the future strife being much in the nature of a gigantic feud. When a man of one tribe meets one of the rival tribe, a combat takes place until one or the other has been killed, the victor cutting off the head of his vanquished foe as a trophy of his prowess. His standing among his people is determined by the number of these gory trophies adorning the roof of his dwelling. Poisoned food, and the poisoning of wells and springs, are subterfuges which either tribe feels itself perfectly at liberty to use to encompass

the downfall of a rival. This sanguinary feud may last for months, or even years, until a powerful chief, not in the quarrel, steps in and orders representatives of each of the warring factions to meet at his hut. There a feast has been prepared; and two bowls of food, one of which contains poison, are placed before the two emissaries. The tribe whose representative dies of poison is so proven the aggressor, and is obliged to pay a heavy fine of cattle and other articles of value to the tribe whose claims have been sustained by the process of ordeal. A similar method is adopted in the settlement of disputes between two individuals of the same community, when

the wives and the entire possessions of the man who dies belong to the one who survives.

As to the women, the traveler is struck by the hardness and misery of their lot. Although, owing to the scarcity, a woman is a valuable commodity, she is treated with the utmost contempt, and her existence is infinitely worse than the very animals of her lord and master. Polyandry is generally practiced, increasing the horror of her position, for she is required to be a slave to a number of masters, who treat her with the most rigorous harshness and brutality. From the day of her birth until her death—few Thibetan



AN ENCAMPMENT OF MR. REID'S EXPLORATION PARTY



TYPES OF THIBET'S NOMAD TRIBES

women live to be over fifty—her life is one protracted period of humiliation. She performs the most degrading services and the entire manual labor of the community, for it is considered base in a male to engage in other labor than warfare and the chase. The right to her possession by her numerous husbands is determined by age. The life of woman is taken without the least compunction, and suicides among the female population are of frequent occurrence.

Among the Sitan Thibetans affection is unknown. Witnessing the hardships attending the early life of the children, one wonders how they survive. When a child is to be born the mother is driven from the village or encampment, and takes up her abode in some hut or cave in the open country, with a scanty supply of food, furnished by her husbands and brought to her by women of the tribe. When the child is born the mother remains with it one or two months, then returns to the village and informs her eldest husband of the place where she has left it. If the child is a male, some consideration is shown to her; should it be a female, however, she receives a severe beating from her husband, and suffers the scorn of the tribe.

At an early age the boy is impressed with the numerous duties required of him. When hardly able to walk he is given weapons, and at the age of twelve years has become an accomplished hunter. When fifteen years of age he is required to go through an initiation ceremony prior to becoming an active member of the tribe. This function is accomplished by the most trying ordeals, being carried on before a council of chiefs and lamas, who closely watch the youth while he is being subjected to such inhuman tortures as being strung up by the thumbs and burned with red-hot irons. If he passes through this ordeal without manifesting signs of pain, the next stage of his

initiation is proceeded with. Should he fail, his lot is far worse than that of the most miserable slave; he is cruelly beaten and abused, and subjected to the contumely of all, until the unfortunate wretch gladly ends his existence. Having passed the first stage, the youth is isolated in a hut at some distance from the village, is denied food, and goes through a lengthy period of starvation, being visited by the priests, who provide him with slips of prayer-paper, and teach him the precepts of the religion of his fathers. On his release he must give proofs of his prowess as a hunter or warrior, else he cannot enter the tribe as a member.

While among the Thibetans I witnessed their queer ceremonies incident to marriage and death. Wives are sometimes secured by a foraging expedition on a weaker tribe, and by seizing as many women as may be desired. The usual method, however, is this: when a warrior, surfeited with the glory of martial life, desires a wife, he waits upon the father of the girl who has attracted his eye, and makes an offer of marriage. The father, after weighing the matter carefully—for a refusal is likely to provoke a long and bloody feud—in turn waits upon the priests and acquaints them with the nature of the offer, at the same time paying to them a munificent bribe in order to secure the answer of the deities as to whether the marriage should be entered into. The wife-seeker, should he be diplomatic enough, has meantime carried a larger bribe to the lamas, who "bleed" both father and suitor to the limit of safety, when the decision of the deities is given.

For a month the accepted suitor must keep the family of his favored one supplied with meat and other luxuries, and must be on his guard against rival suitors. At the end of a month the chosen one is invited to a grand feast by the father of the girl, where the betrothal is sealed by each cutting a small incision

in the arm and mingling the blood flowing from the wound. This function of blood-brotherhood having been finished, the girl is brought forward—smeared with grease and various colored pigments, adorned in all her finery, and with a rope tied round her neck as a badge of subservience. Then ensues a scene of the shrewdest bargaining, the father dilating on the good points of the girl much in the manner that a connoisseur of blooded stock would expound the good points of an animal, while the suitor, having calculated how many cattle he is willing to give, strives to secure her at the lowest possible price. The wishes of the woman are never consulted, but the bargaining goes on for days, and even weeks, until a final settlement has been arrived at. The requisite price having been paid, she is led to the house of her husband, where she is subjected to a severe beating in order properly to humble her spirit, and made to run round the village loudly proclaiming the merits and valor of her husband, meanwhile touching those objects which are supposed to have a potent influence over her welfare, such as the teats of the cattle or the little stone idols placed in front of each dwelling.

Among some of the wilder Thibetan tribes, in the Koko-nor, there is a yet more curious ceremonial function. This consists in placing the girl, on her wedding morn, in the upper part of a tree, while her male relatives remain on the lower limbs—or else in the back part of her father's tent or hut, while these same relatives guard the entrance—in each case the latter being armed with Lolo thorn-sticks. The groom, when these preparations have been completed, rides up and announces his intention of seizing the bride. This requires fortitude, for the relatives beat him unmercifully when he attempts to reach the woman. If he manages to elude his assailants and touch the toe of the woman, she is his, he is welcomed into

the family and complimented on his ardor. Should he fail, he suffers not only the inconvenience of being wifeless, but the loss of cattle and other presents given during the negotiations. By the sale of a girl to one man, however, the father does not relinquish his claims upon her, but may sell her to other suitors who come afterwards, until she may have a half-dozen husbands.

The mortuary customs of the Thibetans are fully as curious and barbarous. When a chief or an influential member of a village dies, his remains, placed in a box or yak-skin bag, are for several weeks sunk in a swiftly-flowing stream, in order to wash away the evil spirits supposed to possess the body. Then the badly-decomposed corpse is brought to one of the temples, and large payment is made to the lamas to complete the burial ceremony—a most gruesome task, better imagined than described. Various parts of the body are sprinkled with potent liquids. The relatives gather around, chanting in dolorous ululations, and lacerating themselves with knives and thorn-sticks. The body is then cut up by the lamas, and each piece is buried in a different spot. The head, supposed to contain the original spirit, will thus be surrounded by as many retainers in the next world as there are disjointed portions of the body. The number of pieces is determined by the rank of the individual; the body of a chief, perhaps, may be severed in a dozen places.

The Thibetans, like most savage races, are possessed of a deeply religious spirit. Lamas and witch-doctors hold almost unlimited sway, their power being superior even to that of the chiefs. In its basic elements their religion is Buddhistic; but more attention is paid to various forms of mummery and magic, in no wise dissimilar from the most degraded forms of African fetish-worship. There are numberless deities, each tribe—in fact each family—being protected by some patron god

who guards the individual during life, and to whom the soul must be delivered at death. Two or three times a year the most fanatical religious ceremonies are indulged in, with sacrifices of cattle and sometimes of prisoners of war. No expedition is undertaken or project entered upon, however trivial, until the favor of the deities has been secured by sacrifices.

Worship of ancestors is carried on among all the tribes. At intervals the bones of illustrious forbears are dug up and carefully washed. With preternatural gravity the natives go about this operation, carrying huge pots of water to the open graves and religiously scrubbing the bones. Ludicrous as the operation is, to the natives themselves it is an intensely solemn and sacred ceremony. As the possession of a large "bonery" gives the fortunate individual great power in the tribes, these bones are sometimes seized for debt or on the inauguration of a feud, the person or family so deprived of the sacred relics being shunned until the bones have been redeemed.

One of the most peculiar objects connected with the cult of lama Buddhism throughout Thibet is the prayer-wheel. One sees the natives constantly twisting these instruments while bartering together, herding their cattle, or journeying on the highway. The prayer-wheel is a small metal cylinder, four inches in length and two or three inches in diameter, fixed on an axle, one end of which protrudes several inches and serves as a handle. In the cylinder are placed strips of paper covered with magic prayers, manufactured by the lamas and sold to the credulous natives at a good profit. The natives believe that by revolving the cylinder a certain number of times the joys of the future state are assured to the fortunate devotee.

A yet more curious form of the prayer-wheel is the water-wheel, doubtless the inspiration of some aboriginal



A GROUP OF LAMAS

Edison. This is a large cylinder on an axle suspended in a swiftly-flowing stream. Prayer-slips are inserted; and it stands to reason that, revolving unceasingly night and day, one of these large prayer-wheels must accomplish the work of many smaller ones. In this manner the busy man is enabled by this original invention to enjoy equal advantages in the devotional scale with his neighbor. And by means of the

prayer-wheel a unique method of revenge may be carried on. If one be at enmity with a man, it is only necessary that his prayer-wheel be secretly twisted a few times in a direction opposite to the customary one; all the previous good effects it has secured in advancing its owner toward future bliss will be completely nullified.

Thibetans are convinced that an enemy may be injured also in this way: a small dough image is made, with which to impersonate the enemy; some personal object belonging to the foe is obtained—such as a hair, a nail-paring, or a tooth; with this the image is pricked, causing the enemy horrible pains; and if the image be pierced in a "vital organ" the death of the foe is likely to occur.

The everyday life of the Thibetans is one of hardship, but rarely one of toil, as they are philosophers on a small scale in believing that today is here to be enjoyed, and that the morrow has yet to come. The greater part of their life seems given up to the practice of their religious devotions and to the pursuit of necromancy and soothsaying, although a little more disposition for honest toil would in a great measure ameliorate their present miserable existence. But the Thibetan has no time for small things—those elements of industry and application to the sterner necessities of life which go to make up the real prosperity of a country. Monte Cristo dreams of untold opulence attract his untutored and unreasoning mind; and if they bring no direct and substantial remuneration, they at least afford him the pleasure of continually dwelling in a state of eager expectation that magic charms will be realized in material form. Dealers in the "black art" are numerous among all these people, and they place implicit faith in the prescriptions of wizards.

We witnessed many of the ceremonial functions performed by these supernatural gentlemen. While halting in Ta

Kou our exploring party received an invitation from the head man to witness a wholesale killing of the numerous devils and evil spirits that infested the neighborhood. His magic men had been working hard for weeks. By strenuous effort they had managed to collect together a band of particularly malevolent prototypes of the evil one, who were to be given a summary object lesson, for a wholesome effect upon any of their compatriots who might be lingering about. We pressed through the crowd of awe-stricken natives, took our places, and the chief gave the word to bring on the devils.

In the open space in front were seated the magic men, dressed in large sacks of yak-skin. Their heads were fantastically decorated with strips of rags and with small drum-shaped trinkets containing loose stones, which kept time with the movements of the dancers in a constant rattling whirr. The musicians beat drums and blew horns and whistles with a vociferous disregard of harmony; and any self-respecting devil lurking in the vicinity should have given up the ghost then and there. For half an hour the magicians ran about in their sacks, singing improvised chants and calling on the devils to come and be destroyed. At a signal from the chief one of the sackmen knelt in front on his hands and feet. A tall, majestic figure appeared, wearing a grotesque head-dress and mask, and holding in his right hand a sword. This stage-manager came to the man lying on the ground; another sack-dancer was brought in, and was laid down by the first. The manager opened the ends of both sacks, and the two crawled into one, making a curious figure supposed to contain the devils who were to be disposed of. The manager waved his sword, and the "animal" put its head out of the bag to bite him. At another wave of the manager's sword it threw its head aside to avert the blow, bellowing, screaming, and performing the most

curious contortions. The spectators leaped to their feet and ran with every semblance of fright, pursued by the animal. The remaining dancers seized swords and threw themselves with simulated fury on the terrible beast, hacking at it, and commanding the evil spirit to depart. The monster obligingly gasped and twisted in seeming torture; and when nearly dead it was shouldered by the masked actors and carried off in triumph to one of the tents. In the final act one of the dancers impersonated another demon. His sack falling gradually down exposed a white head; the spectators shouted and clapped their hands. His whole body was at last cleared of the sack, and exhibited the appearance of a human figure cast in white wax. Dismal calls came from the tent where the first monster had been carried; the white devil grew furious, and rushed into the tent, from which at once came the groans and shouts of a fierce struggle between the two rival demons. As soon as there was silence the chief threw back the flap of the tent—the two devil-spirits had departed for parts unknown! To celebrate this fortunate deliverance, the ceremony was brought to a close by hilarious feasting and dancing.

Besides believing so fully in the powers of magic and necromancy, the Thibetans have numberless strange myths, one, the most curious, pertaining to the sun, moon, and stars. The sun is believed to be an immense ball of yak-meat and fat, whereon the spirits of departed ancestors are supposed to feast, the light being caused by its heated condition. The stars are portions of this immense feast which, dropping to earth, give birth to animals for the sustenance of suffering humanity. The moon is a lesser ball of similar texture as the sun, in use while the larger one is being replenished for the morrow. When sun or moon fails to appear in cloudy days and nights, it means that the deities are undergoing a period of fasting and



A LAMA'S MAGIC PRAYER-WHEEL

religious abnegation. And the parched and sterile condition of bleak regions is ascribed to the fact that many thousand years ago the sun-ball slipped from the hands of its keepers, descended too near the earth, and, before being recaptured, scorched those parts with which it came in contact.

These illustrations, out of hundreds that might be cited, at least give a hint of the ignorance, superstition, and bru-



A SACRED PROCESSION IN FRONT OF THE LAMASERY

PRAYER-WHEELS ARE SET IN THE WALLS

tality of the Thibetans, as well as of their heterogeneous tribal relations, their lack of any real national union, and their inability to resist aggression; a hint also of the greatness of England's task—not so much as conqueror in war, but as up-lifter in peace. News from the scene of action makes it clear that the ancient walls of Thibet afford little protection against British advance; nor do rugged

mountain passes deter British troops. But England's hope of retaining "the forbidden land" as a buffer between Russia and her Indian possessions rests principally on the higher civilization she has to offer.

*W. C. Jameson Reid.*

# A GALLERY OF POPULAR ART

## THE CORCORAN COLLECTION IN WASHINGTON

The Corcoran Gallery of Art in Washington occupies a unique position. Founded and endowed by a private individual, it has gradually come to be reckoned among the city's public institutions, and even assumed a national character. It is but moderately rich in treasure and endowment, yet it is one of the best known and most frequented galleries in this country. It came into existence at a time when home talent was little appreciated and the standard of art was comparatively low, but it contains a thoroughly comprehensive collection of American sculptures and paintings, as well as representative works of the foremost foreign artists of that and a later period.

Situated close to the War, State, and Navy departments, it is one of the most imposing buildings in Washington, and has a prominent place in the plans of the Park Commission for beautifying the capital. Designed by Ernest Flagg of New York, it is built of Georgian marble in the Neo-Grecian style. The exterior of the structure is severely plain, for while the first story is pierced at regular intervals by windows, the second, wherein are situated the picture galleries, rises in a solid white wall, broken only by a row of open-work marble panels along the upper edge. To the extreme right, or north end, of the building is a large semi-circular addition, occupied by the class rooms of the Corcoran School of Art and the Hemicycle Hall in which the special current exhibitions are held.

An impressive scene meets the eye

as soon as the threshold of the main entrance is crossed. Opening from the vestibule is the main hall in which the casts of antique and medieval sculpture are exhibited, and across which, directly opposite the entrance, rises the grand marble staircase—in beauty, simplicity, and purity of design unsurpassed by any architectural work in America.

This gallery of art was established by Mr. William Wilson Corcoran, of Washington, thirty-five years ago, in a less pretentious building on the corner of Pennsylvania Avenue and Seventeenth Street, now owned by the government and occupied by the Court of Claims. There the gallery made its home until the present building, affording greater room and better facilities for the exhibition of the works of art, was erected in 1896-97. In 1870 the gallery was chartered by Congress and declared exempt from taxation; in the same year Mr. Corcoran placed its control in the hands of nine trustees.

As Mr. Corcoran gave this gallery of art to the public avowedly "for the purpose of encouraging American genius in the production and preservation of the fine arts and kindred objects," it is not remarkable that its chief interest should lie in its collection of American works.

In the galleries on the lower floor, given over to sculpture, there are many excellent examples of the work of the earliest American sculptors, and in the halls on the upper floor hang a collection of canvases which adequately illustrate the development of American painting. Unrelated to the nation and

the times in which they were created, these works doubtless appear of minor consequence, but considered in connection with them they become of prime importance.

Prominent among the marbles are Hiram Powers' *Greek Slave*, than which no modern work has enjoyed greater popularity; Joel Hart's plain, homely, yet faithful portrait-bust of Henry Clay; and Henry Kirke Brown's really admirable bust of Vice-President John C. Breckenridge. And, intervening between these and the modern works by Augustus St. Gaudens, William Ordway Partridge and others, are a statuette by Larkin Meade called *Echo*, and a figure of *Endymion* by William Rhinehart. Some of the early works are, to be sure, crude and weak; the *Greek Slave*, much as she has been admired in the past, would probably scarcely make a ripple in the current of a present-day exhibition; but they are not, when considered in connection with their time, without almost gigantic merit. Their authors made, rather than followed, tradition; they were the pioneers who wrought by instinct rather than by knowledge, and blazed the trail for those who are now coming.

In the paintings this progress is more minutely set forth, though it must be remembered that the company of artists following this branch of the fine arts was proportionately larger. Painted portraits came into vogue in America long before portrait-busts were thought of, and as early as the days of the Revolution foreign celebrities, such as St. Memin, found in this country abundant sitters and a rich harvest. The earliest of our American portrait painters represented in the Corcoran Gallery's collection are Gilbert Stuart, Thomas Sully, and Rembrandt Peale, all of whom did work to which the modern artist must respectfully doff his cap. Then come the landscape painters, Thomas Doughty and Thomas Cole, with their unnatural yet curiously interesting can-

vases. So stilted and complicated are their compositions that one is aware of their studio-birth, and is desirous of separating them into the several little pictures from which they have been made; but they carry with them the conviction of earnest purpose and lofty ideals which some of the latter-day, more spontaneous works do not.

Coming between these and the paintings by contemporary artists are the pictures of the Hudson River School — Durand, Kensett, Whittredge, and Gifford. They are quiet pictures, still striving to be panoramic, but nearer to nature and showing better feeling than those which went before. George Inness and Alexander H. Wyant stand out as the great lights of the succeeding epoch, and are both excellently represented in the Corcoran collection. The Inness is a large canvas picturing an unusual effect of sunlight in the summer woods; the Wyant, a simpler work, showing a broad stretch of attractive country near Lake Champlain. Both are among the most notable paintings in the gallery.

Belonging to the old days and the original collection is a curious painting by Daniel Huntington, the third president of the Academy of Design, entitled *Mercy's Dream*. This is a large canvas illustrating that passage in Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* which tells of the joy that came to Mercy when she dreamed that an angel descended from heaven and, wiping away her tears, offered her the consolation of an eternal crown. It is not the style of painting which is popular today; it is frankly old-fashioned and lacking in many qualities, but it is colorful and not badly conceived. The painter dealt literally with spiritual things and left nothing to the imagination, but he strove to express an uplifting thought; he endeavored, and not altogether vainly, to make a beautiful idea permanent; and this, as Barrie has said, is the beginning and end of all art.

In the same room with this picture

is Bierstadt's painting, *Mount Corcoran*, which stands for another quite distinctive phase of American art. It is a dramatic canvas, showing cloud-capped mountains beyond a lake of grassy green, on the shore of which giant evergreens loom up darkly and a black bear stands in solitary dignity. There is something weirdly unnatural about the composition, which at one time was mistaken for the awesome majesty of nature, but which, in reality, is as far removed from it as is stage thunder from the heaven-made product. And yet it was such paintings as this, and those by Moran, which marked the beginning of a thoroughly American art. They were even more characteristic—in the sense that they belonged to this country alone—than the works of the more genuine and artistic Hudson River School.

With this class of paintings belongs Church's great picture of *Niagara*, though in merit it far outstrips the majority of its contemporaries. From this it is natural to pass to William T. Richard's picture, *On the Coast of New Jersey*, which is one of the best works that well-known marine painter has produced, and is also one of the most popular canvases in the gallery. Hanging opposite to *Niagara Falls*, and balancing Richard's painting, is Alexander Harrison's charming seascape called *Twilight*, which is forceful, realistic, and at the same time pervaded by sentiment; and which, though painted some years ago, brings one directly to the thoughts and methods of the modern school.

As ably representing this present-day school there are works by Charles M. Dewey, George de Forest Brush, H. Bolton Jones, and William M. Chase; while again, bridging over the transition period in a different class of subjects, are to be noted works by Boughton, Bridgman, and Edwin Lord Weeks. These last men were the genre painters, and dear indeed to the hearts of the public have been their works. We may not feel today that theirs was, or is, the

highest conception of art, but we cannot deny the value of their work nor the faithfulness with which they wrought.

*The Pastoral Visit*, by Richard N. Brooke, the president of the Society of Washington Artists, might, both from subject and date of execution, be considered in this class, though it shows a breadth of handling and possesses a touch of human nature which the more minutely finished and elaborate works lack. It pictures the interior of an old-fashioned negro's cabin in which the family are gathered for the midday meal. The parson, a man of years, has dropped in to see to the welfare of that portion of his flock, and has been prevailed upon to partake of the repast. It is in every way a typical picture of the home life of the negro a quarter of a century ago—a life simple, natural, and contented, and a people genuine, guileless, and affectionate.

But there are in the Corcoran Gallery other than American paintings. For the development of American genius Mr. Corcoran very rightly adjudged it necessary that the American public should have a broad vision, and both see and know the best that was being done by those of other lands. Accordingly, in 1873, Mr. W. T. Walters of Baltimore, then one of the trustees, was sent to Europe to purchase foreign paintings for the gallery. It was at this time that Mr. Walters bought many of the admirable pictures which now make up the interesting and well-known collection that has passed into the possession of his son; and it may be added that in his purchases for both galleries he displayed excellent taste and judgment. This was during the day of the Barbizon painters, but before their works were greatly appreciated; and hence most of the canvases which Mr. Walters sent home were of the illustrative, genre order—such, for instance, as Frère's *Preparing for Church*, Vibert's excellently painted *Schism*, and Detaille's masterly *Passing Regiment*.

It is only lately that any one has thought of calling Corot a realist, but there are many today who find more reality in his impressionism than in the cramped literalism of the pre-Raphaelite painters. The Corcoran Gallery is rich in the possession of the *Wood Gatherers*, a large characteristic canvas by Corot, which manifests more clearly than many the great power of this wonderful landscape painter. It has also an excellent Diaz and a strong Dupré; an admirable Daubigny and an unusually fine Van Marcke, besides characteristic canvases by Schreyer, Troyon, Bonheur, and Henner.

During the past few years valuable additions have been made by purchase and gift to the Corcoran Gallery's collection. Private individuals and artists have from time to time donated pictures to the gallery, and when opportunity offered the trustees have bought works of art which in their estimation possessed unusual merit. To be numbered among the most notable of these recent acquisitions are a portrait of Prince Bismarck by Lenbach, the great German portrait painter; an interior by Joseph Israels, the eminent Dutch artist whose eightieth birthday has been celebrated this year with much good will and some ceremony; and a *Mother and Child* by the well-known American, George de Forest Brush. This last is a peculiarly interesting painting and one which, once seen, could never be forgotten. Devoid of picturesqueness and shorn of even the usual dainty accessories of costume, it possesses a charm which cannot be denied or evaded. It presents, with no other adornment than her apple-cheeked baby, a woman of the people who has not disdained to labor or to follow her woman's calling, and it is her personality which characterizes the work. In color it is rather bold, but harmonious; and in the construction and modeling there is no trace of weakness or haste. Its technic is clever but it is not conspicuous, and its claim to greatness is

derived through the combination of diligent study and natural ability.

In addition to the Corcoran Gallery's permanent exhibition it has, in two rooms set aside for the purpose, a shifting loan collection in which there are always to be found a number of noteworthy canvases. At present there is in this collection a painting by John Singer Sargent, called *The Oyster Gatherers*, which was one of the first of the now distinguished artist's works to win recognition. It was exhibited in the Paris Salon of 1878, with his portrait of Carolus-Duran, and was awarded an honor. From the walls of that exhibition it was purchased by Admiral A. L. Case, who permitted the painter, several years later, to make the copy of it which was shown last year in the annual display of the Pennsylvania Academy, when, it will be remembered, the Converse gold medal was awarded to Mr. Sargent. It is charming in color and composition and, though painted when Mr. Sargent's student days were still scarcely past, it manifests the power and joyous ease of execution which in a large measure are the special charms of his present work.

It is impossible in so brief a summary to more than suggest the character of the Corcoran Gallery, or to dwell on any save its salient features. It is chiefly American and distinctly modern. It is not a gallery of masterpieces—it contains, in comparison with the galleries of the Old World, few really great pictures—but it has fulfilled its founder's purpose. It is visited each year by about one hundred thousand persons, and it is safe to say that it has not only given untold pleasure by its pictures of popular appeal, but that it has through them aided materially in the cultivation of the American taste for art and for the best works of art.

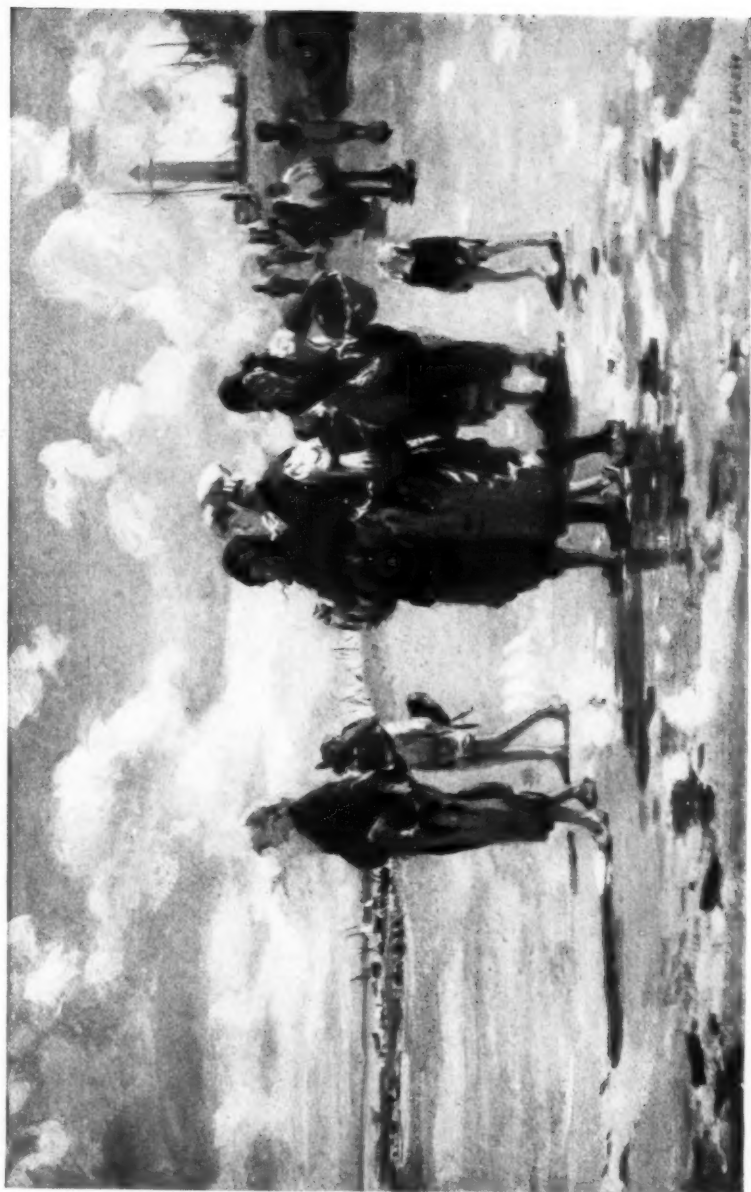
Lila Meeklin



MOTHER AND CHILD

By GEORGE DE FOREST BRUSH





THE OYSTER GATHERERS

BY JOHN S. SARGENT





THE SCHISM  
BY J. G. VIBERT





LANDSCAPE WITH CATTLE

BY ÉMILE VAN MARCKE



PRINCE BISMARCK

By FRANZ VON LENBACH

# A GREAT GERMAN PORTRAIT-PAINTER

BY HARRISON S. MORRIS

The limited knowledge of contemporary German art in this country is always a source of surprise to me, because we know Germany and the Germans so well in many other respects. The legend, "made in Germany," turns up so often on the commonest objects of daily use, we read their scientists and even their prose authors so much, that it is strange we are so ignorant of their art.

I suppose this is partly due to our nearly two generations of bias for French painting; partly to our lack of sympathy for the German ideals and technical methods. The Düsseldorf and Munich Schools, with their black shadows and goody-goody themes, gave way to the joyous light and sentiment of France; and to this Gallic gaiety we have since adhered. Hence it is that only one name has stood with us for modern German art, and that name is Lenbach. We hear vaguely of Böcklin, whom Lenbach has represented in a spirited and dramatic portrait; of Hans von Bartels; of Menzel and of Ferdinand Keller; but we rarely see their work, and they are known only in a restricted way. They have no popular vogue with us, and their names would sound odd save to students or to travelers who have watched the Teutonic currents in art.

But if you ask the man in the street who Lenbach was he will probably have a hazy idea that he was the painter of Bismarck, and—as Abraham Lincoln said to the person who asserted that down

his way they worshiped only two powers, God and Abe Lincoln—he will be about half right. To the making of many portraits of Prince Bismarck Lenbach does assuredly owe much of his fame, especially in this country whose interests and preferences are not essentially with German art.

But in the larger world where art is cosmopolitan Lenbach is by no means esteemed by his Bismarck portraits alone. He has painted many rulers in Europe, many titled dames and men, and he is a court painter *par excellence*. The incident of his painting Bismarck came about in a charming bond of social liking and common interest, ending in devotion from the artist and admiration from the statesman. They were both big, hearty, honest Teutons, disliking cant and speaking often with a berserker rudeness what was in them; they dined much together, and railed in chorus against those they held in disesteem. When Lenbach was asked to paint Virchow he took a small recompense, because Virchow was a great man whom he honored for his attainments, but he said he would have charged nothing had Virchow been just to Bismarck. The Iron Chancellor on his part was content to be known to posterity by Lenbach's likenesses.

Such was the friendship between two great Germans; and it is not strange that they go hand in hand in the thought of us remote Americans. We know little of Lenbach's life in Rome and Madrid, of his portraits of Pope

Leo XIII and of Gladstone; Dr. Döllinger and Von Moltke; Paul Heyse and Björnson. Nor do we know very much of his sturdy, self-helpful, independent career. Once he was driving with Princess Bismarck, and pointed to a carpenter repairing a peasant's roof. Said he, with manly honesty: "I too was at that trade in my youth." His father had been a builder, and he was early apprenticed to the trade.

He was born at Schrobenhausen, near Augsburg, Bavaria, in 1836; and as if the influences of Luther had entered his infant blood, he became a power in the political rebirth of Germany—strangely enough, a power through an art which is not essentially characteristic of the Teutonic race. In Munich he is said to have been almost a dictator, so universal was the respect for his genius and his character; and his influence with Bismarck was no doubt profound. Even if it were not potentially exerted, his sway must have had subtle effect upon a nature which loved unalloyed honesty of heart. It is one of the high honors of art that it may thus, as it did perhaps in the case of Velasquez, serve not only the cause of pure beauty but reach its ameliorating strength out to men's lives and their political fortunes.

In Munich, Lenbach lived happily in his domestic circle, portrayed with so much charm in the picture of his wife and child—belonging to Mr. Peter A. Schemm, of Philadelphia—and built for himself a lordly mansion and studio, which was the centre of all social and intellectual life. He frequently gave receptions to meet his distinguished sitters; and always amid the grandees there would appear some plain guests, who were respected for their relationship to the painter.

In this studio there were some significant pictures to show the genesis of Lenbach's art. Two original Titians, a Rubens, and a Sir Joshua Reynolds enriched the somewhat formal rooms. Such strains, woven through the fibres

of a Teutonic nature, and lost in its coarser grain, serve in some degree to account for Lenbach. He adored Titian, but he failed to gain his beauty and reality; he venerated Rubens, but he was devoid of his grandeur and wealth of form; he respected Sir Joshua, but he lacked his grace and taste. He fell far short of winning the color of any of these; and, indeed, he was no colorist at all.

What Lenbach sought in his justly famous portraits was an instantaneous flash of character. He concentrated all his power on the face of the sitter, and being a fine draftsman, with a profound sense of the value of light and shade, he fixed forever on his best canvases the man or woman he sought to portray. He did not so much make pictures as prefigure individuals. His grasp of character was incisive and instantaneous. He does not give the habitual man or woman, but a flashlight embodiment of one characteristic. There is nothing mellow or reflective or searching in his work. It is full of animation and overflowing with vitality. Even the drawing of Duse—a face and pose that should invite contemplative treatment—is alert and clean cut. The eyes always flash, the body always stands ready to spring into action, in Lenbach's portraits.

He died on May 5, 1904, at his home in Munich; and the lamentations of the German press, the mourning of the whole German people, show in what value he was held. Though it was his theory that our times are lacking in character and color, that we have sacrificed beauty to business and made manhood a yoke-fellow to toil, he had endeared himself deeply to his fellow countrymen. He never loved them the less that he saw their defects, and they returned his love by a devotion which is touching in its universality. They were proud of him. And well they might be, for he represented to them the possibilities open to talent in a land of almost feudal government; while to the world



COUNT VON MOLTKE

By FRANZ VON LENBACH



## THE IRON CHANCELLOR

By FRANZ VON LENBACH



LENBACH'S PORTRAIT OF HIS WIFE AND CHILD

COLLECTION OF PETER A. SCHEMM

without their borders he spoke through his painting for Teutonic ideals of beauty, and showed that the native culture had also its high achievements in an art which has made distinguished the conquered Gauls.

Lenbach and Richard Wagner, his friend, stand forth for German attainment in the art of our times. They express the same tendencies; the same aspirations; and even in details they

show similarities of thought and purpose. I rarely see the dramatic—I had almost said operatic—portraits of Lenbach, without recalling Wagner. By the men and women and the groups and scenes of Wagner I am constantly reminded of Lenbach.

*Harrison S. Morris*



A SAMPAN FLOTILLA NEAR CANTON

Copyright, 1902, by C. H. Graves  
IN THESE RIVER BOATS THOUSANDS  
OF CHINESE FIND THEIR ONLY HOMES

# THE TWO PACIFICS

by Harold Bolce

## V - THE DAWN OF A NEW ERA IN CHINA

While the Western world has been dreaming of remote possibilities in Asia, or asserting as chimerical the awakening of its moon-eyed millions, the mysterious yellow races between the Urals and the Pacific have begun to move with the current of modern nations. It is no longer a question whether China will shake itself from the somnolence of centuries; it is already thoroughly aroused to the necessity of developing its own unmeasured strength, and of seizing its share of matchless commercial possibilities on the Pacific.

It was natural that China should long postpone the hour of its adoption of Western methods. For centuries it has been the teacher, the international Gamaliel, of the Eastern world. The race regarded itself as the chosen people. Beyond the borders of their empire the heathen raged. It was difficult for China to assume the rôle of student and take instructions from peoples who were deep in barbarism when the Mongolian Empire was the school-teacher of the Orient. The triumphs of Japan undeniably are stirring China; but it was the arrival of the allies in Peking, terminating the siege of the Legations, that first caused China to realize that there was a modern force in the world in which it had no share, and with which it must seriously reckon if it hoped to escape the fate of vassalage.

Still, this sudden realization of weakness might have led only to an inane struggle, with confusion and conflicting

counsel, had not astute leaders discovered in the venerated Chinese classics conspicuous warrant for the adoption of new ideas and methods. The sages of antiquity are found to have favored innovations. And now even Confucius and Mencius are freely quoted to justify the adoption of up-to-date ideas. Historians in China today are also citing some of the ancients who for patriotic purposes visited foreign courts and brought back ideas to be introduced into the government of China. The effects upon Japan of travel and study abroad on the part of such men as Marquis Ito, Mitsui, and Yamagata are emphasized by Chinese leaders. The dramatic latter-day escape of Siam from the clutches of France is magnified. All these things have been arousing China.

The observer of present-day conditions in the Orient is asking: Will China fight? And it is a startling fact that the new movement in China includes, among its many ramifications, a program for the most modern arsenals, and for the mobilization, equipping, and elaborate training of a formidable army. In May of this year a contract to construct a new arsenal in the vicinity of Canton was awarded to the Krupp Company of Essen, Germany. The thoroughness of preparations for defence in China impresses the observer.

American engineers, business men, and consular representatives in the Far East, who have studied the Chinese at short range, emphasize the folly of

believing that "the Chinese will not fight." When that race was in conflict with warlike neighbors, it developed an invincible army. To this day the warriors of Hu-nan have never been subjugated, not even by the conquerors of the empire. With peace established the army declined in power and prestige, and the people gave themselves up to the affairs of trade. Centuries of intellectual endeavor and achievement, the influence of profound and humane philosophers, and the absence of conflict with foreign powers developed an exaltation of letters, and a corresponding contempt for the man who sought applause through achievements in human slaughter. In consequence there gravitated to the army of China the worst possible pariahs of her degraded classes. No self-respecting Chinaman would voluntarily solicit enrollment in a profession holding out as reward the contumely of a race which had come to regard the stroke of the pen as

infinitely more honorable than the swish of the sword. Therefore it was not to be wondered that China, having surrendered itself to centuries of mere learning and trade, failed dismally when brought into conflict with embattled and ensanguined civilization.

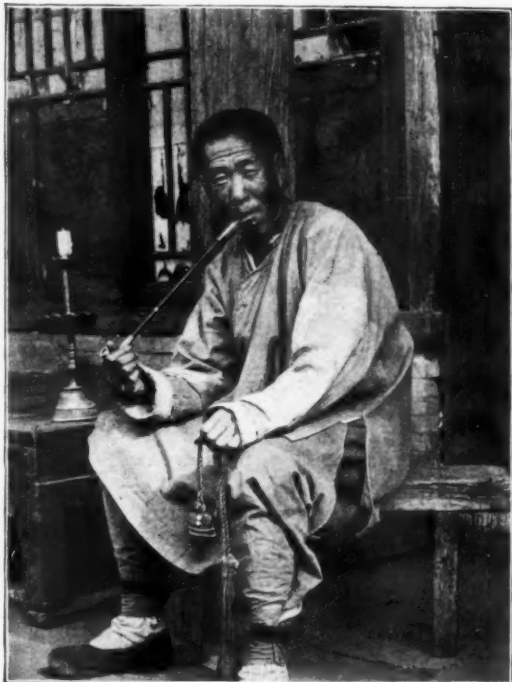
For the Chinaman is the embodiment of the business spirit, and the established principles of traffic permeate even the soldier ranks. The secret of China's inglorious military career in recent years is that the rank and file had not been paid. The Chinaman's ruling passion for business displayed itself in the war with Japan. A general in the Japanese army told me that after the first fire from his regiment of infantry, the Chinese troops arrayed against him disappeared like a mist. Not long thereafter they reappeared in the rear of his army, retailing vegetables to his soldiers. Nevertheless, he was confident, there was no lack of bravery among these thrifty deserters. Inquiry developed



A COMPARISON OF AREAS

that they had not been paid their wages, and that they lived in no expectation that their miserable cash allotment as heroes would ever come their way. When they could coin an opportunity into profit, the alternative—of ingloriously facing the firing line without pay—naturally failed to kindle martial zeal.

Now a startling change has taken place. The next generation of China, in imitation of Christian nations, will build memorials to the generals who develop genius to mow down regiments. Hitherto military schools have been opposed in China; but now scholars have discovered in the ancient analects a statement furnishing ample justification for inculcating the principles of war. Until recently many Chinese philosophers have advocated, instead of a development of the army, an utter disarmament, in keeping with sporadic outcroppings of Western altruism. This propaganda now comes in for satiric censure from the dominating patriots of China. They argue that twenty-five centuries ago a disarmament society was established by Hsiang Su, and that he was openly rebuked by Tze Han. The tendency in some quarters towards an idealistic policy of non-resistance has thus received a body-blow by that ancient fact, and the latent martial spirit of China has been quickened into combative existence. Furthermore, a recent printed statement, circulating among millions, calls attention to the fact that immediately after Austria instituted the Disarmament Society, war was precipitated between various nations of the world; and the manifesto says to the Mongolian race: "If there is any mem-



A BIT OF OLD CHINA

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ber of this Disarmament Society who has played the peacemaker, we have not heard of him. Germany, consequently, has seized upon our Kiao-chau and Russia has appropriated our Port Arthur. Since the Disarmament Society was formed the great countries have been energetically purchasing men-of-war and using every means to obtain a power balance. If we maintain an army, the weak countries will fear us and the strong will respect us. *If we ally ourselves with Europe, then Europe will win; if with Asia, Asia will win.*"

This notable address to the people of China, which has won millions of converts, adds that by all means they should mobilize and drill an army before considering the question of disarmament.

The powerful viceroy of Hu-nan advocates the construction of a Chinese navy of fifty modern battleships, and he

is working to increase the land force to "thirty myriads of troops." He wants the forts of China to be strengthened and equipped with the latest armament, and he has pledged his support to the construction of a complete system of railways. With such military strength and strategic resources no country, he is confident, would begin hostilities with China, or in war infringe upon her treaty rights. He adds significantly: "Under these conditions, Japan will side with China, and Europe will retire."

The new movement in China is characterized also by a demand for an abrogation of the American exclusion-policy against the Chinese. Treaties in the Chinese language, dealing with what is decried as the farce of international law between countries unevenly matched in military strength or alliance, have been placed in the hands of millions of the people of Asia. It is clearly set forth that international law will not operate to prevent a strong nation from waging war against a weak one, or from annexing it under the convenient term of "benevolent assimilation." Many conditions have been dwelt upon to demonstrate to the citizens of China that their country is not in the comity of nations. Rich and possessed of the element of unequalled power, it is actually "camping in sufferance" on the back stoop of the world. Its people are debarred from other lands; yet China is powerless to prevent the advent of aliens upon its own shores. Foreigners in China are not even subject to the laws of the country, but enjoy protection in that legal Arcady known as extraterritoriality. Through the medium of Mixed Courts other nations have the majesty of might to reinforce their principles of jurisprudence. That is why, even in China, the murder of a Chinaman by an alien is little more than a misdemeanor; while the killing of a foreigner by a Chinaman is a crime of serious, and even international, import.

The Chinese have at length perceived that the one way to national salvation is by helping themselves; that an adoption of modern methods will not destroy Confucianism; and that, reinforced by latter-day engines of force and instruments of expansion, their religion may be indefinitely spread. And they see that China, to take its rightful place, must cherish its ancient precepts, multiply its assets, and not only extend but control its international commerce—now stirring its imagination, and luring the ambition of the world.

It is frequently and erroneously said in Western lands that the absence of patriotism in China precludes the possibility of any national movement in that empire. If love of country includes a belief that one's native land has no equal on earth, the Chinese have been consumed for centuries by a patriotism that has no counterpart among the races of mankind. In the provinces and villages of China no rejoicing equals that which celebrates the selection of some son of the community to a government office, through the universal civil-service examination. Here is a sentiment which, guided by the modern teachings in China, is being quickened into an ardent and auspicious patriotic zeal.

A marked change has taken place in the relation between the dynasty and the people. At one time officials exacted commodities from merchants at rates ruinously below their actual value. It was euphemistically called selling at "mandarin prices." Now all that officials and nobles wear or eat, everything they use in any of the arts of peace or in ceremonial rites, is paid for at the market price. Formerly when princes traveled, the people were burdened to pay the expenses of their journey. The tidings of their coming spread consternation. Today, when a prince makes a pilgrimage through the empire, the taxes along the route of his itinerary are in many cases remitted, as a special act of official chivalry.



EAST AND WEST—JUNK AND BATTLESHIP

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In other ways more intimate relations are developing constantly between the populace and the governing classes. Many of the penal laws of China have been modified. From a maximum hundred blows of the bamboo the agonizing limit has been reduced to forty, and during the hot months to thirty-two. Formerly, when a criminal deserving capital punishment was caught in China, no member of his family survived to grieve over the disgrace. Extermination was gruesomely dealt out to all his kindred. This wholesale

extirpation has been checked; and if a criminal happens to be the only child, under the new law he is kept alive and compelled to support the parents he has dishonored.

Every phase of life in China is feeling the force of reform. Among the many important developments to which China is pledged, is the opening of the mines of the empire. This exploitation, sturdily opposed for centuries, promises to be carried out now with the earnestness of a religious faith. Did not the ancients say: "Bring out the valuable things

from the mighty mountains," and "A man is to be despised who deliberately throws aside precious materials"? In the opinion of foreign residents of the Far East, imagination is incapable of conceiving the prosperity which will roll in upon China from the development of mines in the mountains of that empire. Within the past years the import trade of China has increased nearly fifty per cent. With the uncovering of the hidden mineral wealth, its ability to purchase goods abroad would be increased a hundredfold.

The development of a few mines in the mountains of Korea furnish a glimpse into the mineral resources of Asia. In the crashing days of the panic of 1893 Leigh Hunt, an ambitious business man of Puget Sound, found himself under a mighty avalanche of debt—two million dollars. With a new-born resolution he sailed to the Orient. He secured from the ruler of the Hermit Nation a concession to mine in the mountains of northern Korea. Not three years later the creditors on Puget Sound received notice to attend a meeting on a certain day. They gathered, fully expecting to be called upon to settle for a fractional part of the aggregate two millions. Instead, there was delivered to that anxious session a message from Mr. Hunt that he was ready to pay in full with accumulated interest every debt he owed. Five thousand men today work in his Korean mines. Some of his engineers have sent prospectors into China. One of these experts assured me that the mineral wealth of Manchuria, alone, will astonish the world.

Consider, in this connection, that one of the notable triumphs of the new movement in China is the overthrow of the immemorial prejudice against the introduction of machinery. The present leaders in China have found classical authority even for the employment of new mechanical appliances. And ancient instructions to the people, re-

garding new instruments designed to give labor a greater industrial leverage, are accepted by the Chinese as warrant for the institution of national expositions. China also proposes to establish experimental manufactories, just as the United States Department of Agriculture maintains experimental stations.

Furthermore, China will experience little difficulty in getting her farmers to adopt modern discoveries in husbandry, although many of these are revolutionary. The inoculation of the seeds of leguminous plants with nitrogen-breathing bacteria—an achievement which Secretary Wilson pronounces one of the greatest scientific triumphs of the age—and the marvelous results of hybridization, have already come to the attention of Chinese agricultural experts. Today the Chinese find that three thousand years ago the fundamental truth was set down that farming is a science, and that tillers of the soil should be ready to study and utilize every new advancement in the perfection of plant life. Even in ancient times the scientific propagation of cotton and silk, and the utilization of waste products were discussed. Knowledge that the canonized philosophers of antiquity advocated constant change in agricultural methods is now paving the way for an invasion, from Western lands, of the new horticulture which is re-creating the earth.

Then again, China is selecting some of her best scholars to fill diplomatic positions abroad. Her ministers to England and the United States, for example, are men of the highest rank, even when compared with the most brilliant of their colleagues. It is also a part of China's program to have her representatives secure translations of the best books of the countries to which they are assigned, for wide circulation and the instruction of the Chinese people. Soon the literary and scientific achievements of the ages will be in the hands of Mongolian millions. And even this extensive translation of Western letters



A CHINESE STRAWBERRY GARDEN

*Copyright, 1902, by C. H. Graves*  
THE INFINITE PATIENCE OF THE CELESTIAL  
IS NOWHERE BETTER EXEMPLIFIED THAN  
IN HIS FARMING AND GARDENING

is not a new departure. A school of languages flourished in China nearly four thousand years ago; this fact furnishes sufficiently ancient warrant for the present elaborate provision looking to the study and translation of books in foreign tongues.

In truth, there is not a project in all the revolutionary schedule for China's transformation that is not supported by illustrious precedent. There is the great question of national schools. The historians find that in preceding centuries Buddhist temples were dismantled in China in the interests of Taoism. This fact has emboldened the reformers to urge the splendid proposition that out of every ten temples and monasteries of the Buddhists and Taoists—which exist in countless numbers in China—seven be converted into schools. One of the arguments in advocacy of this important movement is that the devils of these faiths have become "irresponsive and inefficacious"! Schools wherein is taught Western science—including mathematics, mining, chemistry, physics, electricity, biology, and therapeutics—have already been established; and should seven out of every ten temples be dedicated to study, the Chinese Empire would of a sudden have more schools than any other nation in the world.

Western powers cannot keep too prominently in mind that the awakening of China is not the emergence of a savage nation. At no time within recorded history have the masses of China been composed of savage tribes. It is the common-place of history that their whole intercourse was civilized when our unattired progenitors included specimens that, if they could be placed on exhibition today, would mean a fortune to any circus manager; that the canals of China were highways of organized and prosperous commerce when brigandage was the highest ideal of exchange in Western Europe; that China was conning and creating classics when the speech of some of our guttural fore-

bears had scarcely risen above the vocabulary of grunts; and that the oldest newspaper in the world, published in Peking, appeared regularly before many Western peoples had devised an alphabet; that along other utilitarian lines, China employed the compass and various achievements of seafaring science when many of the mariners of the West scarcely dared to venture beyond the deep-water signs; and that there is scarcely a Western invention that has not some counterpart among the creations of Celestial genius.

Incredible as it may seem, commercial America still regards the awakening of China as an event too remote for practical consideration by the generation of today. A few American firms know the facts. They perceive that China has ceased to be provincial, has at last realized the dangers of isolation, and has begun to profit by intercourse with the world; that China has a national chemist from the United States Department of Agriculture, a supervising architect from the United States Treasury, a financial expert from Cornell, a superintendent of customs from Great Britain, and military strategists from Japan. A few of the commercial houses of America act as if they appreciated that China is establishing schools, constructing railways, spreading electric light throughout its cities, planning the reconstruction of its military system. A few American firms seem to realize that the spectacle of Chinese riding bicycles, the use of foreign carriages by the Chinese officials of Peking and Tientsin, the sight of steam-rollers finishing macadam roads in some of the new suburbs of Chinese cities, the laying of iron water-mains, the operation of a pumping and filtering plant along the Yu-ho River, the importation by the Dowager Empress of a cargo of motor cars, and other similar indications bespeak a great and significant movement in this ancient Asiatic nation.

But the American nation, speaking

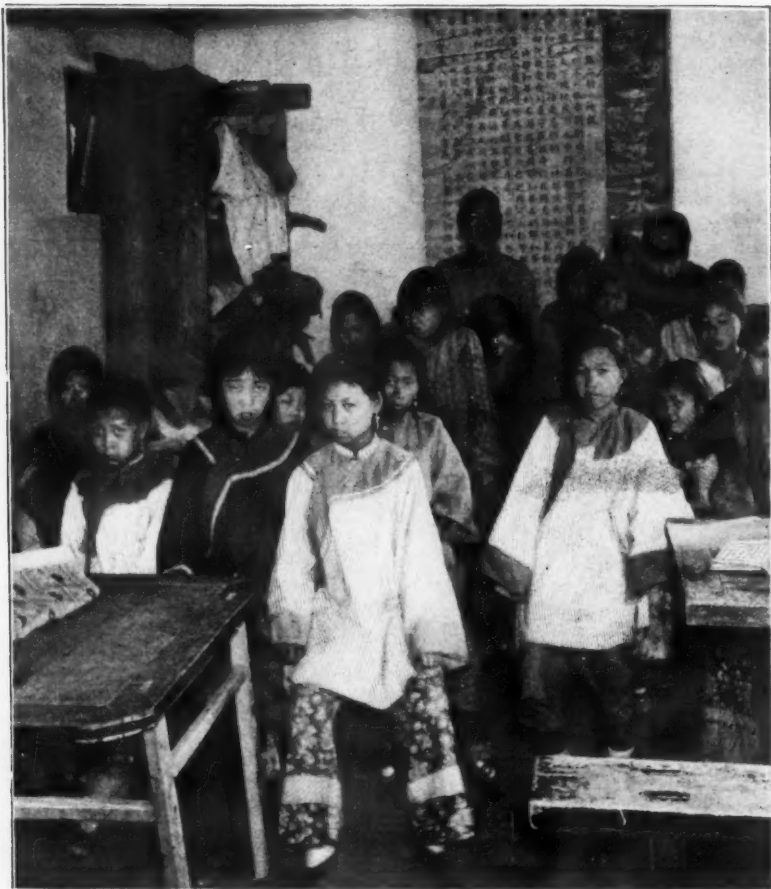


CHINESE COLLIERS ON THE PEI-HO AT TIENTSIN

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generally, is astonishingly indifferent to China's awakening and to the new commercial opportunities. I was approached by an American resident in the Far East, who regularly represents in China and Japan a big American firm. He had in his possession documents from the imperial government of China granting him exclusive mineral concession throughout an entire Chinese province, a domain as large as a dozen American States, and known to possess vast mineral wealth. That concession was about to expire. To

renew it for a term of twenty years would require the payment into the Chinese treasury of one hundred thousand dollars; but although the man who sought a renewal of the mining right was the agent of a capitalist and himself a man of great energy, he had found it utterly impossible to interest the moneyed men of the United States to the extent of persuading them to subscribe the necessary sum for an extension of this great concession. The reason for their hesitation was, of course, quite plain. In the presence of the



A MODERN SCHOOL FOR GIRLS IN CHEFOO

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political and military chaos in Asia, America was in no position to safeguard speculations in China. No American firm or syndicate would sink a hundred thousand dollars in the mountains of an Asiatic province without assurance that they would be peaceably permitted to dig it out again.

It is an interesting fact that the Mongolian emergence, to which the American people as a whole are blind, is thoroughly recognized by the American missionaries. They see that China is at last actually shaking itself free

from the complacent conservatism of ages—an event that must soon stir the whole American business world. The latest report of the American Bible Society, prepared at Shanghai, convincingly shows that the elemental upheaval of China confronts Christian powers with a problem worthy of serious attention.

Unobserved by the world in general, a conflict is beginning to take place in China which gives promise of being no less formidable than the struggle of the two contending empires along the river

line of the Yalu. It is to be a contest between Christendom and Japan.

In my article in the June issue of this magazine attention was directed to the purpose of Japan to graft a new religion upon the world—a cosmopolitan creed that should be an amalgamation upon rationalistic lines of many of the precepts of every philosophy and faith. Since that article was written news has been cabled from Tokio of a movement on the part of the Mikado's government to establish a national religion, modeled upon the Christian system, the interpreted purpose of which is to entitle Japan, now a pagan nation, to membership in the international brotherhood of Christian powers.

It would thus appear on the surface that Japan was prepared to copy the lands from which it has borrowed mechanics and the arts of war, and that, therefore, in its larger purpose to civilize China, the movement of the Sunrise Kingdom would be coöperative with the pioneer work of Christian evangels in pagan Asia.

No deduction could be further from the truth. In its ambition to shape China's rapidly changing destinies Japan may find it expedient to adopt a state religion, and even give it some Christian name. By such innovation it would secure, in its philosophical and commercial conquest of China, the sympathy and support of the Christian world, instead of the deep and abiding hostility that would be provoked if Japan's actual intentions were undisguised. With secret yet fervent contempt for the teachings of the West, and with a proud and determined ambition to exalt the Mongolian Orient to the leadership of the political and commercial world, Japan will not hesitate in its crusade in China to adopt any of the litanies, religions, appellations, or sacerdotalism of the West that may serve to advance the Asiatic cause.

Japan has been quick to comprehend the secret of China's change of attitude

toward the things of the West, and now the emissaries of the Sunrise Kingdom, familiar with Confucius, are in China, quoting that philosopher for their purpose. Simultaneously the Christian missionaries are conducting in that empire a propaganda of great magnitude. Through the intervention of Minister Conger at Peking, the Chinese customs and inter-port tariff on Bibles was recently removed. Following that, all foreign literature imported to China has been placed upon the free list. The missionaries, while they have been meeting with singular success in the past year, do not construe the removal of the import tax on Bibles as a concession to Christianity. They do realize, however, that it indicates a willingness on the part of China to consider new teachings. Knowing the eagerness of the awakened Chinese mind for scientific learning, the missionary societies have organized in Shanghai an institution called "The Society for the Diffusion of Christian and Scientific Knowledge."

The success of this venture has been beyond all expectation. The publishing houses of the Chinese treaty ports and of the cities of Japan have been totally unable to fill the unparalleled orders from Chinese people for new books. Nearly one hundred million pages of Western publications were circulated last year among the inhabitants of China. The missionaries modestly make no boast of these matters as instances of their triumphs, but they cite them as showing that China is alert to the main chance, and that the field pioneers of any great enterprise will reap a great reward.

It is a strange thing that only the missionaries, the poets, and the pagans realize that the "dawn is coming up like thunder" out of ancient China.

*Charles Boker*



PROFESSOR MAXWELL SOMMERVILLE

# GODS, GEMS, AND MASCOTS

## THE LIFE-WORK OF MAXWELL SOMMERVILLE

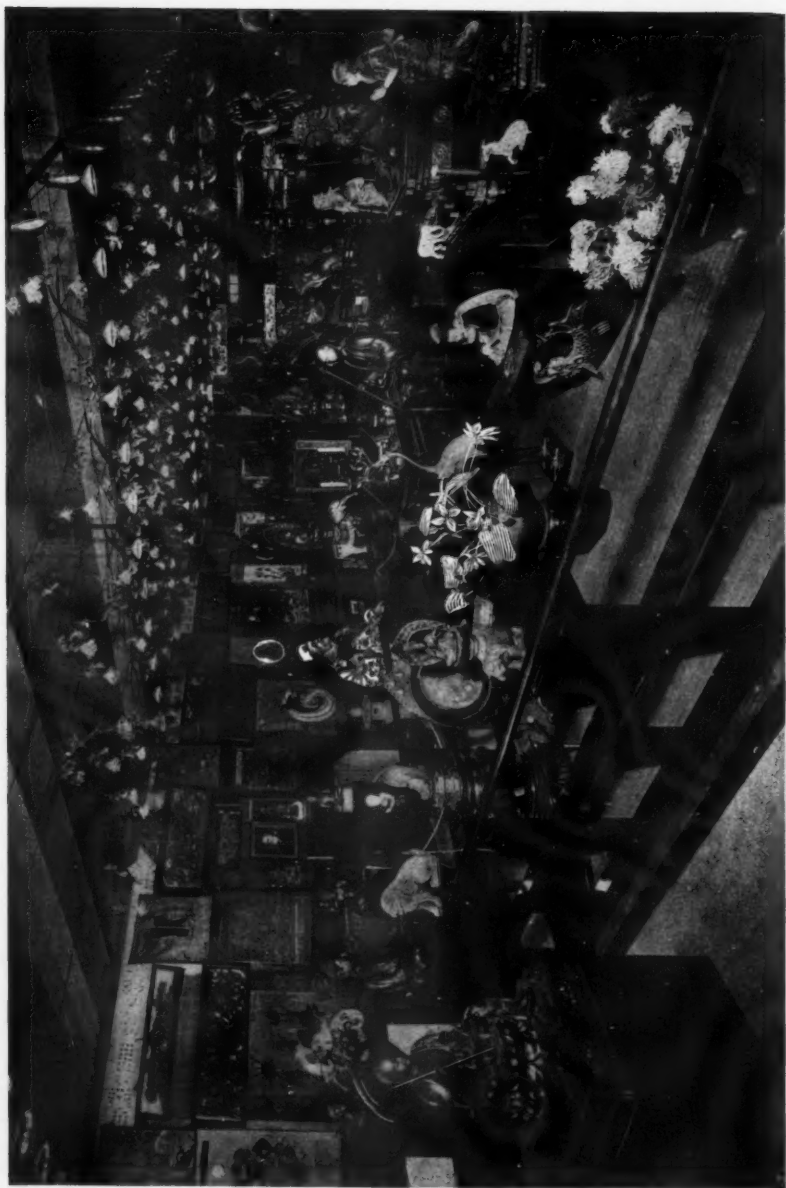
In this malignantly commercial age men who devote their entire lives to the enrichment of an archeological museum are not many. A niche in the Hall of Fame does not compare, in the estimation of the average citizen, with a Queen Anne mansion set in a hundred unmortgaged acres. Now and then, however, the prosaic world of money grubbers is given pause by the career of some public-spirited mortal who consecrates his days, his money, and his strength to the fulfilment of a plan that promises no personal gain, but only the heightened welfare of the community. To such a man we owe the only complete Buddhist temple in the United States, the finest collection of engraved gems in the world, and a collection of emblems of superstition without superior anywhere. Professor Maxwell Sommerville—eminent archeologist, learned traveler, tireless collector of rare gems—died last May, but his spirit will continue to live in the archeological department of the University of Pennsylvania.

Fortunately his high purpose was backed by a long purse. Born in Virginia seventy-five years ago, and educated in Philadelphia, Professor Sommerville early turned his attention to publishing, and in that business acquired the bulk of his fortune. To him cash was not an end, but only a very essential means. He spent a fortune in collecting gems alone. An outlay of at least \$500,000 is represented in the display in the Gem Room at the University of Pennsylvania museum, which was conveyed absolutely

to the University some years ago. Every passing phase of civilization is represented in the collection. From the Babylon of sixty centuries ago come engraved cylinders of jasper and onyx and emerald, serving at once as seal and amulet. Persian bas-reliefs in nacre jostle seals from Tyre and Etruria. The legends of Greece and Rome are here in little, and from France and Italy come cameos and intaglios which hand down the same tradition in workmanship and subjects. One of the treasures of the collection is a large cameo, depicting the triumph of Constantine, which was once in the possession of Catherine II of Russia. It is valued at \$30,000.

The Sommerville Buddhist temple in the University museum comprises the most complete and elaborate representation of a Buddhist house of worship ever set up outside of the countries where Buddhism is the prevailing religion. Buddhists frequently visit the temple and spend hours there. Three images in the temple, those of Fudo, Kongara, and Seitaka, were procured by Professor Sommerville from the famous Koyasau Temple in Kishu, Japan. The most artistic piece in the temple is a vase of bronze flowers, which came from a temple at Kioto and is nearly four centuries old.

In this curious temple Japanese residents in Philadelphia, and chance pilgrims in the city, gather at times to pray for victory for the arms of the Mikado. They find themselves in an atmosphere so like that of the Land of the Lotus that they can easily imagine themselves



A BUDDHIST TEMPLE IN THE QUAKER CITY

*Copyright, 1904, Peirce & Jones*  
IN THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA MUSEUM PROFESSOR HOMMERSVILLE  
ERECTED THE ONLY COMPLETE BUDDHIST TEMPLE IN THIS COUNTRY

transported to their island home, worshipping at the familiar shrine of earlier days. Not a single article necessary to support this illusion is missing. Buddhas of various sizes smile benevolently and eternally at the visitors to the temple; lotus plants, symbolical of the life that springs from a lowly beginning to a splendid flowering, give color to the scene around the altar; gods little and big, and of various stations in the hierarchy of Japanese deities, rest on their pedestals within the rail and smile or threaten according to their mission.

At the outer gateway of the temple are seen two life-size figures of semi-mendicant fruit sellers, constructed with the wonderful fidelity to nature for which Japanese artists are noted. At the inner gates two gigantic statues stand, with great muscular arms uplifted in an attitude suggestive of vengeance should any visitor misbehave. These are the Gods of Silence found at the entrance to Buddhist temples. Their threatening attitude is to command all intending worshipers to leave levity behind when they cross the sacred portals. Within the gates is a cistern and towel rack, where the worshipers pause to cleanse their feet and hands and rinse out the mouth, while behind this is to be found the temple proper.

Nothing so crushed the spirit of the gentle old professor as the indifference of some visitors to the priceless nature of these curios. To a man who had spent more than forty years in search of the rarest specimens, who had braved death many times in pursuit of this object, and at immense expense and an

extraordinary amount of personal sacrifice had transported these treasures of the Orient to Philadelphia, it was painful to see some jaunty individual step within the sacred confines of the Buddhist temple, gaze around with indifferent eyes, and walk out without making a single inquiry concerning the meaning of the innumerable mysteries hidden in



ONE OF THE IMAGES OF BUDDHA

THE TEMPLE IS SO COMPLETE THAT IT MAY BE USED BY BUDDHISTS AS A PLACE OF WORSHIP

the figures and flowers and in the writing on the wall.

To those, however, sufficiently enlightened to value the opportunity to cross at a step from the Occident to the innermost recesses of the Orient, Professor Sommerville was a genial and inexhaustible encyclopedia of informa-

tion. With his hand on the head of a placid-faced Buddha he would stand by the hour explaining the mission of the numerous gods of the temple or deciphering for the curious some mystic writing in Oriental characters. Always with the explanation that he was a follower of Christ, although an admirer of many features of the Buddhist religion, he lectured frequently at the temple. At times he assumed the garb of a Buddhist priest and stood before the altar explaining the services to the audience. Ministers of the gospel, Orientalists, students from the University, and visitors to the city from every part of the United States have listened to these lectures with absorbed interest. Often in a quiet, conversational tone he would describe the thrilling incidents of his trips in search of some coveted god, gem, or talisman, and the story would compare favorably with an incident in *The Arabian Nights*.

Nothing could bar the way when Professor Sommerville had set his mind on some curio heard of in one of his meetings with Orientals. Were it in the centre of the Desert of Sahara, or on the topmost pinnacle of the Himalayan Mountains, he would go after it and keep up the search until the treasure was found, purchased, and placed on exhibition at the University museum.

American gold was Professor Sommerville's magnet wherever he went. He thus describes its effect on one of his expeditions:

"On one occasion we desired to visit the famous Dilwarra Temples in India, and for that purpose engaged two jinrikishas and a number of natives to draw them, about twelve in all. The Temples, as you know, are set in a magnificent grove of mango trees on a mountain top, and surrounded by great hills. With a fair measure of tact and money I hoped to secure from the



THE INNER GATE OF THE TEMPLE

people of the vicinity some of their odd talismans and rings. I said to the chief rikisha-man: 'Now, Lala, what will you do for me if I double your pay? I want to make this journey in half time, and if you accomplish it you shall be doubly paid.'

"He went to his helpers at once and informed them that I was a prince. We started out under the contract. He ran ahead of the convoy, raising both hands in the air, and crying to the astounded people: 'Here comes a prince. Down with you. Here comes a prince.'

"And during the entire twelve miles' ride I was treated to the un-American experience of seeing the people cover their faces and drop abjectly to the ground in obeisance and salutation, only daring to look at me through their parted fingers. But my amusement at thus being treated as a prince was nothing

to the gratification I experienced in securing from this people—who did not dare to refuse so august a personage as I—some of the most interesting inscribed talismans that I have in my collection."

Uncannily interesting to even the most sceptical and coldly logical of us is the collection of talismans, the most representative ever gathered by one man's efforts. For forty-seven years of his life Professor Sommerville wandered about the earth, braving all danger and scorning hardships, begging or buying from their owners the charms and fetishes that are believed to serve as a bulwark between the human race and the invisible fiends of the air. In the remarkable collection at the University are to be seen rings worn as a preventive of smallpox by the natives of the Himalayan Mountains; necklaces made of rare gold pieces strung together and



LIFE-SIZE FIGURE OF A HINDU FAKIR

covered with Arabic characters; green-stone seals from Asia Minor; Persian bronze talismans and rings; Mussulman talismans inscribed with verses from the Koran; Moorish talismans in leather, containing coins fastened together; Syrian talismans that were originally hung on the necks of horses near Damascus to protect them from the evil eye; and talismans by the score sought and collected, piece by piece, between Jeypore and Bombay.

Typical of his whole life-work was Pro-

the necks of the camels of the desert, from the fingers of Bedouin women, from the walls of tents and the bodies of tribesmen of every degree, Professor Sommerville conjured charms and talismans of endless variety. The man of the twentieth century, even though he carry a rabbit's foot on his watch-chain, finds it hard to understand the implicit and soul-comforting trust which the fierce Bedouin places in the dried hoof of a dead donkey as an insurmountable obstacle to the progress of the devil.



BEDOUIN DEVIL-CHASERS

The gourd on the left is a talisman from the Sahara; in the centre is a charm containing a mirror in which the prowling evil spirit sees his face reflected and flees at the hideous sight; on the right is a wooden hand of Fatima, one of the many forms of this favorite talisman among the Mussulmen.

fessor Sommerville's last African expedition in quest of objects of superstitious faith. With a caravan consisting of sixteen Persian horses, half a dozen camels, and twenty servants and guides, he penetrated fearlessly into the interior of the Desert of Sahara. He was familiar with nearly all the native dialects; and, with his tall figure, grave face, and stately presence, he passed, dressed in the native costume, for a great chief of the region. The expedition was highly successful. From the doorposts of the crude habitations of the Senegalese, from

The skull of a jackal is thought to shield a family from harm; the foot of a porcupine ensures safety from the attack of evil spirits; and a lizard skin protects its wearer from mysterious dangers without limit.

Fully as strange as the talismans and fetishes, and the beliefs that have encrusted about them, were Professor Sommerville's adventures in obtaining his treasures from the unwilling Arab. On one occasion—at Meggarine, a deserted village—he saw and coveted a talisman in the form of a dried gourd,

which was supposed to keep the evil one away from the owner's habitation. Money was offered for the gourd, only to be refused. By slow degrees the cupidity of the owner of the gourd was tempted until the native's fear of the powers of evil proving greater than his love of gold, Professor Sommerville concluded that he had offered the limit of worth for the article, and reluctantly ordered the caravan to move on.

Imagine the collector's surprise the following morning when one of his servants presented him with the coveted gourd, informing him with great glee that he had cut it from the string when the owner was not looking. The caravan was ordered to move on quickly when Dr. Sommerville learned how the gourd had come into his possession, but he could not travel fast enough to escape from his Nemesis in the shape of a band of horsemen, headed by the sheik of the settlement. The return of the talisman was demanded, with threats of death to every man in the party as the alternative. The offer previously made was increased. Fortunately money proved a more potent argument in the case of the sheik than with his follower. At last a bargain was struck, and the gourd now adorns the collection at the museum.

In some cases no amount of gold could tempt the tribesman to part with his family god. Professor Sommerville coveted the talisman of a camel that had won several races. This is his story of his unsuccessful efforts to obtain it:

"We drove out to the village called Cora, where the annual camel race was to be held. The camels had started some thirty-six hours before. A little while after we had halted we espied on the southern horizon two or three specks moving towards us, and twenty minutes later the leading camel passed us, far in advance of the others, winning the prize. We immediately

whipped up our mules, which were already turned in the direction of the goal, to follow the winner.

"On the neck of the camel I could see the coveted talisman, and immedi-



THE GOD OF SILENCE

At the gate of the Buddhist temple stand gigantic statues of the gods of silence, forbidding all levity among the worshippers.

ately sent my Arab servant to purchase it if possible. But the camel driver answered: 'This is the sixth year that this talisman has won this race for me, and no money will tempt me to part with it.'

"I tried for several days through his friends to get him to change his mind, but no inducement would make him yield the talisman to me. His conviction that the little leather pouch and its contents alone made it possible for him to win the race could not be shaken."

Less difficult to deal with was the occupant of a hovel over the door of which hung a dried fish that, according to the firm belief of its owner, had protected the family from the demon of disease since it had been placed there three generations before. In the opinion of the possessor of this interesting

talisman there are worse things than disease in this vale of tears, and with a little yellow gold to smooth the way the dried fish was easily spirited from the doorpost of the hovel to the strong box in Professor Sommerville's tent.

In company with it were a gourd and appendages that had been taken from a door at Sidi-Rached, where they had done duty as a preventive of disease, a skull that had ensured good luck and been credited with frightening away the jackals at night, a donkey's foot taken from the outside lintel of a sun-dried mud-house, and a wooden hand of Fatima that had been for seventy years in the family of the man from whom it was procured.

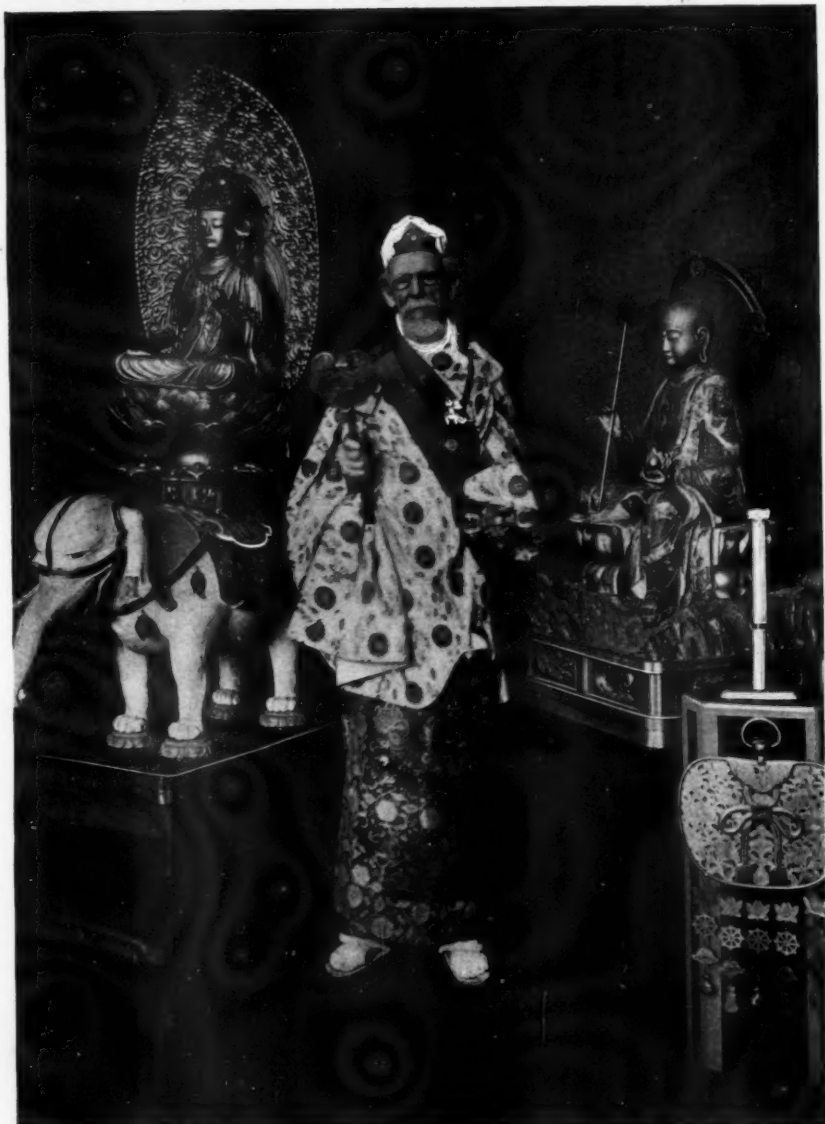
The hand of Fatima is a favorite talisman among the desert tribes. A legend says that Mahomet found it difficult at times to control the angry passions of his followers, and that on one occasion the discontent of his hosts was so great that they rose in rebellion and approached his tent with menacing gestures. But Fatima, his favorite wife, seeing the danger, stretched forth her hand and warned the multitude not to harm the prophet of God. The mob stood spellbound, overawed, and silently withdrew. Since then Fatima hands of all descriptions, some beautifully studded with jewels, have been part of the protective armor of the Arabs against the attacks of the powers of evil.

Some of the charms gathered by Professor Sommerville contain tiny mirrors. To these mirrors great importance is attached by superstitious Arabs who are forced to wander where the devil may be lying in wait for them. With the mirror held in front of him, the child of the desert steps forward into the darkness with a normal pulse and a confident gait. He firmly believes that his talisman is a perfect protection against all evil spirits, for if one approached and saw his ugly visage in the little mirror he would flee in dismay. In the pouches that every tribesman wears, and which



THE HAND OF FATIMA

Most potent of the Mussulman's talismans is the hand of Fatima, which gets its name and its power from the favorite wife of Mahomet.



Copyright, 1903, Petre & Jones

# A CORNER OF THE EAST

AMONG THESE SACRED EMBLEMS OF BUDDHISM IS A CANDLE  
PRESENTED TO PROFESSOR SOMMERVILLE BY THE KING OF SIAM

are hung on the necks of the women and children, there are, besides the talismans, texts taken from the Koran and inscriptions in Arabic, such as "Let curses be spread upon thee, O devil," or "Get thee out, Satan."

Almost anything serves the Bedouin or Senegalese for a devil-chaser so long as the simple owner is convinced that the powers of darkness stand in fear of it. A fish, dried and painted, found hanging before the shop of a locksmith and purchased for the collection, was supposed to have protected the vision of the family for many generations. Another talisman had the supposed virtue of cooling the blood when placed under the armpits. The jawbone of some animal, with a cord attached, was worn as a protection against demons of the nomadic kind, likely to be encountered at any stage of a journey or even when in camp. Even a rudely constructed bag, heart-shaped and thrust through and through with thorns, was relied upon by its wearer to render valuable

assistance in the daily battle with Beelzebub and his hosts. What particular part the thorns played in the fight with the supernatural could not be learned.

In talisman, gem, and temple, Professor Sommerville has left an enduring monument such as few scientists attain. It is true that his science was sugar-coated with romance, but this, while it heightened the popular interest, did not detract from the scientific value of his work. For the student of folk-lore, or psychology, or religious origins, his collections are invaluable. The same scientific spirit which is making the tenets of superstition impossible as a belief gives them new importance as a subject of study. In the fantastic fetish of a Saharan tribesman the student may find a clue to the puzzling conscious or subconscious workings of the mind of the sophisticated American.

*Harry Dillon Jones*



THE FETISH OF A FETISH COLLECTOR

On Professor Sommerville's desk stood this goat, which he called his mascot.



*O for boyhood's painless play,  
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,  
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,  
Knowledge never learned of schools.*

—The Barefoot Boy

## STUDYING POETRY WITH A CAMERA

### A NEW IDEA FOR A BOYS' PHOTOGRAPHIC CLUB

"What an inspiration for Thanatopsis!"

The thought was voiced unconsciously as we stood on "The Summit," overlooking the famous "view of seven counties," just as the sun sank behind the distant hilltop, purpling the valley, half shrouded in the shadows of the brooding fir trees, and casting a lingering glow over the silver thread of the river winding through the meadows; while all the heavens were alight with the crimson afterglow.

I looked at the boys, wondering if they, too, felt the inspiration; I waited expectantly for some response from the nature-loving young people, with their pulses all attuned, I thought, to the

beauty and sublimity of their surroundings. At last it came; the most enthusiastic of the nature-students opened his lips to speak. He gazed with seeming appreciation upon

"The hills  
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun, the vales  
Stretching in pensive quietness between;  
The venerable woods, rivers that move  
In majesty, and the complaining brooks  
That make the meadows green."

Then with one sweeping, comprehensive glance he murmured:

"Thanatopsis! Who's he?"

The spell was broken.

A glance at the other boys convinced me that neither the sublimity nor the absurdity had touched them; fatigue, not inspiration, had kept them mute



*Blessings on thee, little man,  
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!*

*With thy turned-up pantaloons,  
And thy merry whistled tunes.*

—The Barefoot Boy

before the splendor of the setting sun reflected on the wide expanse of nature's beauties. I directed the line of march toward the railway station. The spontaneous enthusiasm of the day's photographic jaunt had exhausted even their boyhood vigor, and at that moment the thought of home, a hearty supper, and bedtime appealed to the tired youngsters more than poetry or nature's charms.

But that careless question served a purpose.

Its absurdity, when I had expected something so different, appealed strongly at first; then the pity of it came uppermost—to think that their education in poetry had been so neglected that such a question could be possible in a company of intelligent specimens of budding young manhood; then its possible helpfulness became apparent. During the long car-ride from the scenes of the day's photographic delights in the

country to the city home I formed new plans for the S. P. C.'s.

My own small son had been the original cause of their existence as a club. Working from the well-known theory of Satan's plans for idle hands, and the more modern thought of mother-companionship for every interest of the growing boy, I had found the first enthusiasm when my "one chick" early developed the magpie instinct inherent in every child—the instinct of gathering and hoarding every sort of attractive object that could possibly be formed into that fascination of boyhood known as "a collection."

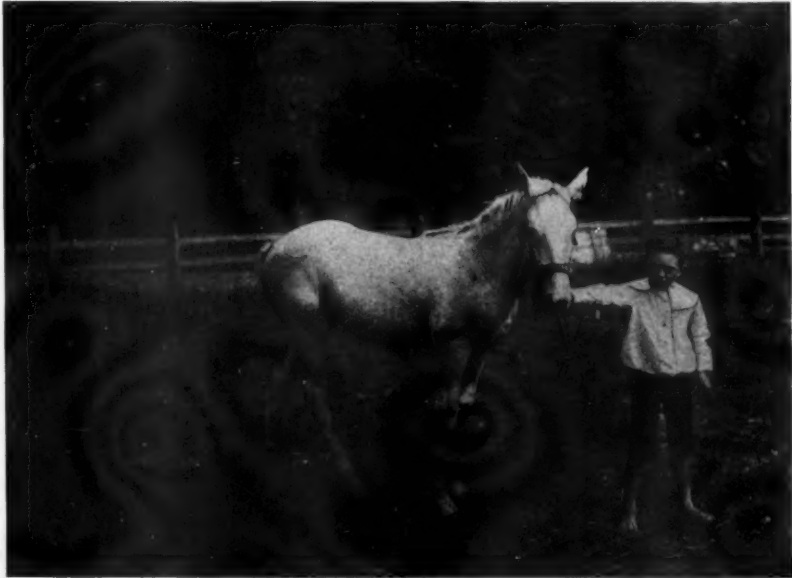
A collection of birds' eggs had been vetoed because of its attendant lessons in cruelty. But from the time that quantity rather than quality had been the goal of his infantile desires, I had displayed before him a convincing enthusiasm over each successive collection,

from buttons and "crystals" to antique firearms, posters, and souvenir postal cards. An entire summer at the shore had been given to the collection and study of curious shells and seaweeds, which lasted well through the following winter, while books on "the ocean and its inhabitants" and "wonders of the deep sea" rapidly filled the bookshelves of his den.

The following summer a strong interest in geological research, during our frequent outings, filled a goodly cabinet with treasured specimens of every known and unknown variety of native rock within the trolley radius of home and the limits of the summer sojourning. Long before the school children had reached the botany grade I had interested my son and a number of his classmates in a collection of pressed specimens of native plants, to which were added, on our frequent out-

ings, a marvelous collection, dear to boyish hearts, of lichens, mosses, curious twigs, and fungi; while later the native trees were studied by securing a collection of pressed leaves, with sections of bark and branches.

Thus the "collecting-fad," with its helpful studies and its healthful outdoor exercise, was continued summer after summer until, as cabinets and bookshelves multiplied and filled to overflowing, the approving father of the small boy declared that he learned more during the two months under the mother's teaching and companionship, while she was collecting material for nature-study sketches, than during the other ten months of the year of routine school education. And neighboring mothers, who found society life at summer hotels more alluring than the companionship of their growing boys, began to urge me to interest their



*All too soon these feet must hide  
In the prison cells of pride,*

*Loose the freedom of the sod,  
Like a colt's for work be shod.*

—The Barefoot Boy

children in "collecting-fads," to keep them out of vacation mischief.

This became compulsory at last. The club idea developed early. Mother companionship must be supplemented by the company of numerous boys or the charm of the outing would be lost. The time that every mother of boys must find most trying—the entrance into the teens—came all too quickly. In fact long before the unlucky thirteenth year was reached, the boy evinced a desire to become a ten-year-old clubman. The want was no sooner made known than it was satisfied. It was not a time for dallying, as the majority of his boy companions were much older, and the club idea was taking its first strong hold among his classmates.

The question came while I was pondering over the most helpful fad for the coming summer's "collecting"

—although vacation was still far in the distance.

"What's a club, mother? I want to join one! Lots of boys in our room are talking about their clubs."

Fortunately the kodak fad was gaining a strong hold among the boys at that particular time, and without waiting for the vacation season, I immediately determined to establish a "Saturday Photographic Club"—allowing my son to invite his classmates and his friends of the neighborhood to join. The club was established on systematic lines from the first, with officers duly elected, the minutes carefully kept, a treasury established, with dues to provide for periodical treats, and a systematic plan for the awarding of prizes for the best display of photographs at stated periods.

The Saturday Photographic Club had been in existence for more than a year at the time of the Thanatopsis episode.



*For weeks the clouds had raked the hills  
And vexed the vales with raining,*

*And all the woods were sad with mist,  
And all the brooks complaining.*

—Among the Hills



*It was as if the summer's late  
Atoning for its sadness*

*Had borrowed every season's charm  
To end its days in gladness.*

—Among the Hills

The S.P.C.'s had become quite expert in the arts of developing and finishing their photographs, but for some time, in my study of the best photographs for the awarding of prizes, I had been conscious of something lacking. The majority of them were simply photographs—nothing more. Few were expressive of any special thought; very few of the mechanically perfect productions could be called works of art, or even "pictures."

I had been deploring this very fact during that period of twilight stillness and beauty on "The Summit," when by the idle question of a tired boy the fact was made evident that, with all their opportunities for the study of nature's charms, not one of those boys possessed an intimate acquaintance, or even a desire for an acquaintance, with our best poets and the beauties of nature as portrayed in their works.

This led to the original plan of studying the poets through the camera lens.

It proved a popular idea. And now the thought has developed and broadened until each member of the S.P.C.—from the youngest to the oldest—is forming an appreciation of poetry and art through his boyish efforts to grasp the thought of the poet under discussion, and to portray it most suggestively by photographing some bit of nature or still life that fits his particular idea of the poet's conception.

Whittier's *Barefoot Boy*, and the alluring nature study in the descriptive portion of his *Among the Hills*, were the first sketches illustrated for the prize competition in the photographic study of the poets, and the prize winners displayed very satisfactory results. The pictures for this article, mostly selected from those first studies, have been chosen primarily in order to illus-



*And still the water sang the sweet,  
Glad song that stirred its gliding feet,*

*And found in rock and root the keys  
Of its beguiling melodies.*

—The Seeking of the Waterfall

trate a method; and they fairly represent both the artistic sense and the ingenuity which the boys so frequently display. Laughable experiences were encountered by many of the club members in securing a suitable subject for the barefoot boy. And frequent trolley rides or delightful tramps in the country became necessary in order to search out the glimpses of hill and valley, woods and stream, that most clearly suggested to boyish minds the poet's love of nature.

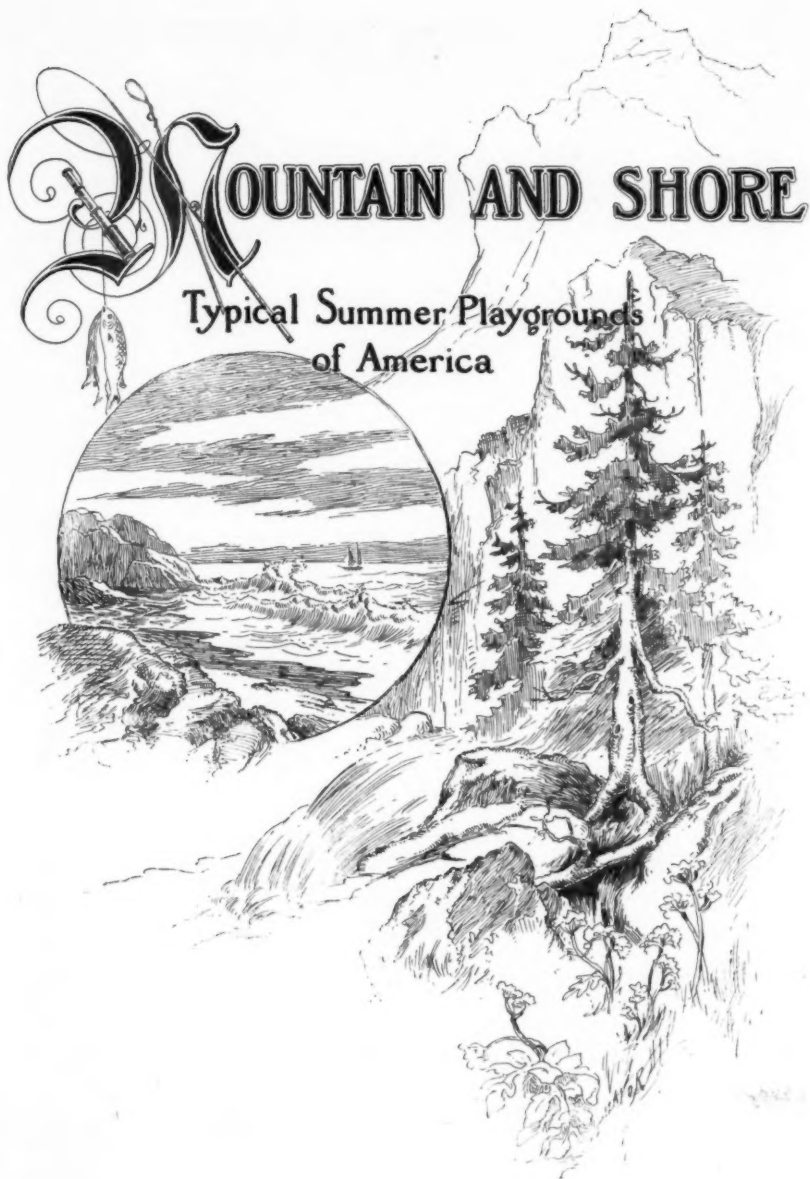
Interest increased; long poems were committed to memory; suggestive "gems of thought" were scribbled in convenient notebooks for consultation when cameras were brought into play during the day's outing; and the idea promises to develop until the S.P.C.'s—even if they do not become famous art critics and literati—will be sure to find a subtle charm and inspiration in

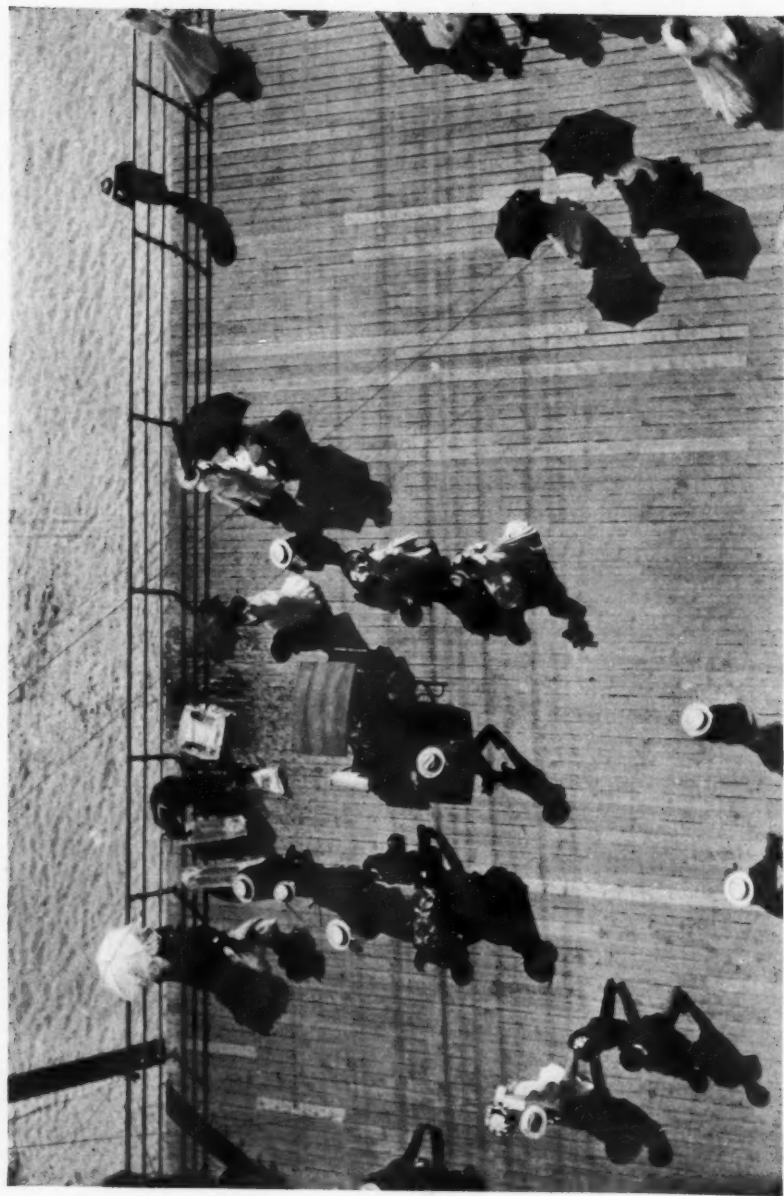
the every-day duties of their professional or business life in coming years.

This camera-club method which I have described, after thorough testing, is capable of a much wider application. I believe there is a valuable suggestion in it for leaders of all sorts of clubs of boys and girls, for teachers of public and private schools, and for Sunday-school teachers of all churches in all parts of the land.

Recreation for the grown-up is also suggested. For many a man or woman photography soon loses its original charm, if there is no worthy end in view. Here is an object—dignified, varied, and inspiring—the original illustration of some favorite poem or story.

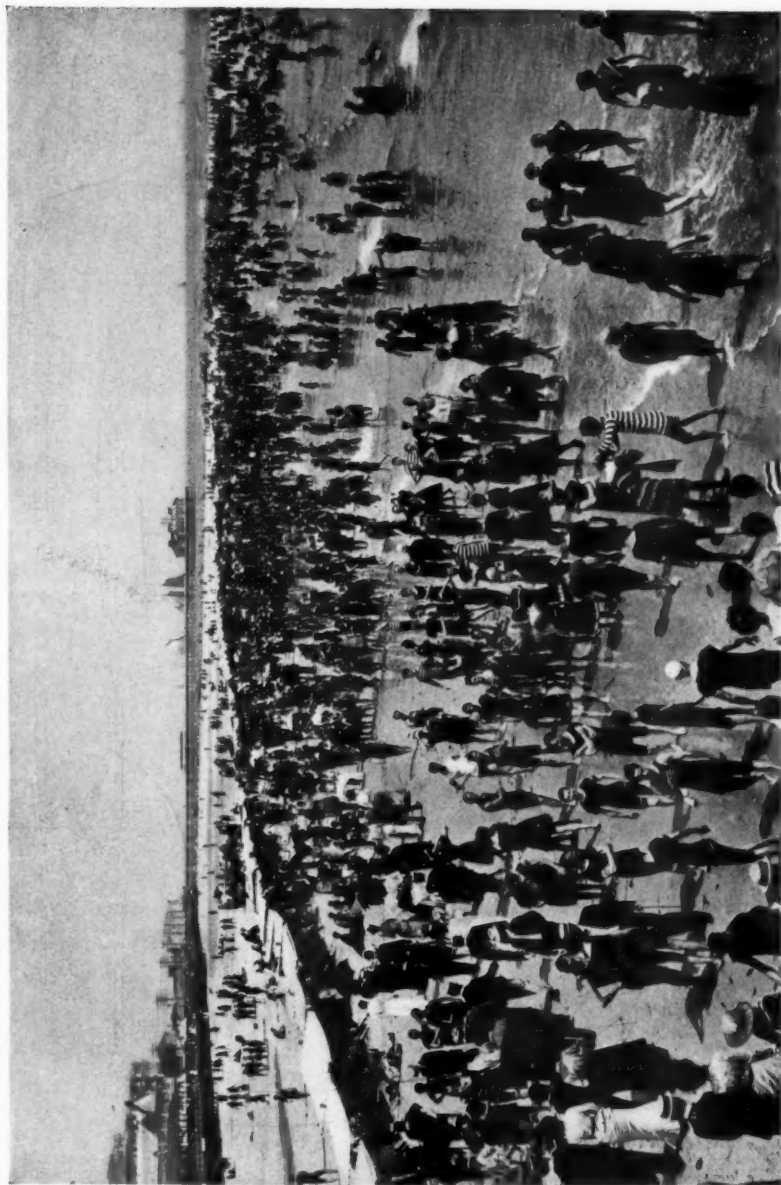
*Phoebe Westcott Humphreys.*





*Photograph by W. N. Jennings*

**A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE BOARD WALK**



*Photograph by W. H. Kean*

THE HEIGHT OF THE SEASON AT ATLANTIC CITY



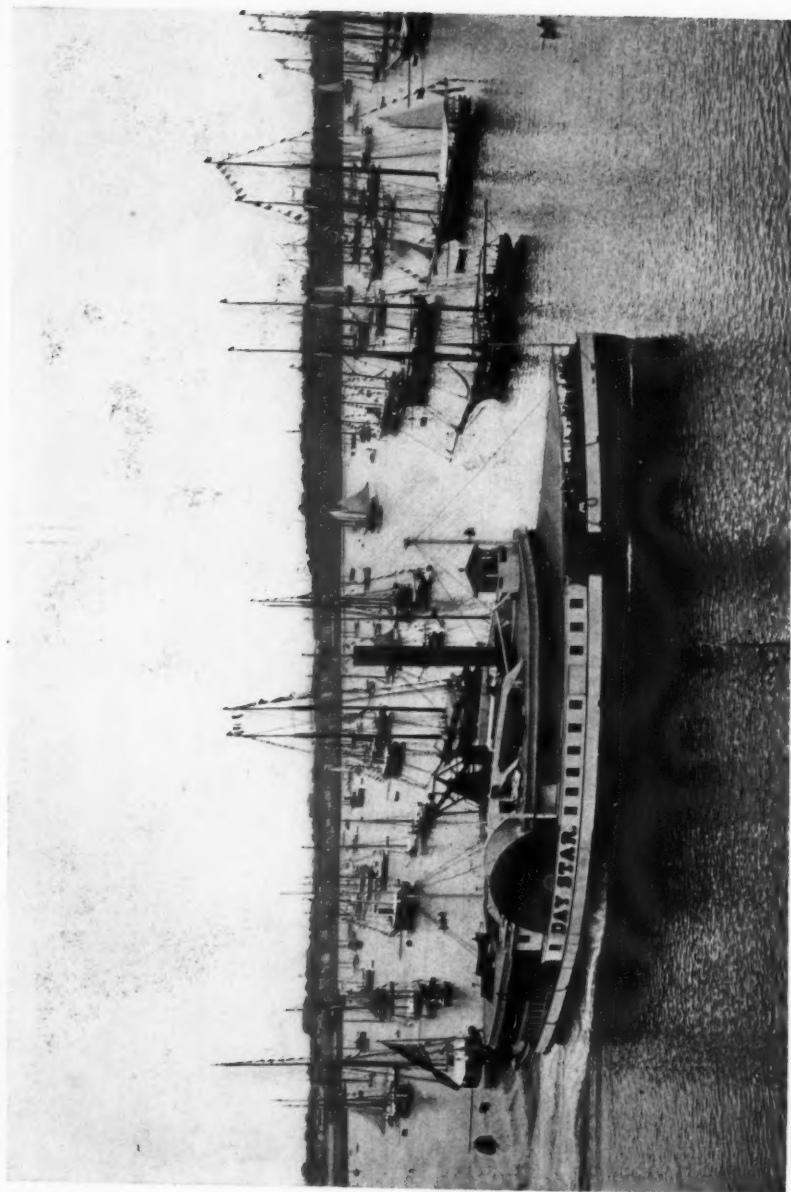
Copyright, 1900, by the Detroit Photographic Co.

THE PRESIDENTIAL RANGE, WHITE MOUNTAINS

A VIEW FROM KILBURN CRAGS, LITTLETON

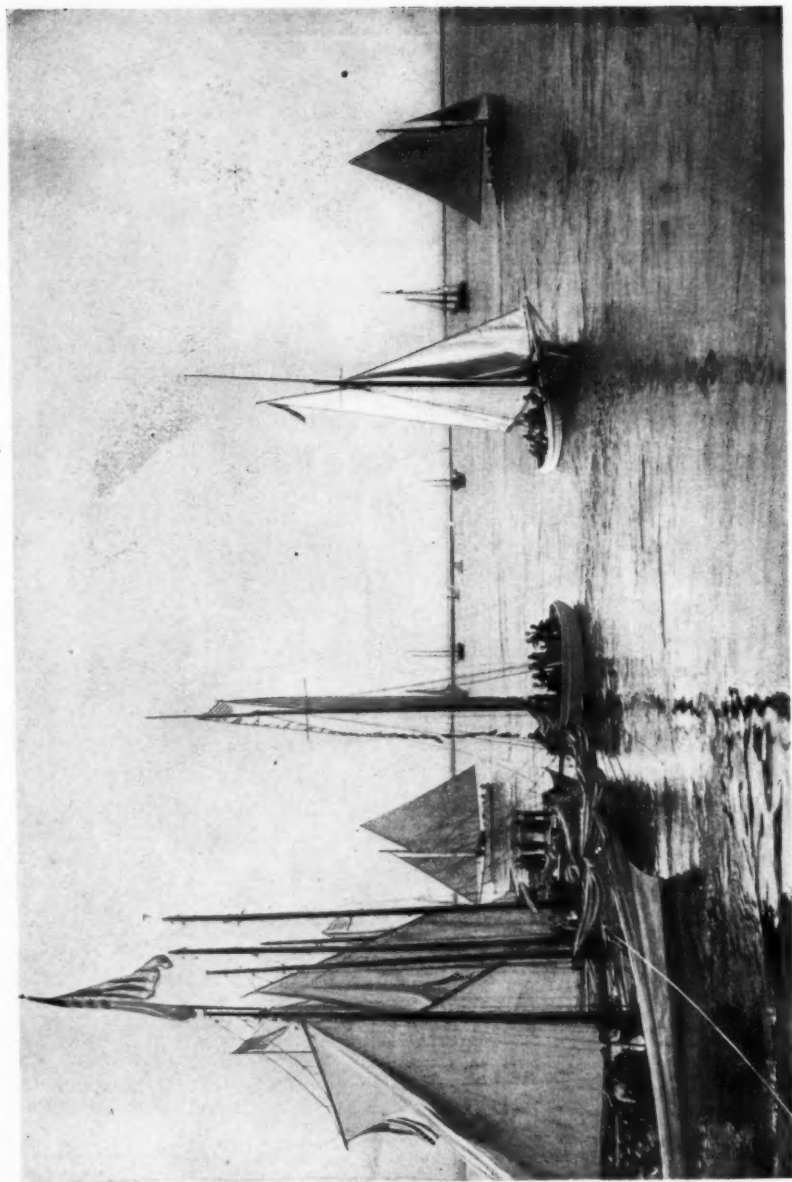


IN THE ADIRONDACKS  
A GLIMPSE OF LOON LAKE



IN NEWPORT HARBOR

THE SQUADRON OF THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB AT ANCHOR



OFF THE LONG ISLAND SHORE

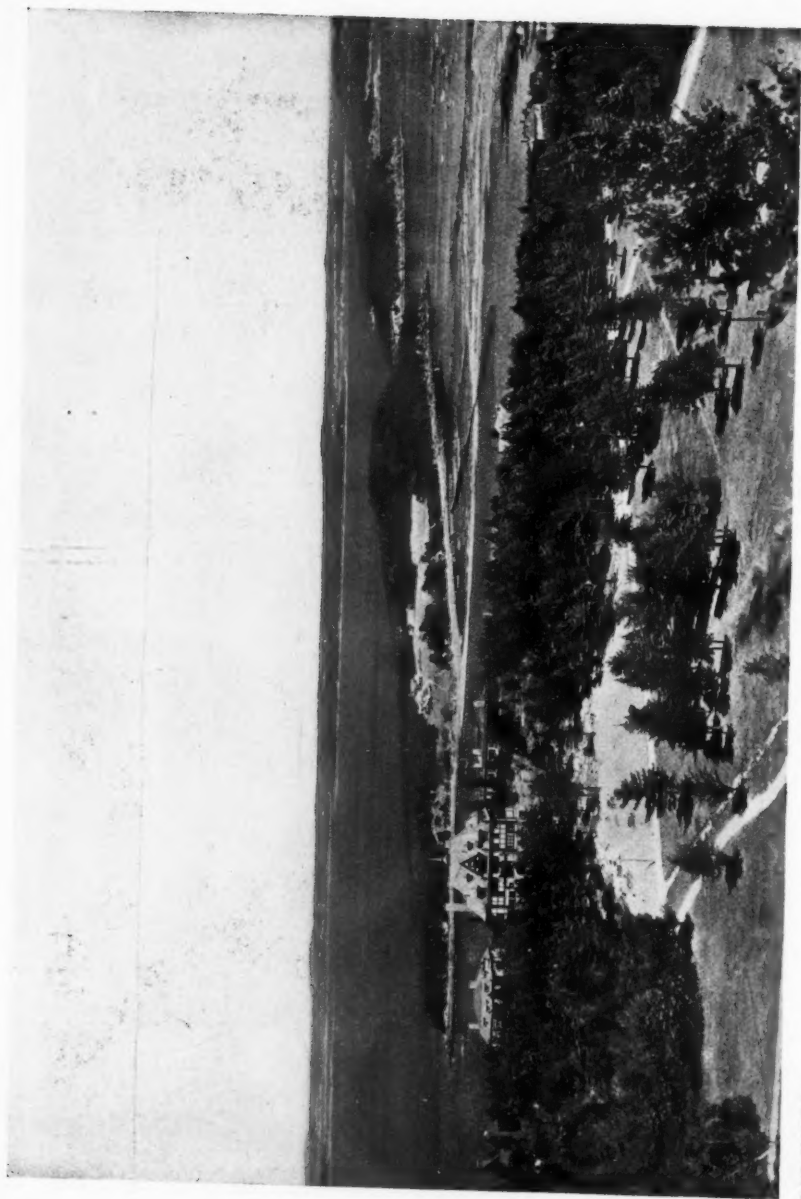


IN THE HEART OF THE ROCKIES  
GLENWOOD SPRINGS, COLORADO

Copyright, 1901, by the Densett Photographic Co.



DELAWARE WATER GAP  
LOOKING UP THE RIVER FROM THE GAP



BAR HARBOR  
A VIEW FROM GREAT HILL



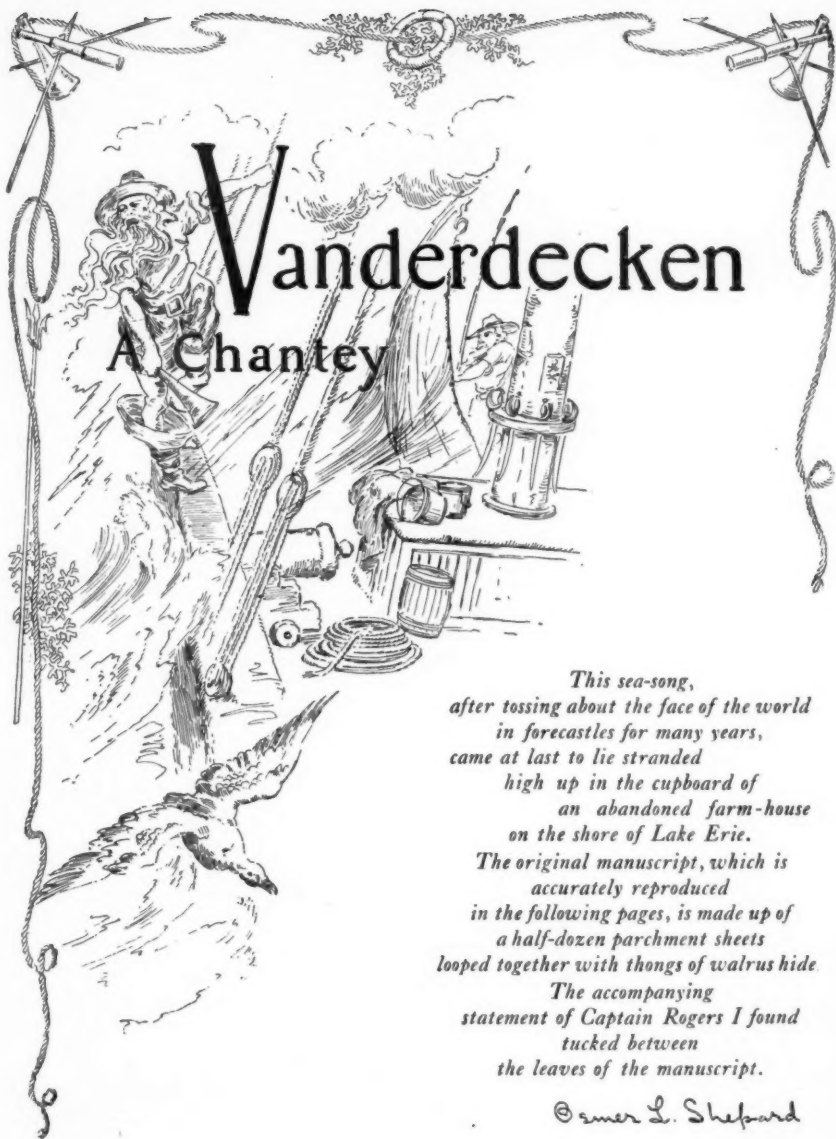
Photograph by W. N. Jennings

WADING ON A SANDY SHORE



ON MASSACHUSETTS' ROCK-BOUND COAST

Copyright, 1903, by David Davidson



*This sea-song,  
after tossing about the face of the world  
in forecastles for many years,  
came at last to lie stranded  
high up in the cupboard of  
an abandoned farm-house  
on the shore of Lake Erie.*

*The original manuscript, which is  
accurately reproduced  
in the following pages, is made up of  
a half-dozen parchment sheets  
looped together with thongs of walrus hide.*

*The accompanying  
statement of Captain Rogers I found  
tucked between  
the leaves of the manuscript.*

*Emory L. Shepard*

## STATEMENT OF CAPT. EPHRAIM ROGERS

*I, Ephraim Rogers, master of the brig "Amelia," in the grain trade between Chicago and Buffalo, had this sheepskin book from one Nels Nelson, able seaman, when he lay dying of cholera aboard my vessel, ten miles off Pt. Aux Pins, Lake Erie, Aug. 10, 1852, upward bound.*

*Said Nels Nelson told following—Shipped out of Baltimore in the spring of 1843 in ship "Sea Bird," bound for China by the S. W. passage. One hundred, sixty-three days out, vessel was cast away on barren island S. Pacific. Nelson and two others, a Dane and Portuguese, got ashore. Found this book in an old chest half buried in sand. Nelson was rescued by ship "Orion," Liverpool, May 13, 1845. Other two died on island.*

*Said Nelson could not read English, but thought book described location of treasure. Showed it to English shipmate who said it was an old sea song, and bid three shillings. Showed it to others; one said it was a ballad, another said it was poetry, and another called it bosh. Nelson did not understand spoken English very well, and thought these words must disagree, and as everyone who saw it bid for it, his belief in the treasure was strengthened. It was made firm by an old man in Boston who bid \$100, and later \$150, and seemed heartbroken to lose it.*

*Said Nelson then studied English so he could read it himself. Was still studying when with me in the "Amelia," but without much progress. Was very suspicious and tempory, and was called "Crazy Swede" by men before the mast, but was A 1 seaman.*

*Said Nelson gave me the book for kindness shown by me during his sickness, and I hereby give it to my grandson, Ephraim Rogers, Jr., at whose request I write this statement.*

*Must say I do not believe the part about the Boston man.*

CAPT. EPHRAIM ROGERS

June 6, 1880



WILYUM TALER HIZ BOK

YOU STEEL THIS BOK YOU LOZE YUR LIF  
FUR TALER CARRIEZ A BUCHER NIF



# Vanderdecken

*The Flying Dutchman*

*I Barmaid*

*Bill take -*

*Kate said this  
No kel sed it*

O Captain Vanderdecken  
Of sleepy Amsterdam,  
I pray, why do you reckon  
Your guilders at your dram?



They say you put away a store  
Against the day of dread;  
I hear you quit the sea for shore -  
Ah, what is that you said?

*Goe take -*

*THIS 12 OLD MAN DOBZOH*

'Tis true I put away a bit;  
Indeed I left the sea;  
But I have played and drunk and it  
Has sadly ruined me.

So I must go to sea again  
As master, mate, or man;  
Once more upon the restless main  
To do the best I can. *by the plum druf*



ANSE HARVY DIDE-OF YELO FEVER

HAVANER JULI 10 1826





*Krossed the line Sept 3 1813 Run Short  
Ship over us this*

Sam take — Come, Captain Vanderdecken,  
The sun is in the Flam;  
The seaward billow beckon.  
Come, leave the getting dram.

OLD MAN SEZ THIS  
ABOUT MEANS MARCH 20

Which I will when I get  
enuff  
which ya never no when  
ya av

I have a vessel on the ways  
Which soon will launched be —  
Wilt take command in sixty days  
To sail the Indian Sea?

Which is when I don't  
own nothink at all  
DRY UP

Go —

God bless thee, friend, thy ship I'll sail,  
And swear by Him above,  
That while afloat nor rum nor ale  
I'll taste for life nor love.

BUT FUR THURST

## II

Oh hands —



JORY AND NED  
AT HORN PIP

No guilders jingle in his purse  
As from the taproom gay,  
Old Vanderdecken, drunk again,  
Starts on his homeward way.



Hoord.

There's riot in the tavern hall;  
There's <sup>HEL OUT</sup> singing in the street.  
'Tis late; the way is long and dark  
For his unsteady feet.

OLD MAN KEEL HAWLD ORLIK FUR SASIN JUN III 1861  
An a dam shame I sez







TAKIN HOZERVAKHUNZ

Though there be liquor in the hold,  
I will not touch it now; - <sup>with me neither</sup> <sup>Kavys ye Kant</sup>  
For the briny gale hath cheered my soul  
And cooled my fevered brow. <sup>Good it tho</sup>

At sea I sing, once more a king  
I rule my rocking realm.  
I fear not man, nor anything;  
My scepter is my helm.

*Al hante*

Wind in the fores'l, mains'l, mizzen;  
Wind from the east, northeast'rd risen;  
Blow us a gale from the starry Ram - <sup>my starry</sup>  
Blow us, blow, out of Rotterdam.  
Churn up the foam in the harbor roads;  
I lick at the bar with hissing goads;  
Pile up the lumbering, seething surge;  
On to seaward urge us, urge.  
Hurry the cloud-rack, streaked with blue;  
Flurry the wings of the lone sea mew -  
Blow! Blow! Blow!



STARS IN RAM DOME  
FURUS BY THE OLD  
MAN. YU SEE HE  
STARS AN GESS  
AT THE RAM

If yer a good  
gesser  
Wich i aint

*This aint with a day  
yer a tier*

Israel Townson overbord of hateras  
Jan 3 1828





Wind in the tops'l, stays'l, gaff;  
 Wind from the east, northeast, one-half;  
 Blow with a will to the rising deep;  
 Blow, blow till the billows leap,  
 Blow up the Bay of Biscay's slope,  
 Drive to the stormy Cape of Hope;  
 Shift and blow to the Indian Sea;  
 Blow us, blow, into Calcuttee —  
 Blow! Blow! Blow!

*- i ben there twice  
 Not ov it*

#### IV

*Infus take*

Fair were the gales that wafted them along  
 For many a day, and sweet the song  
 The seamen sang at task or merry play  
 As swift the vessel held upon her way.  
 Nor storm nor headwind vexed the flying ship,  
 But joyously she sped with easy dip  
 And gentle roll of hull, until at last —  
 "Land ho!" the lookout shouted from the mast.  
 His vessel moored, the sober captain went  
 Among the dusky traders, all intent  
 On bargain, and there changed his useful goods  
 For stuffs of Orient weave and spicy woods.  
 Then, deeply laden, westward shaped his course,  
 Fair blown by fragrant winds of even force,  
 Till off that Cape, the dread of homeward bound,  
 Opposing tempests darkly gathered round.  
 Far-flickering flared the ghostly austral light  
 High up the Southern Cross, and on the right  
 Loomed Table Rock, around whose roaring base  
 Conflicting surges whirled in dizzy race,  
 While far above, a cloudy diadem  
 Gits rugged brows in awfulness did hem.

*the which*

*- a Kroon fer  
 the hed*





*All hands -*

FIRST THE WIND AN THEN THE RAME  
LET YUR TOP2L LONG REMANE  
FIRST THE RAME AN THEN THE WIND  
HAZN TAKE YUR TOP2L IN



*Refus -*

Off shore a league, 'mid streaming billows lay  
A school of demons longing for the day  
Which to their sight a coppered prow should bring.  
Scored deeply with the stamp of signet ring.  
For, by that sign, their messenger had said, *as he said*  
That ship they were to vex until the dead  
Rose from the deep, and tempests fell asleep.  
But overhead, a host of angels flew  
'Mid cloud-racks, all athwart the starry blue,  
Listening to hear the first repentant sigh  
That moved the wicked captain's heart to try  
What grace for him the Lord above might show.  
Then they, to succor him, with blow on blow  
Should quell the demons and control the storm.  
This mercy had the swearing captain won  
By quitting drink until the voyage be done.



*All hands -*

MORNIN RED AN EVENIN GRA  
ZALER UP AN UNDER WA  
MORNIN GRA AN EVENIN RED  
ZALER BETTER 2TA IN BED





KOPID THIR DOWN FRUM OLD JORDJ AND STUK IT IN FOR LOST LEEF  
BILL HENSON



Old George takes

~~THE~~ STORMS AND HEDWINDS DID VEX  
~~THE~~ GOOD SHIP FER A FORTNITE AND A  
DA SHE STOOD OF AND ON AND MADE NO WA  
AND OLD VAN WEARID OF HIS OTH TO NOT  
DRINK RUM NO MORE TIL HE GOT ASHOR



HE DRUNK UP HIS FLASK IN THE KABIN  
AND THE KABIN BOI DID HE ASK FOR  
TO GIT HIM SOME MORE FRUM THE  
GOODSHIPS STORE ~~THATS PURTY IN IT~~

*He wot  
the rum ya idit*



BUT THE BOI BEIN OF GODLI UPBRINGIN  
AND OF HIMS WAS ALLERS A SINGIN  
WENT FUST TO THE MATE KAUS HE  
KNOWED THE KAPTIN WAS DRUNK *Ans so be ya*  
HIS STORY FOR TO RELATE



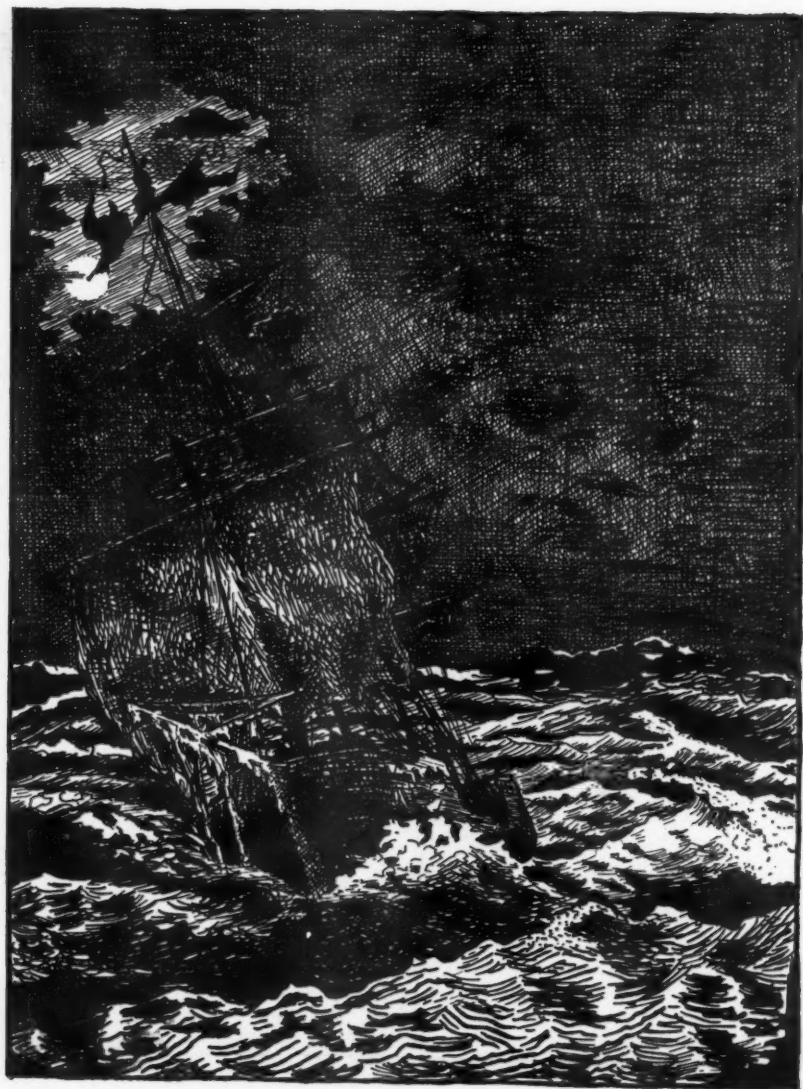
NOW THEN THE KAPTIN SLILY CUM  
ONTO THE TO OF THEM AND ADDED TO  
HIS SIN HE WAS THAT MAD FOR HIS RUM  
AND UP AND HIT THE BOI WITH  
A BELAING PIN



THEY CARRID THE BOI BELO THINKIN  
HE WAS DED FRUM THE BLUDY BLO  
WICH THE KAPTIN GIV HIM ON HIS HED

*This is such a brite*







Sam take

The sick boy in his hammock lay,  
A wan and ghastly sight,  
And by his side a sailor gray  
Sate through the dreary night.



The thunder roared, the vessel ~~born~~  
By many a dip and plunge,  
Rolled now to right, now left is borne,  
With many a creaking lunge.



The hammock sways; the lantern's gleam,  
It tosses a flaring light.  
The smitten lad doth groan and scream,  
His brain is curdled quite.

He riseth on his elbow bone,  
It pricketh the shrivelled skin.  
His eyes ablaze - he maketh moan  
With lips all blue and thin.

THIS IS TOO MUCH

Ned take

What demon voice is that I hear,  
It shrieketh adown the gale?

Sam take

'Tis but the blast that rocks the mast,  
Or a battered sea mew's wail.

N -

Nay, nay, the voice - it riseth shrill,  
O'er topping the thunder-boom?

J -

Hush, hush; 'tis the plovers on the hill,  
And the clang of your mother's loom.





N- Ah, Jan, those sounds were sweet, I trow,  
But this is a demon's yell.

J- Ah, lad, the winds in the thickets blow;  
And they're ringing the village bell.

N- Jan, Jan, but ope' the cabin door  
And thou wilt hear it too.  
It is a voice I've heard before —  
Hark! Did I tell thee true?

Bill — Roll to the right, and roll to the left,  
And wallow and plunge in your yeasty bed,  
And creak in all your timbers, creak,  
From keelson-block to main mast head —  
But God, by God, I'll double the Cape,  
If it takes till the Judgement Day!

*The demon's yell  
felt this  
So kin i*

*Al hark —* Again the storm's dun mantle settles down upon the deep.  
Once more the lightning's shining sword slips by with awful sweep.  
The hollow thunder rumbling tumbles up in the cloudy gloom,  
With many a mumbling grumble stumbles on to a crashing doom —  
Then a roar of the blast that shakes the mast and flaps the battered sail,  
And drearily drones in the wind-taught ropes, and drums with a dreadful hail.  
The foaming billows topple down 'neath the burden of the rain —  
The boy is dead, no prayer is said as he sinks in the swirling main.

RUM POTRY





*Refers -*

He looks to larboard, starboard, stern -  
What ghastly thing, for Jesus' sake!  
'Tis the naked corpse of the murdered boy  
That bobs in the frothing wake. *He had Tim*

*Leave this out*

Now an arm, now a crooked leg, and now,  
Foreast high it stiffly slips.  
It chilleth the air with glassy eye,  
And grins with frozen lips

*JORG FANTED  
HEER ONE  
TIM  
e saw e Brother  
WUNST THAT W'A*

Make sail! make sail! Ah, woe is me!  
Leave quick this horrid sight!  
But the body rolls in the counter's lee  
In a sheen of phosphor light.

And so for a day, a month, a year -  
And so for the years to come,  
Shall the perjured Captain gaze in fear  
On the bloody work of rum.

And so shall his boat, for the curse of his lip,  
Labor and make no way,  
While the dreary ages onward slip  
Toward the dawn of the Judgement Day.

VI

*All hands -*

And mariners unto this day  
Oft meet that spectral barque;  
And 'tis a sight to make men pray  
As she loometh out of the dark.





A phantom ship, all tempest-worn,  
All cased in an icy mail,  
Her riven bulwarks, billow-torn,  
Her decks o'erpiled with hail.

And long, gray fingers of spoon-drift  
Clutch at her rotting rails,  
And aloft, in a misty, moonlit rift,  
She flings her shattered sails



The mainmast reels, the bowsprit jumps,  
As the billows roar along,  
And the dismal clank of her rusty pumps  
Beats time to a wild sea song

£ 2 s 10

And often a wail, all flawed by the gale,  
To the leeward flies away —  
'Tis the shriek of the Dutchman, doomed to sail  
Till the dawn of the Judgement Day.

gent take - And yet methinks a sequel should be writ  
To shew how Christ at last shall touch his wit  
To try for grace, and penitent implore  
The boon of burial on his native shore.  
The when - praise God for this our certainty -  
The Christ will rest his soul in charity.

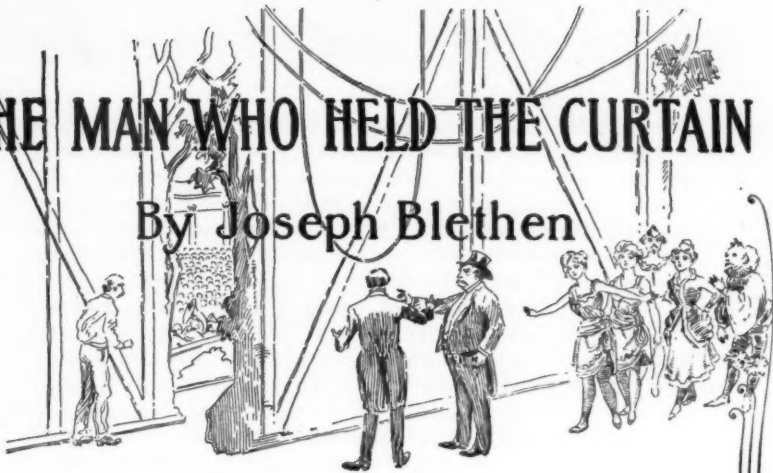
Rev Jno Woods  
Chaplain HMS Amagon

Loved by the Pope & the King  
Paid for old shank



# THE MAN WHO HELD THE CURTAIN

By Joseph Blethen



## I

When the stage fever descended upon him Bixby Jewell was already earning his bread in the glare of the footlights. As the fever slowly burned deeper and deeper into his blood, he sat each night in his scene-shifter's overalls, shrouded from the audience by a flanking canvas tree, his eyes mechanically following the performers, his ears dimly hearing the trashy lines, his mind leaping at the thought of a newly-discovered world. For him the fever was not that burning desire for applause which dominated the people of painted face and shining eye whom he watched nightly. They yearned to strut and swagger and live in a glow of make-believe. By counterfeited emotions they sought to produce an imitation sentiment in the audience out there in that semi-darkened abyss. Rather did his fever paint on his brain pictures which spanned the two vital hemispheres of the theatre—the stage and the front—and united them into a broader field for action; pictures of power which stirred his mind, till the flame of fever giving way to the steady glow of ambition he found himself planning to become an autocrat, a manager, a master of the players and of the public.

Bixby Jewell was of the West distinctly Western. He had seen his parents bring the hard-earned skill of an old State to the unsolved problems of a frontier. His boyhood was passed among people who were living a life of double reconstruction; rebuilding their old customs in a new life, rebuilding themselves to suit certain conditions laid down by nature herself in a new land. A life of tact, compromise, and persistency. He had learned to distinguish between the pioneer's disdain of on-coming conventionality and the

ready ridicule of the vanguard of city builders. Why should a pioneer ridicule the clean linen and well-cut garment of the boomer today and accept the boomer's coin tomorrow? Why should the boomer deride the primitive conditions of this new State today, and tomorrow invest in it his entire fortune? Between such conflicting words Bixby Jewell learned to look deeper than the surface, and see for himself the forces which moved the men about him.

When he was twenty, and had been three years out of the academy, the boom touched his father's acres and the plow-hand gave way to the street-grader. The village grew over night to be a town, and the town in a day adopted the charter of a municipality. The young State had a young college, wherein new professors dispensed old learning. There went Bixby Jewell to attack a new form of compromise; help train the college into a State university; seek from old theories a training for a mind cast in new conditions. Here again he looked below mere words and saw the force of sub-surface things. For a year he burdened memory more than mind. But half-way through his second year he found himself thinking for himself.

"You can educate men, monkeys, and pigs," said the young professor of English Literature on a certain day at a second-hour lecture; "but when you are done you still have men, monkeys, and pigs. College cannot change the nature of the trainee, but it does rub off the husk and show the central kernel. If there be a man there, college training but brings out the man."

This casual remark from the professor of English fell on singularly fertile soil. During the third hour that morning Bixby Jewell pondered on this glimpse behind the scenes academic. When the bell rang at the beginning of the fourth hour he closed his books, went to his room, packed his trunk, and turned his back on theory. Straight home he went, and his father called him stubborn. But Bixby argued the point:

"I've been in college not quite two years, and the new town has three times doubled in population since the day I entered. Seems to me if I am to grow up here, and help you found an estate, I should be studying men and business rather than books. In college it will take two and a half years more to graduate. Then what? I come to your office and find two and a half years more of local history to learn, and find that I must face a set of fellows who have been learning to create pay-rolls while I have been studying the Ego and old English novels. It's right that some should learn all that; but it seems to me that, as my life is to be town-building, my school should be a boom. And we've surely a lively one here now."

In the end the elder Jewell turned dogmatic, and covered his helplessness with a show of authority: "Very well, if you wish to throw away this chance for a college education, you may. But I'll hold you to your word. You propose to become a business man. Do so. Go down town. Take the first position you can find, no matter what it is. Work hard for two and a half years. Then, on the day your class in college graduates, come to me. If you have made something of your time, I will acknowledge it. If not, you will admit yourself a failure."

But Bixby Jewell again recalled the remark of the professor of English, looked below the surface, and reasoned for himself. If he would be a failure as a business man in two and a half years from that moment, he would still be a failure as a business man ten years hence with a college diploma framed and hung in his room.

"You can educate a man, a monkey, a pig, or a failure," reasoned he. "But when you're done you haven't changed their places. If I'm a failure now, then all that an education could do for me would be to give me a better command of language with which to explain my failure."

In this new town of typically booming population only the first-comers knew the name of Jewell. The inrush of new-comers leaves the pioneer to become a stranger in his own town. To one of these Bixby went that morning—Peadee, a man who had built the first bunk-house, the first hotel, and then the first skating-rink of the new town. Now the skating fever was waning, and he must remodel the rink into the town's first theatre.

"You ain't old enough to manage a theatre," said Peadee, the rough, the kindly, the mind of little culture, the brain of great wisdom, the profit-taker, the owner. "Show people are jest naturally a different kind of bunko sharp. In a new town we're due to get the outlaws of the profession, too. First place they fool the people. But as that's what the people want, you got to play in on the game. But next they want to fool you, an' that's where a manager must see the difference between a real comedy to do the people an' jest a play to do him. You see?" And the heavy-framed, black-bearded Peadee shook with amusement over his own pun.

"But I would soon learn," said Bixby Jewell.

"Only one way. Get into the business and grow. I'm after a man for manager who's a worse sharp at the business than Hermann himself. But I'm going to fill the ranks from here. You've been to college. You could write press notices. But that don't take a man's time in a new town. Don't suppose you'd care to post bills, wrestle trunks, wait on chorus girls, and shove scenery just to fill out a day?"

"I would," said Bixby.

"You're hired," said Peadee. "Your pay begins the minute I see you round here in a pair of overalls."

Jewell pater remonstrated, but Bixby stood on the letter of the law. "You said 'take the first position you can find.' I took it."

"But Mr. Peadee is such a rough man!" complained Jewell mater.

"True, mother, but he is wealthy and keeps putting his money right back into the new town. He's the kind of man I must study. I heard Mr. Decker, the banker, say that if we had more pioneers like Peadee we would be another Chicago in ten years."

"But to work behind the scenes with those rough people—and actresses!"

"Mother, I will wear very heavy overalls to protect me from the taint," said the sturdy, round-faced Bixby, smiling. And that ended it.

Bixby Jewell went about his new duties saying little, thinking much. He began picking out even here the men, the monkeys, the pigs, and the failures. During the hustle of preparation for a performance, he worked with a glow of satisfaction. As he sat in the shade of a canvas tree, hidden from the audience, yet seeing listeners as well as players, he mused on the hidden meaning of it all. Here were the people of a new town eager to be amused as they had been in the great playhouses of the East. Eager for the best, yet paying their money to sit before the coarse buffoonery of the cheap, the imitation, the outlawed! Here were people of painted faces, coarse voices, and soiled raiment, strutting and gawking, with neither talent to play nor worthy plays in which to appear.

The glamor of the footlights did not blind Bixby Jewell to an underlying commercial truth. It came clearly to him that poor accommodations for the performer and constant deceit for the patron were the rule in this poor theatre. Here was the only playhouse in the town, a reformed skating-rink with a flat floor, a small stage, and two box stalls for dressing rooms. Here came roving, poverty-stricken players to hide these discomfures under affected disdain, and to ridicule the people who paid to be amused, but who were obliged to hear trash that bored them. Night after night Bixby Jewell looked through his peep-hole and saw the upturned faces, eager to hear, longing for something to praise, but generally silent in disappointment. Night after night he heard the outlaw actors ridicule the people "in front" for enduring such trash. But this was a one-night stand, and "one-night towns must take what they can get," said the players.

But why, argued Bixby Jewell to himself, was not the money for one-night stands as good as the money of a great city? Why, if other conditions were right, should not the best actors come with the best plays even to a one-night stand? The new people in this new town were creating about them duplications of their life back in that comfortable, time-easy East. Why could not he, Bixby Jewell, aid them to bring here the kind of plays and the class of players to which they had been accustomed? There were railroads in this new State, and on these railroads were scores of new towns, with new people equally eager to see the best actors and enjoy the best plays. The new towns were new in everything but the people, who, in themselves, were exactly as old as civilization. A new and adequate theatre in this town would spur the other towns with characteristic Western rivalry to build good theatres. A circuit of good theatres well patronized would bring the best attractions. Thus ambition fired Bixby Jewell's mind. He would become the manager of a monster theatre where there should be system "behind" as well as system "in front." He would have comforts for the audience and necessities for the performers. He would make a reputation for his house so that a traveling manager would greet him with: "Hello, Jewell! I've heard of you. Splendid theatre this. Wish my people could play here a month." There should be interesting plays instead of humbugs, and then the people of the town would say to him when they came to the box office to buy tickets: "Hello, Jewell! I am going to bring some of my friends here tonight. Always glad to bring friends when you say so, because I know you make 'em play the show as advertised." Then the best players would regard an engagement at his model theatre as an event; then the public would endorse Jewell's plan with liberal patronage.

Sitting in the shade of his canvas tree he thought it all out, even to the method of becoming a manager. Then, to the surprise of his associates behind the scenes, he announced that the direct road to the manager's desk lay from the outside, by way of the advertising department, and not by way of scene-shifting. They laughed at him, but his ambition was stronger than their ridicule. He acted upon his theory, turned his back upon the artificial life behind scenes, and became a bill-poster.

Once started, he learned many things that a most accomplished scene-shifter might never know. He became a humble worker in the great American field of advertising. He learned that even a manager of a theatre depends upon newspapers and bill-boards. He learned that the man who could control the bill-boards of a town, and who could write an acceptable press notice, would be as valuable

to a manager as the contracts on his booking record. As the weeks became months he went on buying bill-boards and organizing other bill-board owners, until his plan placed himself at the head of the Jewell Advertising Company. The towns on a certain natural theatrical circuit discovered themselves at the mercy of a bill-board trust, small in its visible resources but mighty in its sufficiency for that little community.

Meantime the town and the other towns on the circuit grew by leaps and bounds. A large business block was constructed, with a hall and a stage on the top floor to run in opposition to the made-over skating rink. Jewell was offered the management, but declined. He preferred to paste bills at his own price for both managers.

When gray-haired Mr. Decker, pioneer, land-owner, speculator, banker, sold the Decker's Second Addition in a lump for cash, Bixby Jewell called on him and talked of the need of a new theatre that would be adequate to the needs of the growing city. Mr. Decker was interested but not convinced.

"Buy the Grand Opera House from Mr. Peadee and let me run it for a year," said Bixby Jewell. "By that time you will be ready to tear the old thing down. If I prove to you that there is money in the running of a theatre, you can build the New Grand on the land. If I am wrong, you can build something else. You can get it reasonably today. You know Mr. Peadee's way: he will sell anything he has for cash, and put the money into a new venture before he gets home."

Because the property was a "good buy," and because the thought of becoming the owner of a theatre was somewhat romantic, even if that theatre was a reformed skating-rink, the old banker made the purchase and installed Jewell as manager. "Your boyish face will get you into trouble," said Mr. Decker; "but Peadee says you have learned a few things since you have been with him."

For that experimental year Manager Jewell established two rules: first, there should be a sufficient interval between attractions; second, every contract should stipulate a performance equal to the advance advertisements. Under the first rule a succession of full houses resulted. That Manager Jewell had under the second rule many disputes with traveling managers, who could see no sense in giving a metropolitan performance in that skating-rink, did not prevent Mr. Decker from deciding to build the New Grand and announcing that Jewell should manage it. In fact, he commenced the construction of the new theatre after Jewell's first three months as manager of the old, choosing a site more central

and better adapted, and making the theatre but a part of a large office building.

When the plans were drawn, Bixby Jewell made a strong plea for "the people," and Mr. Decker allowed a heavy expense for the comforts and conveniences behind scenes. When the New Grand was opened the town responded heartily. Mr. Decker, as owner, sat in his box; Bixby Jewell, as manager, stood behind the door-man, and nodded to his many friends as they entered. The manager of the traveling company, watching the crowded house, smiled and confided to the press-agent that he liked to open new theatres because the people of new towns were "so easy."

But a certain fashionable club, newly created and over-conceited, decided that one of their number, who desired to become manager of the New Grand, should have their support. Therefore, they laid a plan to undermine Bixby Jewell's standing with Mr. Decker. Casual remarks were dropped about bill-posters who had better stick to their bill-sticking. Club men dropped into Mr. Decker's box at the New Grand and asked why, if Mr. Decker and the patrons of his theatre saw fit to wear evening dress, they were obliged to see standing in the foyer a manager who had never owned such a thing. Let young Jewell go back to his bill-posting. There was money in it. Install a young man as manager who had some social standing. Young Stone of the Cactus Club, for instance. Society would then make the theatre a fad, and where business had been good it would now be immense. These things troubled Mr. Decker, for Bixby Jewell had builded something of a reputation, and the banker knew its business value. Yet the banker was feeling the success of his many business ventures. He had all the power of new money, and these overtures from the social set touched his vanity—the weakest spot in the armor of a newly-rich. Why not put Bixby Jewell at something else, install Stone as manager, and thus please society?

For a few weeks Mr. Decker's sense of Bixby Jewell's right to the place which he had created was stronger than the temptation to oust him. Then came the quarrel that gave temptation a chance to masquerade as injured pride. It followed a day when Mr. Decker had company, and desired an extra box for his guests. Manager Jewell sent it to him, but the manager of the company, angry because this boyish Jewell had forced a fulfilment of a hard contract, stopped in the midst of checking the evening's receipts, threw the pass out, and demanded cash for it. Manager Jewell had no alternative. He paid it, and charged the amount to Mr. Decker's account. When the banker saw the item he was angry, and sent for the manager of his theatre.

"See here, Bixby. I do not propose to pay for complimentary tickets to my own theatre."

"Pardon me, Mr. Decker. But under our contract with that attraction we had a certain number of seats for the press, for window cards, and we had your box. As the house was sold out, anything more in the line of complimentary seats was just so much cash turned away. That extra box for you stood for twelve dollars cash. I held the manager to the letter of his agreement; there was perfect fairness in his holding us to ours."

"That's just the point," exclaimed the angered proprietor. "You are too severe on these managers. If you were a little more reasonable I could get all the courtesies I wanted. I do not propose to be deprived of courtesies in my own theatre by having a mere boy set himself up as a little tin Czar! You're not twenty-four yet, and you're trying to teach me my business."

"You mean," said Bixby Jewell quietly, "that you would allow these traveling managers to cut out parts of their performances, leave special scenery at the depot, play all manner of deception on our patrons, and all for an occasional box dead-head?"

"You are impertinent, sir! I discharge you, sir!"

"I knew that to be your intention when I received your summons," said Bixby Jewell. "Mr. Stone has been glorying over me for some time. He will take charge at once, I suppose?"

"At once."

"The treasurer has things well in hand. I will move my things and turn the keys over to him within an hour. Good morning."

Mr. Decker did not answer. There was something disappointing to his pride in Bixby Jewell's calm self-reliance. He had not cringed, nor hesitated, nor apologized. The boy had been much more of a man than the banker.

Then followed six months of transparent flattery for a gray-haired banker, who in his heart knew better. Six months during which Bixby Jewell pasted bills, and the elder Jewell stormed about the ingratitude of bankers, urging his son to sell his advertising interests and turn to something else. Six months during which the elder Jewell's fortunes grew in pace with the boom. Six months during which the new clubman-manager arranged little dinners, at which Mr. Decker met actors, actresses, managers, press-agents, and reporters. So charmed was the banker that the clubman-manager was allowed to charge these dinners to running expenses.

Had this been the only exploiting done by the traveling "people" no complaint would have arisen from the patrons of the

New Grand. Mr. Decker was a wealthy man ; if he chose to be amused by these bright visitors from Bohemia surely he had a right, so long as he paid the piper. But, when a chic little soubrette complained of a cold, the traveling manager winked at the clubman-manager, and made a talk to Mr. Decker. Certainly ! Let the little lady rest. The understudy would do for an audience in a one-night stand ! Mr. Decker felt quite warm about the heart when he received a note of thanks from the little soubrette. But when the understudy came on the stage a boy in the gallery betrayed the substitution by yelling : " You're pretty good for an understudy. You can go to supper with old man Decker yourself next time you come." And when Mr. Decker saw this set out in a half-column in the morning paper he had a chill. When a celebrated minstrel organization came to the New Grand, Mr. Decker was dragged to a little dinner and made to laugh heartily by the impromptu fun of " the world-famous comedian." But when the comedian went from the dinner to spend the evening at the faro table, and the great audience at the New Grand sat through an abbreviated performance and departed without hearing him, Mr. Decker had a dazed feeling that someone had poked him in the ribs. When two scene-shifters, scuffling behind scenes, knocked over a stand which, in falling, struck an actress on the head, and Mr. Decker was sued for damages covering personal injuries and eight weeks' loss of salary, he discovered himself wondering how it was that none of these things had occurred under young Bixby Jewell's administration.

Then a townsman, who was high in business circles, who was a stockholder in Decker's bank—a man whose opinion was sought on matters of local development, and who had a fad of entertaining Eastern investors when he could coax them to the new town—called on Mr. Decker, and in his right as a peer objected to what was going on.

" See here, Decker," said he, " I bought a box at your house last night, and swelled down here with two men from Boston who were looking into our street-car system with an eye to investing. They are mightily pleased with the theatre and said it was more up-to-date than anything in Boston. Of course I cut loose and bragged about the performance. Said it would be equal to the New York production. Well, one of those chaps had seen the show somewhere in the East, and when it was over he called me down hard. Said that a comic opera could be cut one-third and a man hearing it for the first time would not know it. That left me to infer that the rag-time aggregation of comic opera understudies which you had here last night had cut about that much out of the show. Now, I object to this sort of bunco. Bixby Jewell used to

make it a point to have shows played as advertised. You yourself know that Bixby has gone so far as to ring down the curtain, dismiss the audience, and refund the money because the show proved a fake. Don't you remember when Charlie Hoyt's last play, *A Night in New York*, was here, and the manager refused to hang those scenic elevators? The manager said the town had plenty of scenery all around it and didn't need those elevators; that the actors could come on and go off through the archways just as well. What did Bixby do? Suspended the advance sale, by thunder, till those elevators were in place! Even a traveling manager for Charlie Hoyt couldn't bluff that boy.

"Don't you remember when that aggregation of so-called Grand Opera singers divided their stars, sending some here and some on another circuit? Did they fool Bixby Jewell? Nay, nay, Pauline! He locked the theatre, refunded the money that had been paid in on the advance sale of tickets, canceled the contract, and wired the other managers of this circuit as to what he had done. The result was that the manager of that aggregation of warblers gathered up his paralleling constellations and hit the horizon line mighty quick. Now, I'm not the only one who is kicking on this new manager. Many of your patrons say he does not attend to business. The ushers are rude. The programs are late. We get no more ice-water between acts. There is often a racket behind scenes that spoils the effect of an entire act. I, for one, propose to cut out theatre-going till you remedy things. Last, but not least, I'll bet you a dinner, Decker, that if you will compare your last six months' receipts you will find that these little matters are hitting you right in the pocket-book."

Mr. Decker had looked, and had found an alarming fall in receipts. But his pride was hurt. It would be undignified to surrender and recall Jewell. He remained deaf to all hints, and the things of which his visitor complained passed unremedied. Then a clipping-bureau sent him an article from a dramatic paper wherein that cute soubrette was interviewed. Therein she told of her Western tour. An exaggerated story of the Decker dinner was given. Purple with rage, that was part shame at his own stupidity, Mr. Decker called in his clubman-manager, had a nasty five minutes, dismissed him and sent for Bixby Jewell.

In accepting the recall in the spirit of a man whose reputation had become a commercial asset, Bixby Jewell demanded a contract for five years that should give him complete authority over the operation of the New Grand. Mr. Decker thought five years too long, and offered to contract for the balance of the present and all of the two succeeding seasons.

"I will draw that contract for five years," said Bixby Jewell. "I will carry it around with me until some occasion arises which demonstrates that it would be well for you to sign it. Until then, I want your word that I am master of that theatre."

"Go ahead," said Mr. Decker. "I am tired of this eternal kicking. Do what you please ; but keep the public away from me."

Manager Jewell's photograph appeared in the papers announcing his return. Manager Jewell's father went about smiling, and saying he had known all along that the boy would win.

Manager Jewell's old press-agent returned to his former desk at the New Grand. Manager Jewell's old crew of treasurers, ticket-takers, stage-hands, and even the old orchestra, returned to their posts rejoicing. The call-boy, who was twenty years old, and also property-man, strutted about behind scenes on the first night of Manager Jewell's resumption of authority.

"O - ver - chure !" he shouted. "Jewell's in the box office and no understudy goes. O - ver - chure !"

The people "behind" heard and passed the remark with a sneer. The people who were assembling "in front" did not hear, but B-4-Left nodded across the house to C-7-Right, and then turned to B-3-Left to say: "There's Crocker in his old place. He said he never would come here till Bixby Jewell had the house again, and he's kept his word."

The financial statements recovered their old-time vigor, the patrons of the theatre again felt certain that they would see the declarations of bill-boards verified at the New Grand, Mr. Decker occupied his box in peace, and Bixby Jewell carried the unsigned contract in his pocket.

But the day of the costume opera was at hand, bringing more vacillation from Mr. Decker, and a crisis for Manager Jewell.

## II

Manager Klawhanger, of the Opera Company, "direct from its run of two hundred nights in New York," brought letters of introduction to Mr. Decker, and insisted on taking Mr. Decker out to lunch.

"That boy you've got here as manager doesn't seem to recognize the importance of this attraction," said Manager Klawhanger. "He insists on our unpacking those French ball-gowns. Now, we can't do that for these one-night stands. You have a lively town here, and the theatre is lovely, and the house is sold out for tonight, and all that, but still you are a one-night stand. Now the way we work it is this: We have some costumes exactly like those

French ball-gowns. Oh, they are fine imitations! From the front you can't tell 'em from the real thing. We use these imitations at all one-night stands."

Then Manager Klawhanger drifted off into a long talk about New York, and how much New York thought of the West, and how much money New York was about to invest in this very town.

"You'll soon be a week stand," said he. "Then you'll get recognized and we'll be glad to unpack our best costumes for you."

Mr. Decker, whose one weakness was the worship of money, felt that he had been listening to one who sat in the seats of the mighty. Klawhanger's money-talk intoxicated him, and he felt ashamed that his city was only a one-night stand. When Manager Klawhanger left, he realized that he had given silent consent to the substitution of imitation costumes for the extensively advertised "twelve imported French gowns, each costing five thousand dollars." He knew Bixby Jewell would revolt as soon as the substitution came to his attention. The thought of that revolt gave him an unpleasant afternoon.

Manager Jewell, knowing nothing of the lunch, nor what had transpired, saw all the scenery in place and what he supposed were the costume trunks in the dressing rooms. He went to dinner happy over the immense sale of seats, and appeared at the theatre at seven. His property-man, who was also call-boy, promptly informed him that the trunks containing the twelve celebrated costumes were still at the depot.

"The manager had Mr. Decker out to lunch," said the call-boy. "Then he sent word down to the cars to leave those trunks there."

A flying trip to the hotel found Manager Klawhanger. To Jewell's inquiry he very calmly said that he had Mr. Decker's permission to use the imitation costumes, and added that little boys had better keep out from behind scenes if they didn't want to get into trouble.

Manager Jewell ran to a telephone and called Mr. Decker's residence. Mr. and Mrs. Decker had just left in their carriage for the theatre. Jewell rushed back to the theatre. It was 7.45, and the audience was gathering. He sent for the property-man.

"Props," he said, "call in the orchestra on time, but tell Billy to hold the curtain for my order."

Rushing behind scenes with a spirit most unusual, Props spread the news of the managerial dispute.

"O—ver—chure! The manager of the theatre says he will hold the curtain till those costumes are unpacked. The manager of this show says this town has got to grow some before he'll unpack

'em. *O—ver—chure!* You pays your money and takes your choice, but I'm bettin' on the manager of the house. *O—ver—chure!*'

Everywhere in the theatre was the feeling of expectancy which characterizes a crowded house. In front, the ushers hurried with the incoming ticket-holders; behind, the performers hurried with their make-up. Only the stage-hands were calm, as befitted men so necessary to the profession and so untouched by mere professional worry. So the scene-shifters smiled at the call-boy's interpolations, and waited to see the curtain held against the exasperated actors. The musicians hurried out of their stuffy, sub-stage room to their places in the pit. The manager of the company, standing in evening dress by the uniformed ticket-taker, smiled cynically as the orchestra filed in, for he thought he had won. But to the executives and employees of the New Grand, who knew that those costumes were lying in trunks at the depot, the calling of the orchestra merely denoted that it was 8.15 p. m.

The audience grew to large proportions, for the attraction had been a great success in the East. Many people had bought seats to see it for the second time, having seen it during its run in an Eastern city. These second-timers, knowing that Manager Jewell was in charge, looked forward to an exact repetition of their former pleasure.

To Manager Jewell the moments dragged heavily. It was to be a crisis, and he was eager to face it. Even this great audience, even his father and mother, sitting yonder in a box which he had purchased out of his own pocket and sent them, that they might play hosts to their best friends on this gala night, should not deter him. He would hold the curtain and fight it out with Mr. Decker. Fight it out with the great, expectant audience in full possession of the facts, if it became necessary.

When Mr. and Mrs. Decker arrived, Jewell, faultless in evening dress—for he had learned—led them to their box. Then he sat down beside Mr. Decker.

"It's going to be the biggest house we ever had, Mr. Decker."

"Yes, it looks like it," replied Mr. Decker, doggedly. He knew what was coming.

"This house seats more than the theatre at which this attraction played in New York," continued Manager Jewell, "yet this company is filling it at New York prices. They will get more money tonight than for any one performance they ever gave in New York. Don't you think they ought to show the same costumes for our money that they showed in New York for less money?"

Mr. Decker was silent. Manager Jewell drew the unsigned contract from his pocket. He continued:

"With all due respect to you, Mr. Decker, you do not understand these people. Tricking and petty deceit are a part of their life. You should not let them bother you. Sign this contract, and they cannot go over my head to you. Sign it now, and I will have those costumes on that stage in fifteen minutes."

Mr. Decker's pride was troubled. He did not like to be forced like this. Besides, the figure of Manager Klawhanger, portly, dignified, clothed in the latest mode, rose before him. Those words about the money that New York was to send out West sounded in his ears. Jewell sat waiting, knowing that his father, sitting in a box across the house, was watching him.

A young business man, modish in evening dress, entered the box.

"Good evening, Bixby. Good evening Mr. Decker—and Mrs. Decker. I just want to congratulate you on this audience. Isn't it a splendid showing for a young city like this? And at two dollars a seat! I paid just that to see this in New York. When I got home I told my wife about those ball-gowns. Ever since Bixby announced that the opera was coming here she has planned to see them. I don't believe she will care a rap about anything except those costumes. Hello, there's the orchestra coming in now!"

The young man started to go, but Bixby Jewell detained him.

"One minute, Eastman, if you please. I want you to witness the signatures to a contract which Mr. Decker and I are signing," and with the utmost composure Manager Jewell adjusted his fountain pen, and extended it with the contract toward Mr. Decker.

"Those costumes are really the feature of this opera," said Bixby Jewell quietly.

"Sure! I wouldn't have Mrs. Eastman miss them for anything!" said the young man. "This costume opera sort of thing catches the women. They will rave over those ball-gowns for a month."

"Any attraction that appeals to women always crowds a theatre," said Bixby Jewell in reply to Eastman, but in reality saying it for Mr. Decker's ear. "If the women who are in this theatre tonight were disappointed in this performance our business would at once drop off one-third, and it would be three months recovering, even if we ceased abusing the public."

"That's right" said the young man. "The women are the real critics in this country."

Mr. Decker looked out over the audience. His jaws were set and a frown was on his forehead.

"I expect there are a hundred people here tonight," continued Jewell, "who have seen this opera in the East, and every one of

them has come to see those costumes again. Moreover, the majority of the people in this audience are Eastern people who know good costumes when they see them. They will recognize any substitution instantly."

The first notes of the overture pealed out. Mr. Decker saw the ushers increase their pace to a run, saw late comers hurry to their seats, saw the lights, the evening gowns of the women and the men's gleaming linen. The music blended in his senses with Bixby Jewell's words, and he turned to look at him. He read determination in the young man's face. He knew he must either sign or lose his manager. He knew, moreover, that Bixby Jewell would, if dismissed, tell the public the truth about those costumes and that he, Decker, the proprietor, would be held responsible for the substitution of the cheap imitations. He remembered the newspaper clipping containing the interview with the soubrette, and shuddered. He wanted no more newspaper notoriety. He did not want Bixby Jewell to come out before that curtain and tell this buzzing audience the truth about those costumes. Without a word he took the paper and pen, and signed.

Bixby Jewell thanked him, waited a long minute for Eastman to sign as witness and then sprang away, the contract in his hand. He found Manager Klawhanger standing pompously by the ticket-taker.

"Mr. Decker has reconsidered that costume proposition," said Manager Jewell shortly. "I am going behind the scenes now. I shall hold the curtain till those costumes are in the dressing rooms."

"Hold and be damned," said Manager Klawhanger. "There cyan't no one-night stand bluff me."

"Fifteen minutes is ample time in which to bring those trunks from the depot," said Manager Jewell quietly. "But I will hold the curtain thirty minutes. At 8.45, if those trunks are not on the stage, I'll dismiss this audience and refund the money." Then he went behind the scenes. Manager Klawhanger observed to the ticket-taker that the nerve of some make-believe managers would jar a saint.

"Maybe that's so. But Bixby Jewell will do what he says," said the ticket-man in reply. Klawhanger only grunted.

When the overture was finished, and the curtain did not rise, the audience became impatient. Manager Klawhanger concluded to go to Mr. Decker's box.

"Your kid manager is holding that curtain," said Manager Klawhanger to Mr. Decker.

"Is he? Perhaps you had better see why." In the sense of relief following the signing of the contract, Mr. Decker had found

his composure. He looked calmly at Klawhanger. The man who had made the money-talk was not so hard to face as that audience, which having become uneasy at the holding of the curtain, was directing many eyes inquiringly at Mr. Decker's box.

"I know why," said Manager Klawhanger. "It's about those costumes."

"Then you had better be getting them here mighty quick, or the boss will be giving the money back."

Manager Klawhanger did not expect this. It jarred his eyes away from Mr. Decker. Naturally his eyes went beyond to the audience. The sea of faces were looking squarely at him with twenty-two hundred pairs of eyes. He wilted.

As quickly as he could he went behind scenes. Manager Jewell stood there with his back to the curtain, his watch in his hand. Beside him stood the curtain-man, and beyond him in a line the entire crew of stage-hands. It looked like a walk-out. The chorus girls ready in tights, short skirts, powder and rouge for the first scene, stood about giggling like school children at recess. The chorus men, stiff in impossible beards and a certain grand conceit, lined against the tinseled scenes and scoffed. Just as Manager Klawhanger stepped on the stage he heard Manager Jewell say:

"Props! Whistle through the tube to the Professor, and tell him to unload a march."

Manager Klawhanger glared about him. "Who's holding the curtain?" he demanded, in a pompous show of authority.

"Eight twenty-five," said Manager Jewell, by way of reply. "I will continue to hold it until eight forty-five."

"Ring it up!" demanded Manager Klawhanger.

"After you have brought those costumes, my dear Alfonse," said Manager Jewell with a bow. The chorus laughed; the audience, hearing the laugh, applauded. The orchestra began playing a march.

Several of the principals came out on the stage, curious at the delay. Manager Klawhanger made a pretense of appealing to them. "What d'yer think! This kid manager is holding the curtain on us!"

The prima donna, in spangles and tights, stood close enough to the young manager to remark: "One-night stands are always kicking."

"They are obliged to, my dear," replied Bixby Jewell, quietly.

"First the owner of the show demands New York prices; then, after we have filled the house to S. R. O., the prima donna refuses to leave her car, or the tenor is ill, or the manager of the show refuses to deliver New York goods."

"Think of the railroad fares," suggested the prima donna. "These new towns are lucky to get us on any terms."

"Think of this house seating twice as many people as many theatres on Broadway, and of its being sold out at Broadway prices," replied Manager Jewell.

The prima donna laughed, and swung around on one shapely limb. "They came to see *me*, dear boy, not the costumes."

The orchestra came to the end of the march. A menacing silence closed about the two managers.

"Eight-thirty," said Manager Jewell. "It will take fifteen minutes to get those trunks, and that's your limit."

"Oh, all right! Get them! But I wouldn't be as unreasonable as you are for a million," said Manager Klawhanger pettishly, for he could not endure that silence. But he had still another trick to play.

Manager Jewell whistled in the call-boy, who was also property man.

"Props!"

"Yes, sir."

"Telephone for those trunks!"

"They are on the way here, sir."

"What!"

"I was peekin' through the curtain at you and Mr. Decker, sir. When I seen him sign that contract I telephoned for 'em."

The entire stage burst into a peal of laughter. Out in front the audience squirmed in its seats because it had not heard the joke, but applauded out of good nature. The prima donna became coquettish again. "What? The boy has worked Mr. Decker for a contract? *My* Mr. Decker?" And there was another laugh.

"All right, Props," said Manager Jewell. "I'll return the favor. Tell Billy to ring up."

"First act!" shouted Props, and then ran out to open the side door for the trunks.

Fifteen minutes later, while the audience was listening to the first act, Manager Jewell took the receipts from his treasurer and locked the money in the safe. Then he said to Manager Klawhanger: "My treasurer will check up with you, but I'll not turn over a cent of money till after the second act. I am going to see those costumes on the stage with my own eyes."

Manager Klawhanger, who had been planning to let the genuine costumes lie behind scenes in the unopened trunks, and to let the performers go on in the imitation costumes, rolled to his feet to bluster:

"Sir! Do you mean to question my word?"

"You have not given any word to question," replied Manager Jewell. "You have not yet ordered your company to wear those genuine costumes."

"Nor do I intend to. I fooled you plenty. The show has started. You can't stop it now."

"I can and I will. As soon as the chorus steps on the stage in the imitation costumes I will ring down, dismiss the audience, and refund the money. These people know me, and they will go if I tell them to. Then I will wire your New York manager what I have done, and you can whistle yourself to sleep."

Manager Klawhanger turned purple with rage. "My firm will never send another attraction here. We'll cut you off our circuit."

The firm-set, ruddy, round-faced youth of twenty-four stepped close to the portly, fidgety-eyed man. "See here, Klawhanger. You have bluffed long enough. You are not a member of any firm, nor have you any authority to use the name of any firm. You are a hired man, just as I am. Your firm is selling the goods; my boss is buying. All you can do is to deliver. Now, there is the curtain down on the first act. You better go give that order."

Man and youth looked eye to eye in the calmness of complete understanding. The portly man breathed hard, but gave up the attempted deceit as easily as he had undertaken it. "Next time I come I'll expect to find you owner of the house," said he, quizzing, and turned to go behind scenes.

The double line of dressing rooms below stage was bustling as Klawhanger descended thereto. Through half-open doors the chorus girls, slipping out of their first-act costumes with the sure movements of long usage, caught sight of him. A surprised word here and there brought the buzzing to a stop, and many eyes sought the manager's face.

"Open those trunks," said Klawhanger indifferently; "the real thing goes."

There was a moment's silence, broken by a soubrette in an end dressing room: "Oh, Chubby! Did you let that boy do you?"

A quick, fluttering laugh went down the double line of rooms, then hushed. It was dangerous to laugh at the manager.

"No, indeed. I didn't *let* him do anything. He just naturally lifted me up in the air and interrupted my usual trend of thought. I had old Decker all fixed. But I didn't know about this young thing; he's a double-decker."

This time the laugh was delightful. It was *with* the manager, and it was genuine.

"It was he who designed this house," cried a voice. "We have to thank him for remembering the people."

"Bless him for it," answered the gay soubrette. "But who'd suspect such a boy!"

In the front of the house the audience had broken into the murmuring unrest of the *entr'acte*. Several men approached Manager Jewell in the foyer.

"What held that curtain so long?" they demanded with evident interest in their looks.

"Little matter of discipline," replied Bixby Jewell, running his fingers along the edge of that five-year contract. "Sorry to hold a curtain so long, but in this case it was worth it."

From mouth to mouth it went, until many in their seats, admirers of Manager Jewell and keen scoffers over proprietor Decker's conceit, were buzzing with it. Recalling Jewell's brief visit to the Decker box, they guessed it to be another soubrette dinner. In the knowing smiles that went toward the Decker box Mr. Decker himself read a message: "Bixby Jewell has been disciplining that old fool, and it's about time."

Later, when the long-expected chorus came upon the stage, there was a quick burst of applause at sight of the celebrated costumes. And when the soloist deftly smoothed her gown and cast a meaning glance at the Decker box, there was a shout of pleased laughter at her by-play. All became friendly. Stage and auditorium met on the common ground of a clever bit of ridicule. Bixby Jewell, who had heard the round of applause upon the entrance of the chorus, rose from his desk in his private office, where he had been idly watching his treasurer check the night's receipts with Klawhanger. Opening the door a little way he stood sidewise therein. By a turn of his head he could see from Klawhanger, deep in his task, out through the draperies of the foyer, down the beach-like slope of human heads to the stage, and then on either side to the solidly filled boxes. In the owner's box, Mrs. Decker was leaning forward in rapture over the scene. On the other side he saw his mother equally interested. But neither Mr. Decker nor his father was visible. As he noted the heads, in the long sweep down to the stage, sway ceaselessly as the eager audience looked its keenest, he wondered where the two men might be.

It was a grand scene, and worth the price. For a moment Bixby Jewell felt his ambition realized: a magnificent theatre, an adequate, Eastern-proven attraction, and an audience in evening dress! His mind leaped back to the day on which he had become a man of all work about a theatre. His father's words came to him: "For two and a half years let's see what you can do." It

lacked a month of being two and a half years. In a month from this night his class in college would stand on this stage to receive their diplomas.

As he stood musing he heard the treasurer's low voice :

"Twenty-one hundred, twenty-seven dollars, fifty cents."

"Check," said Klawhanger.

Manager Jewell closed the door, for the audience was uproariously demanding an encore of the scene, and spoke to his treasurer: "You may settle. Twenty-one hundred odd dollars for a Western one-night stand is pretty good money, Mr. Klawhanger. And the next time you come we will do equally well by you."

"All right," said the portly man, pleasantly, "but for my sake please lay in a stock of paper money. The West is so raw; look at this!" And the soft-fingered one gazed sadly at the heap of gold and silver coin which Jewell's treasurer was beginning to count.

The door of the office opened, and Bixby Jewell looked up to see his father entering.

"May I come into the autocrat's office?" asked the elder Jewell, quizzingly.

"You are welcome, dad," said the son, placing a chair by his desk.

"I came in to congratulate you," said the elder Jewell.

"Thank you. It is a splendid performance. Marvelous costumes, weren't they?" And the boyish eyes twinkled over toward the portly one busy at the money stack.

"I did not see them," said Mr. Jewell quietly.

"Didn't see the costumes? Then you missed the best thing in the performance," exclaimed Bixby.

"No, I missed nothing. The performance I referred to occurred in Mr. Decker's box."

"Oh!" Bixby laughed nervously under his father's compliment. Then he held out his contract. "There's my diploma, dad."

Mr. Jewell took it, glanced through it with the speed of a practical business mind, and placed it in his own pocket.

"I'd like to keep it if you don't mind. Besides, my boy, you have no further use for it, as it's no good."

Bixby could only question: "Not good?"

"No. The Decker block, theatre and all, has just been sold."

The portly one and the treasurer stopped counting to listen. Bixby exclaimed again: "Why, I didn't suppose Decker would sell. It's a grand investment in this new town."

The elder Jewell was enjoying the scene. He expanded a bit:

"My boy, you remember what your professor of English said about educating men and monkeys? It's the same way in business. This boom has made men, monkeys, and easy-marks rich without discrimination. But even with their new money they are still men, monkeys, and green pastures for the needy. Now Decker will sell anything for ready money. In the sight of coin he just drops his mouth open, loses his sense of decorum, and asks if he can have it. The man who has just bought the Decker building knows this. It isn't exactly right to say that he skinned Decker. All he did was to show Decker a check on Decker's own bank for a certain amount, and Decker wanted to buy the check with the building. So your contract is no good. You will have to deal all over again with the new man."

"I'll take my chances," said Bixby quickly. "I think my diploma will be sufficient recommendation."

"No good at all," said Mr. Jewell, positively. "He knows you and knows all about this contract. He has been looking for you to have just such a shake-down with Decker, and he fully expected you to win. But he doesn't want you as a manager."

Bixby Jewell was of the West resourcefully Western. But this unexpected play of moneyed men was beyond him. He had a momentary twinge of disappointment.

"Then it's back to the bill-boards till the town needs a second theatre," said he. "Paste isn't the only thing that sticks to a bill-poster's fingers. Your son will get along, dad."

The elder Jewell smiled. This last remark only added to his already settled conviction of his son's fitness.

"The new owner does not want you as a manager, Bixby," continued Mr. Jewell, "because he wants you as a partner. How would 'Jewell and Son' suit you as a firm name?"

Bixby Jewell sat still long enough for the unexpected to sink securely into his mind. Then, in simple, manly gratitude he laid his hand over his father's.

"Dad! You did this for me!"

The portly Klawhanger rolled to his feet. The money-argument was the one plot he understood. "Gentlemen, I beg you will allow me to be the first to offer congratulations. Young man, I said I expected to find you owner when I came next time, but I didn't believe it when I said it. You Westerners are mighty impulsive in your manners, but you certainly do arrive at results. Let me wish you many, many prosperous seasons. And—and I hope you will always have the big shows. And—and if you don't like the way they go, you know the remedy all right: just hold the curtain on 'em."



*The Sphere*

#### A JAPANESE TAM O' SHANTER

THESE EXTRAORDINARY CARVED FIGURES ARE A STRIKING FEATURE IN THE LANDSCAPE ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF VILLAGES IN KOREA. THEY ARE SUPPOSED TO BE ABLE TO FRIGHTEN AWAY EVIL SPIRITS.

*From a Sketch by M. Charonszet*



## Hannibal Outdone

The London Daily Chronicle

Hannibal's passage of the Alps was a pigmy feat compared with the task of crossing the Himalayas, which has just been accomplished by a very little British army going a very long way. Within the last few weeks the force under General Macdonald has climbed the last flight of the most stupendous natural staircase upon the planet, and is camped at the present moment upon the upper landing at the top of the world. What it has already done in the face of fantastic hardships is an epic of military mountaineering, interleaved by the strangest pages in the history of transport. What lies before it is a romance of exploration intimately connected with a far-reaching move in what Mr. Kipling calls "the great game."

The expedition started from Siliguri, in the plains below Darjeeling, very little above sea-level. There the foothills begin, and from their spurs of dense forest to the highest snow peaks upon the forbidden frontier, the wall of the world is piled up, mass over mass, to summit-heights five and six miles in the air. Conceive that stairway by which a column of a thousand fighting men, and more than a thousand porters, with pack-animals, and hundreds of tons of stores for man and beast, has succeeded in climbing to the level of Lhasa. Imagine a tolerably tall steeple. Imagine a score of them, one upon

another—a hundred—another hundred—up, up, up, until your mind is about as high as it can fly. That is the altitude of Mount Everest—not Ossa upon Pelion, which would still be insignificant, but the Matterhorn, let us say, reared upon the top of Mont Blanc. The Thibetans, needless to remark, do not live their ordinary lives quite so far skyward. But their table-land is upon an average plane of nearly three miles above sea-level—higher than all but the loftiest summits of the Alps.

## Experience

W. D. Howells in Harper's Magazine

The first time, when at night I went about  
Locking the doors and windows everywhere,  
After she died, I seemed to lock her out  
In the starred silence and the homeless air,  
And leave her waiting in her gentle way  
All through the night, till the disconsolate day,  
Upon the threshold, while we slept, awake:  
Such things the heart can bear and yet not break.

## After-Dinner Speaking

From a Western Exchange

Senator Depew, of New York, says that one morning he received a letter marked "Personal" in an envelope addressed "Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, A.M., P.M., Ph.D., LL.D., S.T.D., etc."

The letter read as follows: "Dear and Most Honored Sir—I have read of your after-dinner speeches. It has never been my good fortune to listen to your eloquence, but I have delighted myself

and friends by publishing reports of your utterances.

"So much have they impressed me that I have one great wish. It is to listen to the speech you——"

Senator Depew here reached the end of the first page of the letter, and, turning over to the next page, read:

"——would deliver after a dinner in your railway restaurant at Poughkeepsie."

### Rushed

Life

A dozen operations

Per day was not such fun.

The doctor didn't stop to eat—

He could only cut and run.

### Country versus Town Mouse

William Allen White in *Judicious Advertising*

The farmer is the reader in America; he is the thinker, too, for that matter. He is the reservoir of that strong, sane, hard-headed Americanism that is the balance-wheel of our national, political, social, and moral machinery. And he is not fickle. The American drug store still sells Perry Davis' Pain Killer, and the farmer's wife will have nothing but Clarke's O. N. T. Thread. When the advertiser gets the farmer, he has got a ten years' interest-bearing bond. The city requires something new; the metropolitan bill-boards of two years ago would look archaic today; and the advertisements in the city papers for ninety-five and six would interest only the collector of antiques. But the farmer's paper prints the announcements of the old stand-bys. The farmer particularly loves that which may be justly called the "old reliable." The town man desires the new and unreliable, just to give him a new sensation; the element of chance, the sting of uncertainty—these are the spices and condiments that are needed by the city buyer, but the farmer has a simple, unsated, natural craving for time-tried things. The farmer used to bite easily. But the spawning ground of the American sucker now is in the great cities. There the American jay lives. There is the real provincial. The trusts floated all their watery stock in the big towns; the farmers were buying things

to eat and to wear and to adorn themselves with, while their smart brothers in the city were buying blue sky and thin air on green-tinted bond-paper at a few cents above par.

### Juvenile Strategy

The Chicago Tribune

"What have you got in that package?" said the attendant at the great public museum.

"Bananas," answered the boy.

"Dozen of 'em. Want one?"

"No, and you can't bring them in here."

"Why not?"

"It's against the rules. But you can check the package at that window and get it when you come out."

"Cost anything to check it?"

"Five cents."

The boy said he wouldn't pay it, and went away.

Ten minutes later he reappeared, without the package.

"I guess I can go in now all right," he said.

"Hold on. Have you got those bananas concealed about you?"

"Yes, sir; all but the skins. I threw them away."

### Woman the Inexplicable

Mrs. L. H. Harris in *The Independent*

The brotherhood of man is already foreordained in the very order of things, but the sisterhood of women is inconceivable. They have no mutual consciousness upon which to base such an ideal; their evolution depends entirely upon another hypothesis. They will never coöperate with one another, because, in the very nature of things, their chief hope and happiness depend upon their coöperating with men. Until marriage every woman is the unclaimed part of some man. She is his complement as he is her completion. And if she is never married, she is never finished. She may be a useful, brilliant member of society, but in her own consciousness she is incomplete. She is like a June day without its night of stars and silence, like a lily that does

not lose its life in a white passion of bloom and fragrance.

The intellectual woman, once she is developed, apparently contradicts the theory as to the lack of relationship among women, but she is, in fact, the most conspicuous example we have of mental affinity to men on the one hand and of temperamental antipathy to women on the other.

spiration in this work, in the dark beginning not one of them would have had the heart or hope to conceive it. Even now there is less in common between one of these admirable women and the repentant creature whom she cares for than between day and night. Privately and personally she never receives such an one in consciousness on the same plane with herself. And even if God



"THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR"

*The Sketch*

PORTRAITS OF MISS ELLEN TERRY, MR. TREE, AND MRS. KENDAL

*Academy Picture by Hon. John Collier*

The spiritually-minded woman is no exception to this biological law of sex relationships. Women have more ways of being religious than men have, but they have less faculty for converting or forgiving one another than any other class of people in this world. A man first conceived the idea of establishing homes for fallen women, and while Christian women have followed his in-

demanded it, she would not be able to accomplish such a magnanimity. Yet the same Christian woman will undertake the reclamation of the most abandoned man with an angelic cordiality, a sweet piety, that is as admirable as it is impracticable.

These women as a rule belong to the elemental type. They are often witty, but never reasonable; and in the pres-

ence of men as tremulous with unshed beauty as suppressed butterflies. But with one another they are simply "confidential," an evidence of the strangest mystery in feminine character. They are always intimate. Each is a fore-sworn priestess of the tender emotions, in whom the others confide. It is not that they are vicious, but naturally treacherous to one another. The "dearest" friends betray one another, know it, and yet, such is their frailty for confidences, when next they meet there will be the usual exchange of private scriptures. But the same women would keep a man's secret inviolate until death, and it is an open question if the angels in heaven could win it from them.

### No Need to Dye

M. de Labonnefon in *Cosmos*

Is it possible to give to silk, while yet in the bodies of the worms that secrete it, a determinate color? I reply that the coloring of silk in the manner proposed is possible and has been accomplished, both by Messrs. Levrat and Conte, of Lyons, and by myself. The lack of success of some experimenters comes from the substances employed, which do not all pass with ease through the tissues of the worm. From these later experiments, we are told, the following results are evident.

It is quite possible to pass a coloring-matter from the digestive tube to the silk-glands through the intermediary of the blood. But although certain products—neutral red, for instance—pass easily through the tissues, there are others, like methylene blue, that traverse them with difficulty. Still others, such as picric acid, will not pass through them at all.

We shall succeed, then, in giving to silk various indelible tints when we shall have found for each one of these tints a coloring-matter capable of traversing the tissues of the silk-worm. But it is also probable, according to experiments on the natural coloration of cocoons, that certain kinds of worms can be impregnated by colors that remain without effect on other species.

It should be added that, to answer

rigorously those critics who believe in the hypothesis of a superficial coloration of the silk, Messrs. Levrat and Conte caused subcutaneous injections of neutral red to be made into worms ready to spin. . . . Worms thus treated were instantly colored red and gave a light pink silk. Probably multiplied injections administered several days before the spinning would have given rise to a completely red silk.

### "Desire Sings"

T. Surge Moore

If only I were the sky,  
What days would be thine!  
No more than thou would'st of a kind,  
Whether sunshine, or shower, or wind!  
If the heavens above thee were I,  
How the stars would shine!  
What a friend the moon would be  
To guard or companion thee!

Thy days thou should'st fill like a rill  
That has found the best  
Of seaward paths, and gay  
Takes bedded in flowers its way,  
Were mine but the life of a hill:  
But were I the west,  
Thou would'st sink all beauty and light  
Home to my heart every night.

### Spenceriana

The late Grant Allen in *The Forum*

A story is told about Herbert Spencer's fondness for billiards, which, whether true or not, is at least most characteristic. He once met an officer from the Senior United Service Club—which, owing to the annual cleaning, was then receiving the hospitality of the Athenæum—in the billiard-room of his own club, and incontinently challenged him to a game of a hundred up. The officer accepted. Spencer led off, and made a miss in balk. The officer then played, and—ran out his hundred at a break. Spencer, says the legend, instantly put up his cue in the stand, and observed, solemnly, in his sententious voice: "Some acquaintance with games of skill becomes a cultivated mind, but mastery such as yours bespeaks a wasted youth. I have the honor to wish you a very good morning." It is quite immaterial whether the story is true or false; it gives at any rate an admirable example of Spencer's conversational style, which was almost



*The Sketch*

### GREAT EXPECTATIONS

ESCAPED ONE: I PRAYED THAT I MIGHT MEET SOMEONE ON THIS LONELY 'KATH WOT I COULD OVERPOWER AN' CHANGE CLOTHES WITH. ME PRAYER'S BEEN ANSWERED, BUT BLOW ME IF I DIDN'T FORGIT TO GIVE THE SIZE.

*Drawn by Frank Chesworth*

*The Tatler*

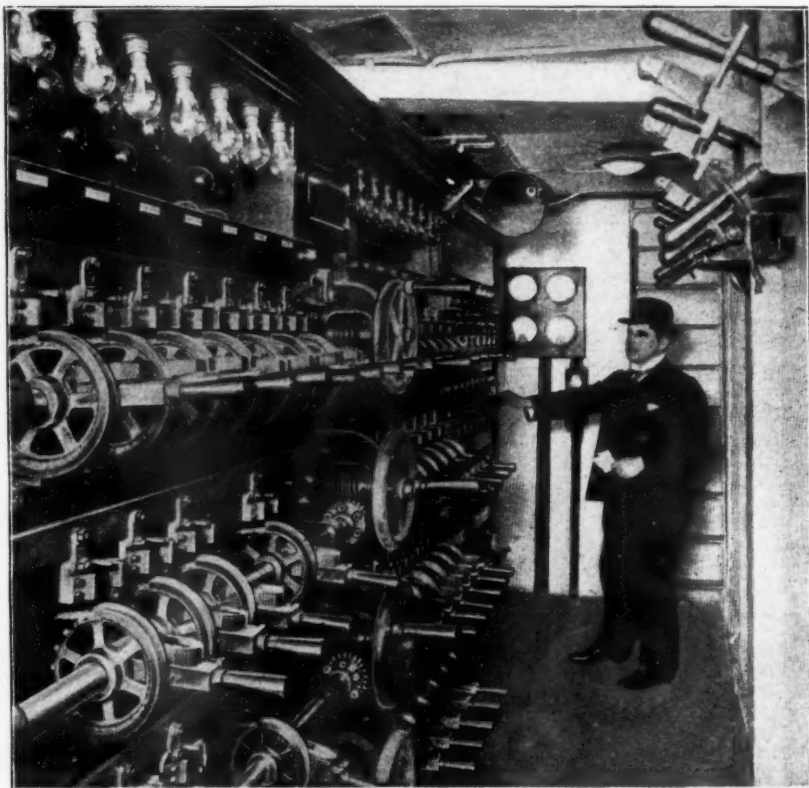
## THE ARMORY OF COVENT GARDEN THEATRE

THE CHIEF ARMORER CAN FIT OUT WHOLE REGIMENTS OF VIKINGS, SOLDIERS, AND WARRIORS AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE. EVERYTHING IS KEPT IN APPLE-PIE ORDER

as concise and clear-cut as his writing. Every word told, and every clause was balanced.

If you wish for a rough gauge of a man's intelligence, Spencer used often to say, you cannot find a better one than to observe the proportion which personalities bear to generalities in his conversation. Judged by this test Spencer would have come out easily first of all the men I have ever talked with. During twenty years of intercourse I can hardly remember hearing him speak of an individual except for some practical purpose, or else to illustrate some general principle. His talk was of generalities; almost everything he said was a generalization.

If you remarked it was a fine day, Spencer would answer: "Yes; anticyclonic conditions like those of yesterday seldom break up without warning of the advent of a depression from westward." If you observed that Mrs. Jones was a pretty woman, Spencer would reply: "Her father was a West Highlander, and her mother an Irish woman; and intermarriage between Highlanders and Irish almost always produces physically handsome but intellectually inferior children." I often used to wonder, when I uttered some most commonplace statement, what universal principle or philosophic remark it would draw forth from Spencer, and I was seldom disappointed.

*The Tatler*

## THE SWITCHBOARD OF THE COVENT GARDEN STAGE

WORD REACHES THE OPERATOR THROUGH A MEGAPHONE. WITH A TURN OF A LEVER THE HEIGHTS OF THE BROCKEN OR THE HALLS OF THE NIBELUNGEN CAN BE APPROPRIATELY LIT UP IN AN INSTANT

George Eliot once made a good repartee to him on one such occasion. The talk had turned on fly-fishing; and she asked Spencer, who was a devoted, though not, I believe, a very successful, fly-fisher, what sort of fly he preferred to fish with. "Oh," said the philosopher, "I lay little stress on the particular kind of fly; I make my own; and all I aim at is to give what the fish expects—the vague representation of an insect fluttering about over the surface of the water." "I see," said George Eliot, "you are so fond of generalizing that you fish with a generalization." Which in point of fact was exactly what he did do.

## What Editors Want

The London Academy

Very unbusinesslike are the proceedings of many who desire to see their books published or their articles and stories accepted by the magazines. Take an example: The majority of the magazines have a more or less decided line of policy with regard to stories and articles, yet editors are pestered with manuscripts utterly unsuited to their pages. They are also worried and wearied with articles on subjects which have already been recently dealt with, and—a very common occurrence—are offered tales and essays ludicrously late

—e. g., Christmas matter sent in long after all the Christmas numbers have gone to press. A little business forethought and common sense would save many a disappointment to would-be contributors and worry to editors and publishers' readers. Editors want good, fresh, suitable copy, and do not reject proffered contributions through carelessness or for the fun of rejecting them.

## Not Bacon, but Shaw

The London Daily Chronicle

George Bernard Shaw now comes forward as the author of *Shakespeare*. "If," he says, "you take the titles of Shakespeare's plays—just a sufficient number for the purpose—and take the fourth letter from the end of the title, you will find that they spell Bernard Shaw. For example:

MacBeth  
Julius Caesar  
Comedy of Errors  
Merchant of Venice  
Antony and Cleopatra  
Two Gentlemen of Verona  
Merry Wives of Windsor  
Troilus and Cressida  
Timon of Athens  
Antony and Cleopatra  
All's Well That Ends Well

## The Tammany Mayor

J. Herbert Welch in Success

It is as if a band had struck up a quick march in the city hall when Mayor McClellan comes swinging along the corridor. The attendants and clerks take on a new alertness and animation. He nods to them briskly as he pushes through the swinging door to the inner office. His bell rings sharply, and at once the mill begins to grind. The first callers, who have been waiting for him, are shown in and bowed out in quick succession, and even those who have been unsuccessful in their errands are usually smiling when they pass out. Every day since the mayor has taken office a fight has been waged. Politicians with set expressions on their faces are constantly hurrying along the city hall corridor to the big room in the corner.

District leaders with thousands of votes in their control pass in, and raise their voices in threatening speeches.

"But I've spent a lot of money in this campaign—a big pile of money," one exclaimed. "I've got to get this money back, and I've got to make good with the 'boys!'"

"That is your responsibility, not mine," replied the mayor.

"But you're trying to cut out our chances," cried the leader. "We elected you. You knew what we'd expect. You're not so young and inexperienced as not to know what your election signified."

"I knew very well what it signified," the mayor answered, "but it seems that you did not."

"I am so hard beset at this particular place on the road," said the mayor, in answer to the question as to Presidential ambitions, "that I am not sure, after all, that my journey may not end here."

"What is your guiding principle on the journey?"

"To do the best I can and keep straight," replied the mayor, promptly.

"Do you make any distinction between personal and political honesty?"

"Not a bit. There is absolutely no distinction. I don't see how there can be, yet your question is reasonable enough. I have encountered many men who will do things in political contests that they would not think of doing in affairs more personal. There are men of this kind in Congress, who have the strictest ideas of personal integrity, and yet waive these ideas in the political arena, on the ground, I suppose, that all's fair in love, war, and politics. They can not, of course, be regarded as honest men."

"A great many people have been prejudiced against you because of your association with Tammany Hall."

The mayor considered for a moment, gazing out at the trees in City Hall Park. "Well," he said, turning around, "a good deal more could be said on this subject than I have time to say, but, in brief, I am a firm believer in political organization. My father, you know, was a great organizer. A robust partisanship is a concentrated force which



*Photograph copyright, 1904, by Clivedinst*

GEORGE BRINTON McCLELLAN  
MAYOR OF GREATER NEW YORK

has accomplished much public good in this country, but to be effective, in these days, it must have behind it an organization, or machine, if you like. A political machine is a necessity with us.

"The moral tone in none of them is high, of course, but it is just as high as average human nature when confronted by opportunities for personal gain. It is easy to decry a machine. This, in

enable him to live in ample comfort. Paderewski, the famous pianist, says that his fingers are as precious to him as his life, for he could never play if he lost any of them. He makes insurances from time to time to cover special risks, as when he is going on a long journey by land or sea; but apart from these his two hands are regularly underwritten from year to year. He pays the huge



Copyright, 1904, by Harper & Brothers

Courtesy of Harper's Bazar

#### "OUT OF THE MOUTH OF BABES"

MOTHER: THERE, ETHEL, DON'T CRY. THE SPANKING HURT MOTHER MORE THAN IT DID YOU.  
 ETHEL: I KNOW IT. THAT'S WHAT I'M CRYING FOR.

itself, means little. The proof of a man is in his temptations."

### Winning Hands

London Answers

Kubelik pays £300 annually as insurance of his bow hand alone, so that if it were at any time injured as to prevent him from fulfilling an engagement he would receive £2,000 as compensation. If his hand were totally disabled, so that he could never play again, he would get £10,000, which would

sum of £800 annually in this way, with the result that if anything went wrong with one of his precious hands at any time, so that he could no longer earn an income by his playing, he would be paid £10,000 in cash.

Besides this he is insured against temporary disablement of the fingers by disease or accident, and in case of anything happening to prevent his playing for a single week he draws, as a rule, a sum of £500 as compensation. He has done so on more than one occasion.

The organizers of his concerts, who often stand to lose more than the artist through any unfortunate happening of this kind, likewise take the precaution to cover all such risks, and to one such agent the amount they insure for is usually about £1,000 or £1,500.

In the same way as Paderewski, Josef Hoffman is heavily insured according to the special arrangements made by some underwriters for pianists. Not only is each hand separately insured in his case, but every individual finger has a special policy made out for it. Not long ago he fell from his bicycle and hurt his hand so badly that he could not play for several days. The underwriters had as a consequence to send him a check which ran into four figures.

### Money to Burn

The Kansas Ranch News

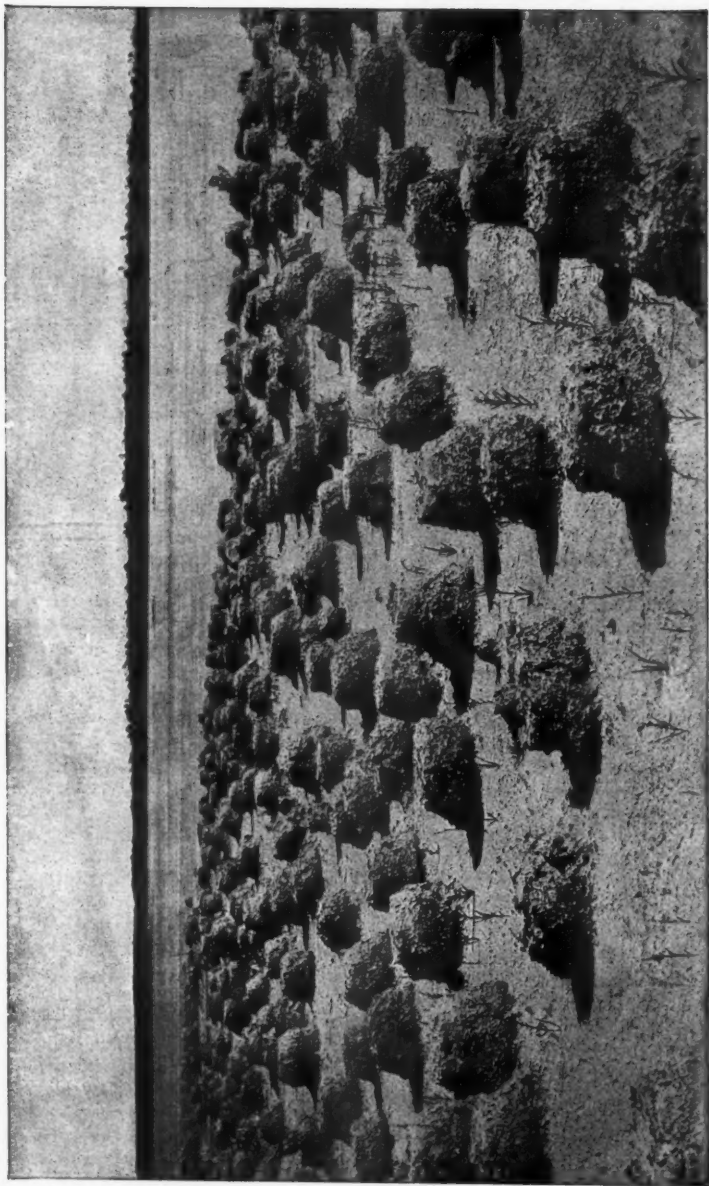
If there is any flaw in the logic of this story, it is not easy to find: Mr. Brown, a Kansas gentleman, keeps a boarding-house, it appears. Around his table at a recent occasion sat his wife, Mrs. Brown; the village milliner, Mrs. Andrews; Mr. Black, the baker; Mr. Jordan, a carpenter; and Mr. Hadley, a flour, feed, and lumber merchant. Mr. Brown took a ten-dollar bill out of his pocketbook and handed it to Mrs. Brown, with the remark that there was ten dollars toward the twenty he had promised her. Mrs. Brown handed the bill to Mrs. Andrews, the milliner, saying, "That pays for my new bonnet." Mrs. Andrews, in turn, passed it on to Mr. Jordan, remarking that it would pay for the carpentering work he had done for her. Mr. Jordan handed it to Mr. Hadley, requesting his receipted bill for flour, feed, and lumber. Mr. Hadley gave the bill back to Mr. Brown, saying, "That pays ten dollars on my board." Mr. Brown again passed it to Mrs. Brown, remarking that he had now paid her the twenty dollars he had promised her. She, in turn, paid it to Mr. Black to settle her bread and pastry account. Mr. Black handed it to Mr. Hadley, asking credit for the amount on his flour bill, Mr. Hadley again

returning it to Mr. Brown, with the remark that it settled for that month's board; whereupon Brown put it back into his pocket-book, observing that he had not supposed a greenback would go so far.

### A Beneficent Trust

The London Graphic

The growth of the Public-House Trust system initiated by Earl Grey is one of the most satisfactory of recent social developments. The idea of the trust is not to destroy the facilities for obtaining drink, as the extreme Temperance Party would do, but to encourage people only to drink in moderation. With this object in view, the public-houses under the control of the trust are treated as places for general refreshment instead of places for the exclusive consumption of alcoholic liquor. Tea and coffee and food are provided, and customers are not made to feel that they are inferior beings if they prefer to abstain from alcohol. It is stated in the report of the trust for the past year that even brewers' draymen will now openly drink a cup of tea outside one of the trust public-houses, and that the force of example has been so contagious that other public-houses in the neighborhood of trust houses have taken to advertising the fact that they also provide tea and coffee. The secret of this striking success lies in the fact that no one connected with the trust has any motive to push the sale of intoxicating drinks. The trust is, in fact, a real trust for the public benefit in the good old English sense of the word, and it is absolutely different both in conception and in working from the so-called American "Trusts," which aim at plundering the public by the creation of monopoly. The manager of the public-house receives a fixed salary, the shareholders of the Company receive a fixed rate of interest, and all the profits are devoted to the creation and maintenance of public improvements, such as parks and recreation grounds. Managed on such grounds as these, a public-house becomes a boon to a neighborhood instead of a curse,



Photograph by F. M. Chapman

Courtesy of The National Geographic Magazine

### AN ABANDONED COLONY OF FLAMINGO NESTS, BAHAMA ISLANDS

THERE ARE 2,000 NESTS IN THIS COLONY. EACH NEST IS 18 INCHES IN DIAMETER AND 12 INCHES HIGH, AND IS MADE OF MUD. IN THE BOWL AT THE TOP THE FEMALE LAYS A SINGLE WHITE EGG

and it is most gratifying to learn that nearly every county in England now has its trust, organized and at work.

## Rapid Spread of Civilization

The Portland Oregonian

Within a week or so—

The Americans have killed a "large" number of Cottas.

The British have killed 300 Thibetans.

The Dutch have killed 500 Achinese.

The Germans have killed 300 Hereros.

Pretty soon the whole world will be civilized.

## "They Say" is a Liar

"Old Gorgon Graham" in the Saturday Evening Post

Loose talking breaks up more firms and more homes than any other one thing I know. The father of lies lives in hell, but he spends a good deal of his time in Chicago. You'll find him on the Board of Trade when the market's wobbling, saying that the Russians are just about to eat up Turkey, and that it'll take twenty million bushels of our wheat to make the bread for the sandwich; and down in the street, asking if you knew that the cashier of the Teenth National was leading a double life as a single man in the suburbs and a singular life for a married man in the city; and out on Prairie Avenue, whispering that it's too bad Mabel smokes Turkish cigarettes, for she's got such pretty curly hair, and how sad it is that Daisy and Dan are going to separate, "but they do say that he—sh! sh! hush; here she comes." Yet when you come to wash your pan of dirt, and the lies have all been carried off into the flume, and you've got to the few particles of solid, eighteen-carat truth left, you'll find it's the Sultan who's smoking Turkish cigarettes; and that Mabel is trying cubebs for her catarrh; and that the cashier of the Teenth National belongs to a whist club in the suburbs and is the superintendent of a Sunday-school in the city; and that Dan has put Daisy up to visiting her mother to ward off a threatened swoop down from the old lady; and that the Czar hasn't

done a blame thing except to become the father of another girl baby. There are two ways of treating gossip about other people, and they're both good ways. One is not to listen to it, and the other is not to repeat it.

## How Metals Grow

Prof. E. Heyn in Harper's Magazine

How does a plant differ from a lifeless mineral or metal? The plant possesses the capability of growth, of absorbing nourishment, and the power of propagation. We deny such powers to inorganic bodies like minerals and metals. And yet a mineral can grow! By introducing an infinitesimal alum crystal into a solution saturated with alum the crystal will continue to grow. By introducing two sheet-copper strips into a solution of copper (e. g., blue vitriol) and allowing an electric current to pass through the liquid from one strip to the other, the latter strip will be found to assume a continuous growth. This proves beyond doubt that growth exists in the inorganic world.

The necessity of applying fertilizers for the purpose of attaining certain kinds of plants is simply an artificial process for supplying conditions necessary to growth. But to the production of snow-flakes by the growth of ice crystals exposure to special atmospheric conditions is equally necessary. The majestic glaciers in our mountains are the accumulated growth of tiny ice crystals.

The act of preparation which the highly developed plant is compelled to pursue is, of course, denied inorganic bodies. If, however, we observe the procreative process in the lowest orders of plant life, as characterized by a simple division or expulsion of cells, we shall experience no difficulty in recognizing a transition to the world of inorganic matter. Each particle of a piece of alum broken off has an independent power of growth when surrounded by conditions conducive to such growth—i. e., by suspending it in a solution saturated with alum; that is to say, if, under favorable conditions, we enable water and the original components of alum to come into contact with the crystal germ.

## An Epitaph Fifty Years Hence

The Portland Oregonian

In a few years we shall read epitaphs like this:

Here Lies  
John Pittsburg Skibo Smith,  
Who Was Born in a  
Carnegie Town,  
Educated in a  
Carnegie Institute,  
Studied in a  
Carnegie Library.  
At the Age of 30 He Became a  
Carnegie Hero,  
And Has Now Gone to Be With  
Carnegie.

## The Sorrowing Mother

Katharine Pyle in Harper's Bazar

Last night I dreamed he came to me;  
I held him close and wept and said,  
"My little child, where have you been?  
I was afraid that you were dead."  
Then I awoke; it almost seemed  
As though my arms could feel him yet.  
I had been sobbing in my sleep;  
My tears had made the pillow wet.

Sometimes I wake at night to find  
That I am out of bed,  
As though I'd heard him calling me;  
Then with a pang comes memory;  
How can we reach the dead?

I cannot think of him at all  
As the bright angel he must be,  
But only as my little child  
Who may be needing me.

Do not make him grow too wise,  
Angels—ye who know;  
I am dull and slow to learn,  
Toiling here below.  
Do not fill his heart too full  
With your heavenly joy,  
Lest the mother's place be lost  
With her little boy.

One night when I was half awake  
I thought he called me, clear and sweet,  
And then I heard across the floor  
The patter of his little feet.

Last night the air was mild;  
The moon rose clear, though late,  
And somehow then it did not seem  
So very hard to wait.  
There seemed so much to learn,  
So much for me to do,  
Before my lessons here were done  
And I was ready, too.

One night when I had wept till I could weep  
No more, I dreamed he came to me in sleep.  
He was not sick nor sad as he had seemed  
On almost every night when I had dreamed,  
But full of life, and flushed with health, and  
glad,  
He took my hand and said, "What makes  
you sad?"

It has been raining all the afternoon.  
These mild, gray days should bring the blossoms soon.  
I like these gentle rains; they seem so kind,  
Like tears that leave no bitterness behind.

Those may dare to doubt who have  
Their loved ones here below;  
For me, I do not now believe,  
I do not hope—I *know*.

## The Caddie's Rival

The Tatler

We have all heard of dogs being trained to field a ball at cricket and to retrieve lost tennis balls, but the innovation of the dog caddie has been reserved for a member of the Bala Golf Club of Philadelphia. This enterprising young lady has trained a Russian deerhound to track with unerring certainty missing golf balls, and in other respects to prove himself a capital substitute for the mere human caddie. Ben, as the dog is called, enjoyed golfing from the first. He would watch his mistress tee off and drive with immense interest. His eye would follow the ball's flight, and then away he would go after it, and when the caddie and the golfer caught up to him, there he would be standing patiently beside the ball. "I came out to golf one morning alone," said Ben's mistress, "alone, that is to say, except for Ben. I had told my caddie to meet me and he had promised positively to be at hand, but he broke his appointment, and I found that I had either to abandon the morning's golf or to carry my heavy clubs myself. Suddenly I had an idea. Why should not Ben carry the clubs? Ben was always glad to do anything he could for me, why then should not the clubs be fastened on his back? I found a ball of twine, and emptying the bag I fastened it on Ben's back. The opening was at the back of his head, and thus the bag sloped downwards to the left, overhanging his side a little. In this position there was no

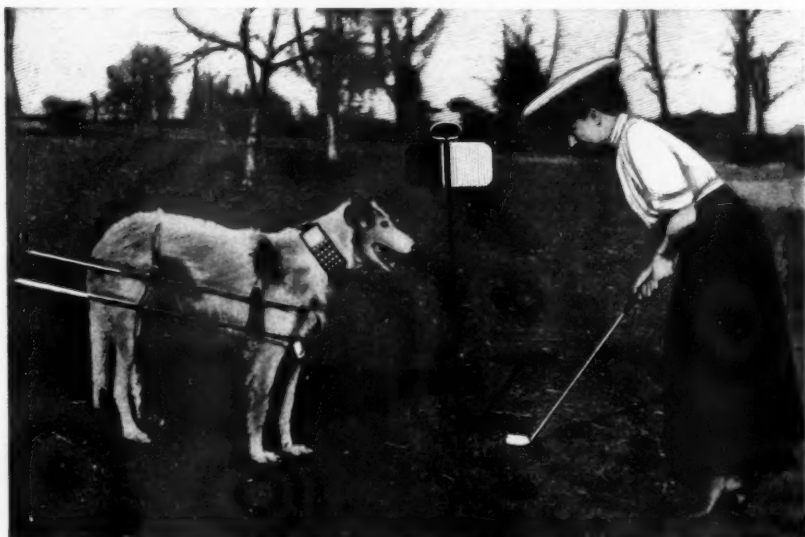
fear of the clubs falling out." At first Ben apparently did not care for his new office—he shook himself uneasily and rolled on the grass—but after a little petting and soothing he took very kindly to his new employment, and within less than a week he had learned to carry his mistress's clubs with a dignity and proficiency which would have done credit to the finest caddie in the country.

After a while, however, an improvement was made in the burden for the dog, and now instead of a bag for the

## What England Thinks of the President

Sydney Brooks in Harper's Weekly

The Englishman sees in the President an amalgam of half a dozen national favorites. Take Selous, the big-game hunter; add Lord Charles Beresford; add again Baden-Powell, the defender of Mafeking; multiply by Mr. C. A. Pearson, the chairman of the Tariff Reform League and the champion



AN IDEAL CADDIE

*The Tatler*

RUSSIAN DEERHOUND OWNED AND TRAINED BY A PHILADELPHIA GOLFER

clubs he carries a kind of harness with loops on each side to support the clubs. This harness is simple and light, and consists of a strap that follows the line of Ben's backbone from neck to tail, fastening at the neck to a collar. Then there are attached to this strap two loops, one on the breast and one on the loins, which buckle about the dog's body. The clubs pass through these loops, of which there are three on each side—one for the driver, one for the loft, one for the brassie, one for the mashie, and two for the irons.

"hustler" of the kingdom; throw in a dash of Chamberlain's decisiveness and practicality, and another dash of his belligerency, and you get a result which closely corresponds to the English idea of Mr. Roosevelt. Englishmen feel that, if he were an Englishman, Mr. Roosevelt would have done most of the things which particularly appeal to them—that he would have explored every inch of the empire, shot all the big game to be found in it, won his blue at Oxford or Cambridge, kept a pack of hounds, written some slashing books on

Wellington and Nelson and the heroes of the Indian mutiny, captured De Wet, annexed an empire or two, and made his mark in Parliament as a progressive Conservative.



A COUNTRY CLUB

Leslie's Weekly

## Rushing Things

Lippincott's Magazine

As there is a law against burying in the city of Albany, the Bishop had to have a special act of Legislature to be buried in the Cathedral. He was successful in having the act pass the lawmakers, but his friends were astounded and worried when they read its text. It began with the usual verbiage. The ending was something like this:

"We do grant that Bishop Doane be buried within the precincts of the Cathedral at Albany. This act to take effect immediately."

## Hymn of the West

Ode for the St. Louis World's Fair

Edmund Clarence Stedman

O Thou whose glorious orbs on high  
Engird the earth with splendor round,  
From out Thy secret place draw nigh  
The courts and temples of this ground;

Eternal Light,  
Fill with Thy might  
These domes that in Thy purpose grew,  
And lift a nation's heart anew!  
Illumine Thou each pathway here,  
To show the marvels God hath wrought  
Since first Thy people's chief and seer  
Looked up with that prophetic thought,  
Bade Time unroll  
The fateful scroll,  
And empire unto Freedom gave  
From cloudland height to tropic wave.

Poured through the gateways of the North  
Thy mighty rivers join their tide,  
And on the wings of morn set forth  
Their mists the far-off peaks divide.  
By Thee unsealed,  
The mountains yield  
Ores that the wealth of Ophir shame,  
And gems enwrought of seven-hued fame.

Lo, through what years the soil hath lain  
At Thine own time to give increase—  
The greater and the lesser grain,  
The ripening boll, the myriad fleece!  
Thy creatures graze  
Appointed ways;  
League after league across the land  
The ceaseless herds obey Thy hand.

Thou, whose high archways shine most clear  
Above the plenteous western plain,  
Thine ancient tribes from round the sphere  
To breathe its quickening air are fain;  
And smiles the sun  
To see made one  
Their brood throughout Earth's greenest  
space,  
Land of the new and lordlier race!

## "Tonnage" in the Professions

Scribner's Magazine

It is a well-established notion in modern industry, other things being equal, that net profit advances with the volume of the output. "Our ideal," recently remarked the executive of a large metal-refining concern, "is tonnage." The tendency thus expressed is not without its effect on the professions. It is the opinion of one of the oldest medical instructors in our country that the schools of today aim to turn out more graduates and better students of medicine than ever before; and that they succeed, but do not turn out as good doctors, on the average, as they did forty years ago.

Schools are becoming teaching shops, and the instructors teaching machines.

The large number of students forces the subdivision and specializing of instruction, and each specialist seeks naturally to magnify his office. The student is passed successively or simultaneously through a certain number of courses which are more and more "thorough," but often leave him with an inadequate knowledge of the general facts and principles of his profession which the older methods gave him. His attainments are incompletely co-ordinate. The most extensive railroad system in the country, with the most

## Warning to the Japanese

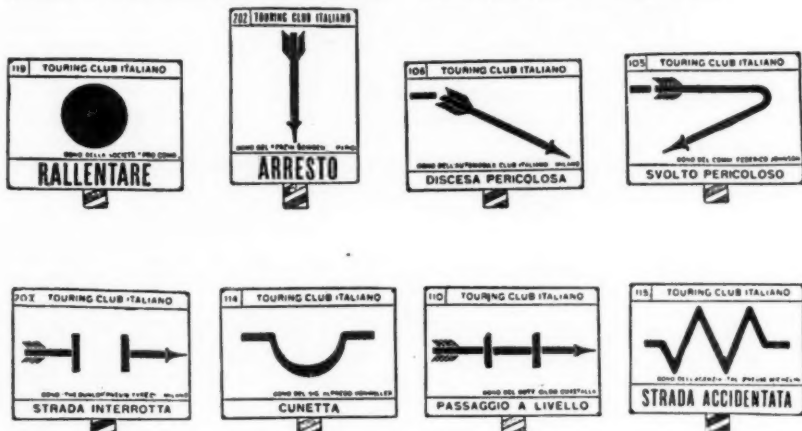
The Chicago Chronicle

In spite of their early successes, the Japanese may read and ponder with much profit the remarks of Napoleon on the subject of making war upon Russia:

It was making war upon Russia that ruined me.

Russia is the nation that is most likely to march to universal dominion.

I would not have declared war upon Russia but that I was persuaded she was about to declare war upon me.



AUTOMOBILE ROAD SIGNS

*Designed by the Touring Club of Italy*

- 1.—GO SLOW. 2.—STOP. 3.—DANGEROUS INCLINE. 4.—DANGEROUS CURVE. 5.—ROAD CROSSING.  
6.—DITCH ACROSS ROAD. 7.—RAILWAY CROSSING. 8.—DANGEROUS HILLS.

powerful organization of capital and energy, is also the best-managed to the smallest detail. The proportion of "good doctors" in the multitude issuing from the modern schools is probably as great as the old schools turned out; the positive number of the less competent is necessarily larger. But the least fitted of these will not do the harm in some ways that the best-trained often, in good faith and ignorance, were wont to do. The "tonnage" of the profession seems portentously large, but the one principle that we may be confident works now as surely as it ever did is the survival of the fittest.

In the end Russia will become mistress of the world.

But for my marriage with Marie Louise I would not have declared war upon Russia. (He expected assistance from Austria.)

I am reproached for not getting myself killed at Waterloo. I think I ought rather to have died in Russia.

Russia is in a favorable position to conquer the world.

Perhaps I did wrong to commence the Waterloo campaign. I did not think then that Russia would take a hand.

If I had had 200,000 more men in Russia there would have been that many more lost.

After I had reached Moscow I should have died there.

These are the afterthoughts of a master of war who had conquered western Europe and whose downfall dated from his ill-starred campaign against the Russians.

The Japanese are not as yet attempting such an invasion as that undertaken by Bonaparte, but they are arrayed against the same stolid foe, the same innumerable hosts and the same enemy isolated in snow and ice during the greater part of the year.

So long as Japan confines its energies to the sea and to defensive operations on land it will not encounter the fury of the power which, almost without pitched battles, was able to destroy the grand army of France and to cause the throne of its military dictator to crumble. Its real perils will date from the moment that it begins offensive movements on land.

### The Warship

The Washington Star

The warship truly is a grand  
But perishable trinket;  
It takes five years to build it, and  
A half an hour to sink it.

### Russia Lacks Leaders

E. J. Dillon in The American Review of Reviews

Russia possesses very few conspicuous and seemingly no great men at the beginning of one of the most fateful periods of her checkered history. At home, the thinking and the working classes live in a continuous ferment of passive resistance to the daily manifestations of bureaucratic authority—a ferment much too intense and wide-spread, it would seem, to be amenable to the palliative or coercive measures hitherto employed against it with success. Abroad, a series of complications has arisen which threatens to undermine the paramount position occupied by Russia in the hierarchy of nations for over a decade; and as yet the men capable of steering the ship of State clear of both or either of these dangers have not come to the front. Dexterous and conscien-

tious officials are, indeed, numerous enough at the apex of the social pyramid, but they are mostly individuals to whom uniforms, rank, and decorations impart the appearance of intellectual or administrative talents which many of them in reality sadly lack.

From this striking fact, however, it would be a mistake to draw the inference that there are no master spirits among a people of nearly one hundred and fifty millions. There may be, undoubtedly there are, many men of superior parts, possibly more than one individual of real genius, who, under such circumstances as prevail in the United States, France, or England, would be able and ready to take the tide in the affairs of their country at the flood. But in Russia, it is affirmed, they are condemned to obscurity. The impersonal system of bureaucracy acts, people complain, as a scythe, cutting off, as it were, the heads of those who rise above the low level of the average *tshinovnik*, or official. For the man who has not donned the State uniform in his youth, and been duly ground in the administrative mill, even though he were a Bismarck and a Napoleon combined, there is no legal avenue to power or influence. He is condemned to inactivity and silence under pains and penalties which, during the past few weeks, are understood to have been intensified. His whole duty is to hearken and obey; his greatest crime, to criticise or oppose those whom chance or seniority has placed at the head of the administration. These are plain facts which almost every Russian will avow; whether the principles underlying them are sound or the reverse, is a question which I am not now concerned to discuss.

### "Moving Picture" Treatment

The Chicago Tribune

Moving pictures as an aid to the cure of insane patients were recently tried for the first time at the Dunning Asylum, Chicago. Dr. V. H. Podstata, superintendent, declared after the test that the effect produced was beneficial.

The performance on the canvas drew

*Der Wahre Jacob (Stuttgart)*

## A FUTILE QUEST

"I SEEK THE ADMIRAL OF THE PACIFIC—AND I DO NOT FIND HIM!"

the attention and interest of everyone of the four hundred patients gathered in the entertainment hall.

Excitable patients seemed to be quieted and calmed by the pictures. Those suffering from chronic melancholia appeared to be stimulated and aroused from their constant brooding over imaginary wrongs, and showed an unusual interest in what was going on. The effect was specially noted by attending physicians in certain cases where patients had been particularly restless or flighty or had been noticeably despondent, and a report made to Superintendent Podstata. In every instance the report was that an excellent showing had been made.

As a result of the experiment a moving picture machine will be purchased for the asylum, and entertainments will be

given once or twice each week for the benefit of all patients who are not so violent as to need constant restraint.

## A Book Review

The Whim

We heartily recommend Mr. Rockefeller's latest book, "Why God Gave Me the Oil Fields." In this interesting work the Oil King proves by Scriptural precedent that he was justified in doing the deeds and people necessary to accomplish his object. "According to Scripture," says he, "no man shall covet his neighbor's property. But supposing that property is just what he needs to successfully carry out his designs? Surely the only thing a religious man can do is to gain possession of that property before he begins to covet it."



## THE LIMIT

*The Sketch*

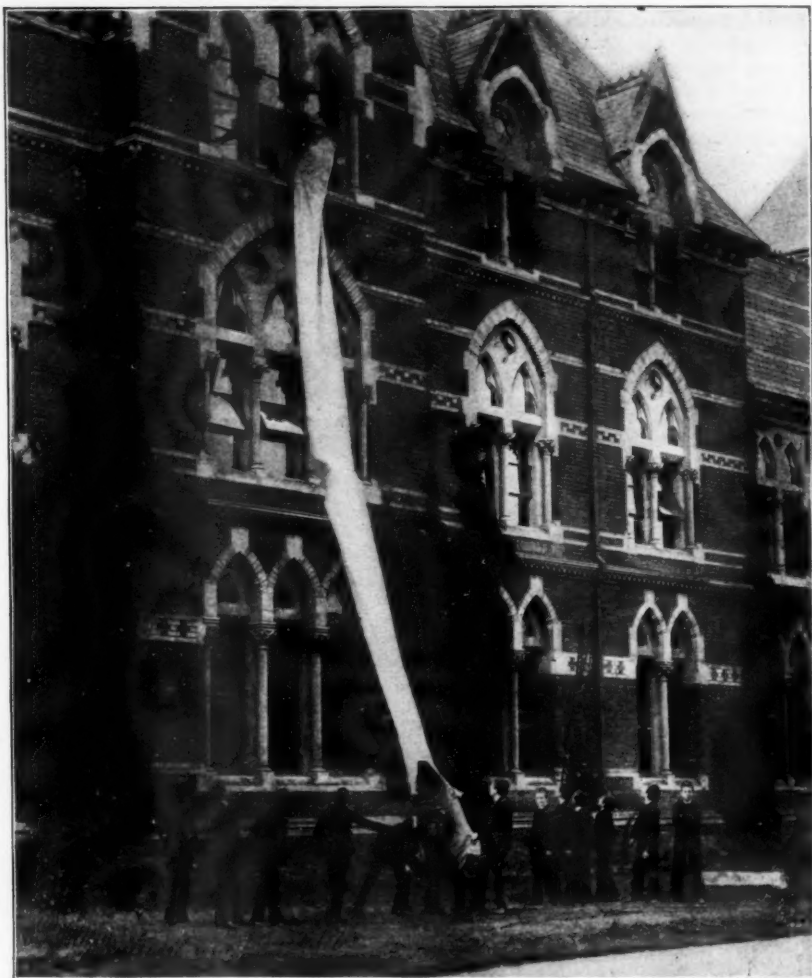
SNAKE: S-S-S-S!

CHARMER: WHAT'S THE MATTER, OLD GIRL?

SNAKE: IF YOU PLAY "BEDELIA" AGAIN I SHALL STING.

At another time he says: "The Biblical injunction, 'Let not thy right hand know what thy left hand doeth,' has been a source of great satisfaction to me, and has proven very helpful when apparently insurmountable difficulties confronted me. I simply put my left hand behind my back and with my right wrote the orders and instructions which cleared my path of greedy rivals. By dint of long and care-

ful study, I found that many of the Scriptural injunctions were really not intended to be taken literally, and that many of them were capable of several constructions. The reader can readily imagine with what relief I often found that a divine command which seemed absolutely to forbid me to take a certain step, after careful study was found to recommend the very thing which at first it seemed to forbid."

*The Scientific American*

## SHOOTING THE CHUTE

NOVEL FIRE ESCAPE APPARATUS POPULAR IN ENGLAND

**Shooting the Chute***The Scientific American*

The most favored type of fire escape in Great Britain at present is undoubtedly the canvas chute, of which thousands are in use in public buildings, theatres, hotels, warehouses, asylums, hospitals, private mansions, and schools.

One of these is capable of emptying a school dormitory fifty feet from the ground, costs little more than fifty dollars, is exceedingly light, and may be kept just under the window-sill in an unobtrusive manner.

Naturally, to stand the strain, the canvas has to be especially strong. This reminds one that accidents have hap-

pened from such slight causes as a projecting nail in the shoe of one of the sliders, causing the canvas to rip and let the unfortunate slider through. As these canvas chutes are made up to one hundred feet in length, it will be seen that a fall through a hole in one of them might well mean certain death.

Practice with the canvas chute fire-escape is taken very seriously by the young persons in schools, department stores, and other establishments, and

promptly taking hold of the lower end walks out a little way with it, so that the descent of the others may be a swift slide.

### Improving on Nature

T. P.'s Weekly

A correspondent sends the following particulars of an ingenious mingling of the functions of the pencil and camera :



MODERN ADVERTISING IN JAPAN

BILL-BOARD OF A JAPANESE NEWSDEALER ON THE RAILWAY LINE NEAR TOKIO

praiseworthy attempts are made to make "records" in the way of emptying the supposed burning building against time.

The moment the alarm is given, it is arranged that the first person to slide down the chute shall be especially expert. This is because there is no one at the bottom to hold the chute out at an angle, and so break the fall. Therefore, the first person down uses his or her elbows and knees in such a way as to retard a too speedy descent; and arrived at the bottom, he or she

Many of us desire to keep some record of a scene for memory to glow over. How are we to retain and revive the delight a landscape gives us? A photograph? Bah! A black, black pencil and creamy paper? Better! But, then, we are only occasional artists, and our skill lags far behind our appreciations. We are not all Corots, though some of us think we have the sensations, and simply lack the skill.

The process I employ, and which gives me most satisfaction, with little

labor, is this: I carry a folding, pocket,  $3\frac{1}{4}$  in. by  $3\frac{1}{4}$  in. camera, with a walking-stick stand. The plate is exposed, and I sit down and absorb as much of the atmosphere of the place as I can. Then comes a night that I may devote to a task so pleasurable, and the plate is dropped into the carrier of my lantern, and focussed on a 12 in. by 10 in. sheet of drawing paper, pinned to a stout vertical easel. With a pencil, the essentials to the effect desired are traced in.

One can omit freely. The grouping of masses may be altered by adjusting the lantern. Cloud effects and other components may be supplied from different slides. Then the slides are removed, and the drawing gets its finishing touches. Whether the result is a picture or not depends on the artistic fitness of the worker. The process may be practised by many, so far as my knowledge goes. I was led to it by lack of skill at pure sketching, and by a desire to get results which were not photographic.

### The Skeptic

Edward L. Sabin in *The Century*

Cat an' chickens slickin' up,  
Geese are all a-squawkin';  
Quail are hollerin' "More wet,"  
Corns are kind er talkin';  
Spider strengthenin' his web—  
Knowin' 'leettle feller;  
Weather man predictin' "Fair"?  
Gimme my umbrella!

### Busy Idleness

Shailer Mathews in *The World To-day*

The thoughtful student who comes up to many theological seminaries fresh from the last year or two of his undergraduate work suffers a distinct shock. Instead of the treatment of subjects of vital interest in philosophy, sociology, and literature, he finds himself forced to a wearisome study of the languages. Hour after hour he struggles with details of grammar. Occasionally, it is true, he meets a professor for the discussion of some large theme in Christian thought or work, but his efforts are

mainly restricted to an attempt to master material which he can not but know will be of little or no service to him in the future.

Why this attempt to force all theological students to devote to unusable linguistics time which might be given to the study of Christian truth or to actual conditions of the human beings among whom they must work? Why should a theological student be forced into scholastic molds while the medical student is at the clinic? The reply amounts to nothing more nor less than that it has always been customary to train theological students in this way.

### Infantile Theology

Harper's Weekly

Even the dangers of literature are lessened for the very young by their free powers of rearrangement and application. A little girl of four, who had been taken to church, reproduced the whole scene with much ingenuity, taking for a text, as she stood in her high-chair, "Lead me in the paths of righteousness in the presence of mine enemies"; and then descending and donning her father's old college cap, she sang, with vim and endless reiterations, "Let your light so shine, little brother, let your light so shine that God will not put you in a bushel."

Religious instruction as sifted through the childish intelligence often results oddly, and one little girl of strong theological predilections was heard instructing a younger child thus: "Now, I'll tell you exactly how I am made. First, there is little round me that is busy and does things; over that I wear a skeleton of bones and then all the sinful lusts of the flesh." Upon the superficiality of sin she might have been interpreted as having definite convictions; but when it came to the nature of Deity, patriotism obstructed her vision, for she wavered and finally confessed: "I don't know much about God, anyway: only one thing for sure, He is a Virginian."

On being told of a friend's death, a little girl of six stood wondering, round-

eyed and rosy, at the foot of her bed,  
and swiftly propounded these questions:

"Did her body get to heaven?"

"Will her soul take up her skeleton?"

"Does a soul have any kind of feet?"

"When she gets there will God put  
an angel head upon her?"

"Will she wear a shirt-waist and  
skirt?"

"I don't want to die, because of the  
valley of the shadow of death; that  
must be very dark."

Then, without a pause, came, as a  
conclusion, a quick laying aside of the  
whole sad matter, as she sang out,  
cheerily: "I am going to hop to my  
bath on one foot," and she did, chant-  
ing, as she went, "D-e-a-d—dead, dead,  
dead."

## The New Russian Hymn

Puck

Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's early  
light

What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's  
last beaming?

No, your highness, I can't; for some time in  
the night

It ran foul of a mine and it's long past re-  
deeming.

Giant powder's red flare,

Iron filings to spare—

Then up went a battleship high in the air;

And the mines of Port Arthur,

Oh, long may they flo-ot!

I regret to-o-o repor-t-r—

Had destroyed-d—the wrong boat-t-t.

## Sugar-Coated Pills

Winthrop M. Daniels in *The Atlantic Monthly*

Seriously considered, the justification  
offered for indirect taxes is a most curi-  
ous commentary upon our system of  
self-government. In the United States,  
for example, not far from half of the  
government's total revenue is obtained  
by disguising taxes in the prices of mer-  
chandise, either duty-paid imports, or  
liquors and tobacco freighted with the  
weight of the internal revenue. Despite  
the incidental advantages such taxes  
afford in consulting the convenience of  
the payer as to the time and the amounts  
of particular payments, the great reason  
for the existence of these taxes in every  
country is their power to conceal from  
the governed the real cost of supporting

the government. The people, in whose  
interest the government supposedly is  
conducted, must be induced to pay their  
taxes in an unconscious condition, "lest  
at any time they should see with their  
eyes, and hear with their ears, and  
understand with their hearts, and should  
be converted" to a belief in another than  
the dominant program of expenditure.

## Millions In It

*The American Review of Reviews*

It is a good many years since the  
Western Union went into the pool-room  
enterprise; and it had been developed  
into the most profitable single depart-  
ment of all the ramified business of this  
great monopoly. It was estimated by  
the newspapers, last month, that there  
were three hundred pool-rooms in New  
York City alone; and some of them  
stated the gross income of the Western  
Union's race-track news business to be  
not less than five million dollars a year.  
This was probably an overstatement.  
But a very conservative financial paper,  
the *Wall Street Journal*, went into the  
matter in some detail on May 19, and  
came to the conclusion that a minimum  
estimate would be that the company had  
been deriving two million dollars a year  
net profits from its pool-room traffic.  
This figure, when placed in relation  
with the fact that in the year ending  
June 30, 1903, the total net revenue of  
the company was \$8,214,472, shows,  
first, how tremendous an item in the  
company's profits the pool-room tribute  
money had come to be, and, second,  
what a drastic measure the directors  
adopted on the 18th when they abolished  
this whole department.

## Force of Habit

*The Chicago Tribune*

They got a walking delegate  
To umpire while they played;  
He said he'd give it to them straight—  
But what a mess he made.

Nobody ever got to first—  
The players were appalled,  
They said he surely was the worst,  
For strikes were all he called.





*Photograph by George R. King*

**VETERAN WHITE PINES IN OLMSTED PARK**

The advance of the outer-park movement is the best assurance that relics of former forests will be preserved.